

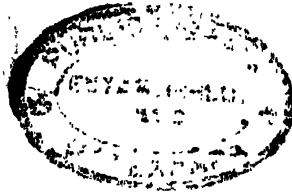
East And West

VOL-15, Part-2

1916

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EAST & WEST.

Vol. XV.

MAY, 1916.

No. 175.

HISTORY, NATIONALITY AND THE WAR.

TO one who protested that he could find no analogy between past history and present happenings, I ventured the reply that in some sense the past is more important than the present because it is only by an understanding of the past that we can hope to convert the present into a desirable future. The conversation had its general reference in the war; its more immediate concern was a newspaper article of an historical flavour, which might be excused if it omitted to point its moral in the first paragraph. My reply was met by the amazing observation that men have no influence either upon their own age or the course of history; that things are what they are and what they would still have been without the specifically human influences to which change and development are commonly attributed. And before I had time to make the obvious protest, there came a mocking quotation from an imaginary supporter of my attitude: 'Look at that great man Henry VIII and all that he did for us.' For comment, or by way of pressing the point home, a derisive gesture and a repetition of the previous opinion.

His choice of illustration was unhappy. He lifted from the one figure in English History of whom it may be said that his detractors are almost more ready to

admirers to insist upon the endurance of his influence and the permanence of his work. No one who pretends to an acquaintance with the reigns of the Tudors could fairly countenance a denial of their personal influence in moulding the destinies of their country. 'Strong in will, strong in wealth, strong in definite personal aims, but even stronger in the way in which their absolute power could be manipulated,'* Henry VII, Henry VIII in the better part of his reign, and Elizabeth, in some measure, carried out the dictatorships which re-established the fortunes and prestige of England after the long years of dynastic struggle. In his wonderfully arresting portrait of Henry VIII, which cannot fail to secure the appreciation even of those who most disagree with the impression which it conveys, Bishop Stubbs expressed a doubt as to whether the changes in Henry's policy 'were at all so great as they are commonly regarded.' At the same time he was careful to insist upon the mistake of thinking that those changes 'were dictated by any other than his own despotic will.'† Here we have the constitutional historian tempering the achievement but expressly limiting its causation to kingly volition. Here is no place for our man-in-the-street's doctrine of automatic growth. Let us turn to the opponent of the constitutional historian, who is no less the enemy of Henry VIII. In his little book on the English Monarchy, in support of a general thesis which renders almost every page refreshingly provocative, the Principal of the Deccan College goes so far as to say that Henry's personality is 'undeniably the *fons et origo*' of all the later developments of modern English History. 'There never was,' he says; 'there never could be, a more crushing disproof of the theory, that individual character has little or no influence

* Stubbs' *Medieval and Modern History*, p. 392.

† *Ibid.*, p. 282.

over the history of the world, than the history of Henry VIII.*

The course of the reply with which I brought the argument to an end was obvious enough. But 'a noisy man is always in the right,' as Cowper said, and in this case a boisterous temper and limited time combined against me. I am hopeful, however, that if I was unable to persuade this 'noisy man,' I may yet have given him food for reflection in his leisure moments and his waking thoughts. His view, of course, ignored the study of history as a science of causes and effects in which, if the personal element had not taken a large place, man would be indeed the puny puppet which the fatalist would make him. If it were true that the course of the world had been undisturbed or undeflected, unhastened or unhindered by the irruption of human personality upon the plane of its otherwise automatic development, the task of the historian would have been greatly simplified, and the historical mind deprived of the peculiar value which is the primary practical incentive to acquiring it. If archæology cherishes the past at the expense of the present, history exalts it in the interests of the future.

But the material value of historical study, which is often ignored by the 'man in the street,' may be the subject of an emphasis at once exaggerated and too insistent. The Dean of St. Paul's recently observed that our attitude towards history would largely determine our preference for one or other of the systems known respectively as institutionalism and mysticism. He quoted with approval the Gifford Lectures in which Professor Bosanquet, in exposing the limitations of the historical method, described history as a 'hybrid form of experience, incapable of any

* * * F. W. Bain, M.A., *The English Monarchy*, p. 87.

considerable degree of being or trueness,' consisting largely of 'assigning parts in some great world experience to particular actors—a highly speculative enterprise.' 'To set these contingent and dubious constructions above the operations of pure thought and pure insight is indeed a return to the philosophy of the man in the street.*

Dr. Inge's quotation of this 'exposure' must not be divorced, however, from the context in which he placed it. It properly illustrates the conviction of the mystic, and explains the wisdom and sobriety of his refusal to accept the infallibility of the historical method. 'For the institutionalist,' he says, 'happenings in time have a meaning and importance far greater than the mystic is willing to allow them.' Mysticism is the mystic's well of life; the key to the repository of truth which *ex hypothesi mysticâ* is less easily accessible for those whose approach is impeded by the patient examination of institutional development. But pure insight is the gift of the diotrephean, the intuitive power imparted to a few by the discriminating kiss of the gods. Pure thought is an intellectual luxury of which philosophical training is the condition of enjoyment; an intellectual exercise of which freedom from extraneous considerations, alike spiritual and material, is the sanction of pursuit. This pure intellectualism, this freedom from considerations which are generally dominating, is plainly unattainable for the mass of citizens who in the countries of free institutions constitute the source of public opinion. For them, it may fairly be argued, analogy which is accessible is more practicable than the operations of pure thought in which they are neither practised nor competent. I venture the aphorism that comparison is easier than contemplation. The comparisons of history furnish a generally surer course to the understanding of

current movements than the direct analysis, unconditioned and contemplative, of the present itself.

The political judgment which Pericles attributed to the Athenians in the famous funeral oration is the prerogative of a society versed in the growth and constitution of its own polity. The difficulty of sound judgment is generally greater in the absence of an historical path of approach. In the words of a nineteenth century historian, 'he who has learnt to understand the true character and tendency of many succeeding ages is not likely to go very far wrong in estimating his own.'* For if the constructions involved in historical study are 'contingent and dubious' at least they are open to continuous revision. Every new flood of light which is thrown upon periods and problems enables the historian to amend the judgment of his predecessors. History is a court of appeal in which claims and causes are continually being retried in the light of evidence either newly discovered or newly interpreted. Thus historical judgment need not await the revelation of fresh evidence which, even if it is expected, is yet problematical. Bishop Butler's dictum has a relevance which cannot be denied. If 'probability is the guide of life,' so also it is the essence of historical judgment, the pilot-star of the political student as he seeks to determine the currents of the present through the comparative study of happenings in the past.

The admission of prejudice is a natural temptation, to concede to which is to find an irrational historical sanction for the human instinct of unrelenting partisanship which produces such grotesque paradoxes of political allegiance. But it is properly rejected by those whose care it is to consider historical evidence with an enforced generosity towards the unpleasing cause. The soundness of our

judgment will be determined in a large measure by the discipline of restraint which if it fails to secure the exclusion, at least ensures the mitigation, of prejudice. Prejudice, by disallowing impartial enquiry, denies to patriotism its noblest forms and excludes from the study of history the surpassing sympathy which discovers in past and present a community of ideals ascending, fates changing, hopes rising and falling and rising again. But when the present cries out against the past and would fain escape the shackles of custom or tradition which contain its urgent stress, history comes to reveal the superficiality of change and the deliberateness of progress, and to illuminate the deep human foundations of the age-long centuries with the mellowed light of continuity. I am tempted to borrow the suggestive words in which Bishop Stubbs recited his own confessions: 'Like the man in Terence, I say, *Humani nil a me alienum puto* ; I have a sympathy with the struggles of the struggling ages, with the weariness of the weary ages, with the faith of the ages of faith, with the controversies of the ages of controversy, with the changes of the ages of change, with the light of the ages of illumination, with the darkness of the dark ages themselves. . . . For after all, human life is not essentially changed by railways or excise or newspapers or even by the property tax; the people before the flood ate and drank, married and were given in marriage, planted and builded; still Jacob finds his Rachel at the well, and David and Jonathan make their covenant together, and David mourns for Absalom.'*

But the superficiality of change is, after all, comparative, and the phrase may seem to imply an underestimate of human achievement. In essential and human things, which are at once so simple and so profound, there is a

tact assumption of permanence, and a real and acknowledged importance which excludes them from the region of controversy. Speculation hardly concerns more than the methods or fashions by which man may guide and in some measure control a life-process. The hungry know that material food is required to restore them, whatever the placidity with which they may have contemplated the prospect of a protracted fast, after a heavy meal; celibacy, or asceticism in some sort, may present itself as an alluring theory, but sexual passion, or some other appetite, sooner or later becomes an ugly fact; and the question, 'Do you exist?' ceases to attract or to mystify the sufferer of pain or the mourner of his friend. The problem in each case is not the fact itself, but the method of dealing with it—the supply and the kind of food, the form of marriage or the means of moral restraint, the mitigation of the pain or sorrow which have come to make existence, however unpleasant, at least unquestionable. It cannot be said that the facts are commonly doubted. Controversy concerns expedients which become for men in a condition of civilization of greater consequence than the facts themselves which are unalterable. And the chief of these is religion, which is more than an expedient and which the sense of spiritual hunger discovers to be also a fact. But religion works through human *media*. The faith which can remove mountains does not disdain the obligation to be intelligent. The triumph of character over circumstance, of mind over matter, is gained in part by a struggle with natural forces; but that struggle consists in acquiring direction rather than in offering opposition. The fact of natural force, of nature, is not questionable; and of the things of which we are certain we take our share or bear our burden in common with the human race, throughout the world and the centuries. But while we

do not fight about what controversy does not proclaim to be a problem, we do not so far ignore it as to refrain from fighting about the method of treatment or the system of inheritance, which is the problem. We banish sympathy and concentrate on differences. I do not suggest that we are not entirely sincere: it is our very sincerity, our seriousness of purpose, which is mainly responsible for the acuteness of the differences. The fact that the religious wars of history have furnished some of the most startling instances of brutality is a sufficient witness to a sincerity which, though hardly distinguishable from bigotry, is certainly all-possessing.

It is, in fact, the sincerity of prejudice which excludes the sympathy of common interests; and the latest illustration is to be found in the war which is devastating Europe. The war, even as observed from the distant shores of India, is a divisive force. The influences uniting the nations allied on either side are the forces dividing civilization as a whole. The conclusion thus suggested is perhaps that the war does not touch fundamentals. And it is true that it does not concern those fundamental conditions which the human race cannot alter by fighting, and which, if they were not tacitly assumed and taken for granted, might in some measure counteract the divisive influences in the superstructure of civilization. But while the common inheritance of the nations is really much greater than their differences it is yet the latter which really count in a world in which progress consists in individual or at least national, rather than collective or international, development of the superstructure.

For, since historically the race has been divided into nations which have been set and have sometimes overflowed the bounds of their habitation, certain superstructural distinctions have themselves become fundamental. The

principle of nationality may be a term to conjure with, by reason of the very diversity of its forms; but its potency is such that the attempt to set up an international system on the basis of common interests seems now to present the idea of community as the superstructural or artificial, of division as the fundamental. History reminds us that these common interests, or some of them, have been from the beginning, that, in fact, they are, fundamental. But the influence of historical study is properly limited by the field and period of its application. And we observe that throughout the course of history which, as we know it, is but a small part of man's tenure of this world, it has been concerned with, and has disclosed, a succession of differences and rivalries—differences of race, creed, language; rivalries of system and possession; fierce contentions and armed conflicts.

Rights and forces have found their expression in national terms. The course of mediæval and modern history has, of course, been marked by a prolonged subordination of the national to the dynastic. *Ubi Petrus ibi ecclesia* had its reproduction in the terms of the monarch and the 'nation' until the emergence of the new nationality from the toils of Revolutionary France. But so ancient is the idea of nationality in some form that that emergence was in reality a rebirth of the dominating spirit of the city-states of the Greeks and Romans, or of Judæa in her bitter struggle for national and religious freedom in the second century B.C. The intervening expressions of the national in the dynastic does not invalidate the proposition that while certain common interests are humanly fundamental, those in which the theory of internationalism has its basis are artificial; that while the forces of division may seem to be artificial they are historically fundamental, and those which have found a

product in national unity are positively justified by the expression of patriotism in the age-long struggle for national freedom.

That the war which exceeds all previous conflicts in magnitude is concerned with a fundamental principle hardly requires demonstration. For it is the idea of nationality which is at stake in a struggle which on the one side had its cause in the violation, and on the other finds its warrant in the indication, of international law. The principle involved is in a true sense radical ; and the truth of the matter is so firmly embedded in the convictions of the British people and their Allies that the advocates of a pacifism on international principles, which at the present time is plainly premature, can secure no serious audience. Indeed they have been reminded in a journal, in which if anywhere, they might have counted on a sympathetic hearing, that the chief obstacle which their 'propaganda' has to face.....is the universal and profound belief that we *are* fighting for something, and that that something is the most righteous cause for which we have ever fought.* The propaganda in question is a type of that constitutional nonconformity which must needs raise its discordant voice in the crisis of a nation's history when unanimity of purpose is hardly less than the indispensable condition of success. It is significant that a handful of dissentients from the national policy should have evoked, in a quarter where their sincerity would be the least questioned, so striking a testimony to the supreme soundness of the national conviction.

The nation is happily sound in the knowledge that the war is not being fought for nothing, that *Spectacula Martini* is no sufficient explanation of a conflict in which millions readily risk their lives for a great principle. For

* Vide *The New Statesman*, Nov. 27th, 1915, and Jan'y. 1st, 1916.

the pacifist the principle enshrined in the dream of universal peace is greater. But if it be true that the dreamers of foolish dreams are sometimes the makers of history, it is not seldom the case that the history so made is as much to be deplored as those tragical episodes, which, if but their lessons had been taken to heart, would have stood for a warning against experiments which, if novel in design, are certainly not original in conception. For if the present is struggling to escape from the fetters, it can succeed only by mastering the lessons, of the past. Thus we return to the proposition that history is the surest guide to the right understanding, which is itself the first step towards the solution, of existing problems. But a primary condition is the exclusion of *a priori* prejudice. Impartiality in history is as essential to the integrity of contemporary enquiry as it is indispensable to the finding of equitable verdicts upon the transactions and tragedies of the past. In the language of Lord Acton, 'our historical judgments have as much to do with hopes of heaven as public or private conduct.'*

To spirits imprisoned in the vast system of modern civilization, and aflame with the desire for a new world, an extended liberty, or a revolution in the existing order of things, the patient examination of the past may perhaps present itself as a depressing formula of reformation. Existing discontents at any time, more than ever in the course of the most calamitous and destructive war of history, cry aloud for an immediate reform. But the only sure reform is attained in a process of hardly perceptible advance. The continuity of history reasserts itself sooner or later to shatter the chimerical schemes of the revolutionary and the charlatan. And would-be reformers are tempted, with a rebellious and indiscriminating zeal, to

* *Ibid. Lectures on Modern History, p. 8*

retaliate, as they think, by visiting the past with the responsibility for their own perversity. History cannot certainly claim a uniform championship in these days when our most cherished traditions are passing through the fire. 'It is no accident,' observes Mr. Michael Sadler, Vice-Chancellor of Leeds University, 'that the era of historical studies has ended in the vast conflagration of the world war. History is both a solvent and a kind of moral dynamite. To historical researches and to historical theorizings Europe owes in part that most explosive of doctrines, the theory of nationality.'* We may well ask on what authority it can be said that historical studies have 'ended,' and what, again, is the alternative to the theory of nationality, the fundamentality of which is a part of our proposition. But if *ex hypothesi* this 'explosive' doctrine owes itself to historical researches and theorizings, can it be the course of wisdom to seek the solution of the problem thus presented by studiously ignoring the circumstances of its origin and the course of its development? Rather, surely, is it the more incumbent upon us to examine more closely the roots and progressive growth of so great and responsible a force in our modern life. More encouraging testimony comes from America. A professor of history has been quoted by the President of the Western Reserve University, U. S. A., as vindicating the claims of his subject in the following words: 'It seems to me that the history teacher, on the defensive for his subject before a world too little appreciative of historical values, finds his position suddenly strengthened; for the war brings into strong relief his contention that only a knowledge and understanding of the past, can make the present intelligible.'

* *Vide Indian Education*, November, 1915.

† *Vide Hibber Journal*, October, 1915.

Finally, at this great distance from the principal scene of the mighty conflict on which our divers fates depend, we may well take account of the unfortunate conclusions which follow from a false or insufficient reading of history in an important sphere. The complete moral collapse of the German people under the influence of Prussia has given a wholly unwarranted encouragement to a school of thought which eagerly seizes upon any evidence for its contention that the conclusion of Protestantism is the extinction of faith. In Prussian paganism it sees and proclaims the catastrophe of Liberal Christianity. This view, which can be justified only by the exclusion, and not by the use, of evidence, cuts across the historical argument that the cause of Great Britain and her Allies is in the lineal descent of the struggles for freedom as exemplified in the Reformation and the English and French Revolutions, the latter of which was the Reformation unduly postponed. By the exclusion of a due consideration of the deplorable conditions of the counter-Reformation in Germany, and of the facts that the crimes to which we must turn for a parallel to the German to-day were those committed in the papal interest in the Thirty-years' War (*e. g.*, the sack of Magdeburg), and that German papists have been as conspicuous perpetrators of brutality as the Prussian leaders, who cannot be accused of any sympathy for Liberal Christianity, it has been urged with some plausibility that the apostasy of Germany is the logical conclusion of the Reformation movement. Apart from the historical omissions on which the validity of this extravagant argument depends, the moral aberration of Austria, the principal stronghold of the papacy, provides a conspicuous refutation. And the amazing attitude of the papacy itself, as expressed in a neutrality which condones the great crime by which Belgium has been all but

converted into a fief of the Imperial Government at Berlin, is hardly consistent with the contention that Germany is fighting the battle of Protestantism.

The opportunism implicit in the attempt to make political or sectarian capital out of a conflict, on the issue of which hangs as well the vindication of moral principle as the very existence of our liberties as a nation or an Empire, is as discreditable and subversive as to propose its premature termination in the interests of an international pacifism is unpatriotic and politically disruptive. Since the great war is a conflict in which the issue is primarily moral, it is charged with prodigious potency for good and for evil. From this it follows that we must be careful so to form our opinions and direct our actions, that, within the limits of our personal influence, the former and not the latter product shall emerge. For although we may in some measure, as in India, escape the material incidence of the war; although we may, for sufficient reasons, take no combatant part in it; yet we cannot evade the responsibility of moral judgment; we cannot remain 'luke warm, and neither cold nor hot.' History enables our discernment between the vital and the subordinate, between the moral issue which is permanent and the political or sectarian claims which it is made to serve. 'History,' said Lord Acton on a famous occasion, 'compels us to fasten on abiding issues, and rescues us from the temporary and transient.' We cannot rightly or safely order our lives as though the war had not at once relieved subordinate claims of their common significance and invested our own judgment upon them, in their relation to the main issue, with a new responsibility. For that would be to repudiate what is, in an historical process, a part of the world's government and the long patience of Providence.

J. WORSLEY BODEN.

BABAR AND HIS COURT.

LIKE shadows falling on a sunlit garden the long ages steal on and in their thickening twilight the great empire of the Moghuls passes away with the twin miracles of its chivalry and its pomp still lingering in song or classic marble. Its great men and great deeds live indeed in history, but history in its search after world-facts, would

* * * * * "Clip an angel's wings,
Conquer all mysteries by rule and line,
Empty the haunted air and gnomed mine,
Unweave a rainbow."

And so the lost epic of Moghul romance moves on as a fairy tale coloured by legend from inlaid mosque or jewelled tomb or pierced and fretted marble, till at length it dies cenotaphed in purple by Bernier and by Festing, by Steele and Gulbadan and Villiers Stuart. But from that sunlit garden of romance a rose-leaf has fluttered away with the morning dew upon it and we find it to-day a fragrant treasure known as the *Memoirs of Babar*. What perfect grace and elegance of feeling, what truly royal instinct, what tenderness and manly strength are enshrined in those pages! The vast elemental natures of Chingiz and of Tamerlane had been mellowing through the ages and in Babar they had blended into a kingly heart and a kingly mind! A dreamer of dreams! A builder of Empire! Who has understood him? The man who

put 3,000 infidels to the sword and raised a pillar of skulls for the glory of Islam, could yet shelter his troops in a cave while he lay freezing outside in a breast-deep snow-pit on a winter's night! The man who was a mighty conqueror, who had made and deposed princes, who ruled a kingdom in Kabul and an empire at Agra, could so far forget the pomp and ceremony due to his station as to race out into the street in his slippers in order to extend a welcome to his wife! And the man who loved to wander, who had never at any time spent two Ramzans together, could not, amidst the gaities of a sumptuous court, taste a musk-melon from his native land without weeping at the thought of exile! A nature with fine impulses—simple, generous, robust, adamantine perhaps under failure, but with a seer's wisdom penetrating to the essential value of things, brightening sorrow, diffusing sympathy, scattering a sweetness in every path.

For some years the court of Babar was an itinerant establishment, now pitched in balmy Ferghana or delicious Samarkhand, now struggling through a sunburnt arid waste or through a snowbound wilderness swept by icy winds. They were gallant men, these courtiers who laughed their lives away in venturesome deeds, equally at home in a palace and under the open sky. At Andijan they held high revel. The gardens by the riverside were laden with rich fruits, with luscious pomegranates and grapes and melons and golden pears and apricots. The sweet-smelling meadows of clover were sheltered and pleasant and threaded with silver streams. Here they indulged in manly sports, practised with the scimitar, played polo and leap-frog, held archery tournaments, hunted the stag and the mountain-goat, and flew their hawks after pheasants so fat that four men may dine on one and not finish it. On some odorous moon-lit night, when the

roses and the tulips are breathing through a veil of purple and of silver, we can think of them seated in the gardens sipping some mellow vintage or the fruity vines of Bokhara from their golden goblets. There is Khwaja Husein warmed up with generous potations, his simple good nature flowing in a capital song ; and near him is his boon companion the polite and handsome Yakub, a model of elegance and polish, who can ride a horse or turn a quatrain with the same inimitable grace. The great soldier, Kasim Beg, is there, and Mazid Beg at once the canting moralist and unbridled voluptuary is there also. Hyder Mirza is betting on the perfection of the arrows which he has himself cut out of the red willow, but Baba Kuli "the infidel who never fasted" heeds him not, being bent on finishing some pungent delicacy or a basket of almond-stuffed apricots. Bend Ali, the fire-brand, who discovers an insult in every sentence, loudly calls upon the boastful Ebrahim Bey to fight him with a sword, whilst the upstart Kambarali "the son of a skinner and a gullible chatter-box with muddy brains" is being duped by Dost Taghai into the belief that he is a sorcerer and can bring down rain with a jade-stone, whereupon Ghias Taghai, ever brimful of mirth, pointedly asks whether the wits of a skinner can be aught but skin-deep. There in a secluded corner, chatting pleasantly with the boy-king of twelve, is Khwajeh Maulana Kazi, the scion of a princely house and the lord chief justice of Andekan. He is an erudite and accomplished scholar—rich, fluent, epigrammatic in talk, and a statesman of immense political sagacity. His far-shining words are penetrated with wisdom and we can almost hear him whispering to Babar : "Beware of Samarkhand !"

The warning was indeed timely. Hardly had Babar ascended the throne when he found the armies of Sultan Ahmad of Samarkhand held up by the Quaba sixteen

miles away. Resistance seemed hopeless. But as luck would have it, the black and slimy river struck superstitious terror into the hearts of the enemy. Murrain ravaged their massed horses, and Ahmad, a mere puppet with his Beys, ingloriously retired, and on his way home went into the mercy of God. Mehmed of Tashkhand who came from the north was also routed. "The danger was over but not loss. Babar's kingdom was shrunk to the eighty miles of rivage between Andejan and Akshi."* Seeking about for a way to balance this sudden depletion, the boy-king's lingering glance fell upon Samarkhand, the queen of capital cities, whose stately pleasure-domes born of fabulous spoils were carved from the stones of China and embellished with sandal-wood, mosaic and porcelain, whose mosques were jewelled and echoed mysteriously, and whose gardens, cool and delicious, had been spread by Timur the sybarite, when at peace, with murmuring streams and golden fruits and marble terraces before the august heritage of his empire, passing to a puppet and a weakling, had melted away in fragments through the ages. But all this was as yet a dream. The Beg-ridden rule of Sultan Ahmad had indeed passed away from Samarkhand and with it had gone his jovial topings often lasting a month at a time, his statuesque attitudes before his priest, his genial and brilliant sportsmanship: these traits were long and gratefully remembered by his subjects—for the new king Mahmud was a tyrant who sunk in frantic debauchery and surrounded by obscene buffoons could never venture into the streets without raising a storm of curses, and such was the terror inspired by his license that people were afraid to leave their homes lest their children should be carried off as slaves ! Fortunately Mahmud died in six months and on his death everyone sought to grasp

*Stanley Lane-Poole: *Babar*, p. 25.

whatever he could reach. Babar recovered a part of his own lands and marching on Samarkhand encamped on a soft rich meadow near the city. Its people were friendly with him but his greedy soldiers looted the tradesmen: "however, such was the discipline of my army that on my issuing an order that no one should presume to detain the plunder there was not a piece of thread or a broken needle that was not restored to its owner!" This signal generosity touched the multitude. They teemed into his camp and Babar laid siege to the town. Baisangar, the king-elect, was no mean enemy. His armoured horse had already crashed through the Tatar ranks leaving a pile of dead bodies. But Babar's was a deadly archery who could pick off their victims at leisure and the catapult and smoke-mine were irresistible. In forty days Ebrahim Saru, a former deserter, "with sword and quiver hanging from his neck" surrendered the fort. He was pardoned. The joyful conqueror rode on and sat on the throne of Timur. "Samarkhand, the dream of his life, was his! He must mark well its bulwarks, take stock of its treasures, he paced the spreading ramparts himself and found them 10,600 paces in circuit."* Everything was full of fresh delight. Like a child he counted the fluted pillars of the Chihil Sitan whilst wandering near by on the terraced slopes amidst the elm and cypress and white poplar. He tasted the plums of Bokhara and was ravished by the Sahibi grape. Here were rich tumans and fertile districts and:

"— spacious regions full of pleasancess,
Of riding grounds, of palaces and halls
From Kesh to Samarkhand."

But the nobles were not satisfied. They had expected vast booty, and they found instead that owing to the

* Stanley Lane Poole's *Babar*, p. 37.

long impoverishing siege the people were starving and had to be given seed-corn for the harvest and money. Many deserted—longing to return to their homes. The nimble Yakub, the adept at leap-frog, had long ago over-leaped his loyalty to his king and perished with a shaft from Nemesis in his heart; the incorrigible perversity of Dost Taghai had led him to join the retreating forces of Tashkhand. Hassan and Tambol, encouraged by the general debacle, were openly conspiring. Babar, the prince of fickle fortune, became ill of a sudden and for four days lost the power of speech, taking no nourishment but moisture from wet cotton. Hassan craftily published the news that the king was dying, and the rascally sour-faced governor of Andejan surrendered to Tambol! Who could think of a rebel in the home-land?—the dear home-land flowing with milk and honey clipped by snowy hills! Not Babar. Heading a thousand soldiers he thundered on Andejan, but in vain; the people were powerless, the Begs had been bought over, the great Khwajeh Kazi had been shamefully hung over the gate of the citadel. The besiegers turned back in desperation only to find that Samarkhand had fallen to another. "For the sake of Andejan I had lost Samarkhand, and I found I had lost the one without saving the other."

Shorn of his kingdoms, the king was almost in despair. But not for long. One summer evening as the sun was setting in glory on the pastures of Aura-typa, a horseman jumped from his foaming steed and, with a profound obeisance, handed a letter to Babar. It was from Ali Dost Taghai now the Governor of a great fort under the rebels. "If Your Majesty," it said, "will deign to favour me in your kindness with a visit, I hope to purge my offences and to clear myself from reproach by my future submission and single-minded service." His Majesty, charmed by

this fruitful contrition, set off at once. In two days they had ridden the 160 miles to the fort, and relieved Andejan groaning under the tyranny of the Begs. The jubilant populace seized upon Tambol and drove him out with bludgeons and fisticuffs. This action, however, was premature. For the Mongols, inured to immemorial plunder, could not tolerate the discipline of forbearance and deserted to Tambol. Many skirmishes followed near Nushab. Babar hunted and made war alternately. "It was capital cover for game," he says; "in the jungle are mountain goats, buck, wild pig . . . which we chased, and then we hawked in the clumps for jungle fowl or shot them with forked arrows. So cold was it however that our feet were frost-bitten and our ears swelled like apples." At last weary and exhausted he retired to Andejan and a peace was made effecting a division of territory between the two chiefs. The innate rascality of Ali Dost Taghai now began to appear in its true complexion. Presuming on his tardy services he played the king in the very palace whilst encouraging his son to start receptions and a public table after the fashion of Sultans. He even caused a workshop to be opened for the manufacture of carpets and precious embroideries—an unpardonable encroachment upon the royal prerogative. The pride of Babar goaded by this insolent presumption might have led him into rashness, but again he was saved by an invitation—an invitation to rule Samarkhand. For some years the people of Samarkhand had been singularly unfortunate in their rulers. Sultan Ahmed had spent his life in leading-strings, Sultan Mahmud in dissipation. Baisanger, though accomplished and amiable as befitting a prince of ancient lineage, was but too ready to become the tool of a crafty knave who strangled him in the end with a bow-string. The star of Babar had shed its imperial lustre over the benighted city

only to be quenched by his successor Ali, who after throwing the kingdom into confusion threw himself in a river stupefied by wine. Then came Shaibani, the leader of the Uzbeks. In wickedness and folly he exceeded them all. No man ever knew so little how to mind his own business. He must find fault with everything—from the text of the Koran to the technique of a classic picture. If his muddled wits should flower into verse he must publish it in the open market and levy a benevolence on the joyful occasion. But he was not only vain, he was also cruel. His pompous and insolent bearing, his rude stares, his studied insults to his nobles, the bovine ferocity of his passion, his greed which caused him to barter away for gold the honour even of royal princesses—had aroused universal disgust and alarm. The nobles were at their wits end, and in their terror they turned to Babar.

Then commenced that bitter struggle in which Samarkhand like a glittering shuttlecock was tossed from Shaibani to Babar and again from Babar to Shaibani, a struggle where the inspiration of noble deed and stirring episode shall fruitfully perpetuate itself, a monument to "martial faith and courtesy's bright star." Babar's plan was to cross through the Sai-i-Taq, whose narrow ledges and precipitous saddles are a perpetual menace to man and beast. On the way Kambarali and Dost Taghai joined him. We can imagine with what mingled amusement and contempt he must have watched the witless escapades of the one and the officious meddlesomeness of the other—till at the sight of the Uzbek army they fled like rats from a sinking ship, the one to Khusroo, the other to Tambul. Dost Taghai languished with a wasting ulcer on his hand, whilst his son, the self-styled Sultan, was blinded by the Uzbeks: "the salt caught the traitor's eye" as Babar puts it. Samarkhand, as we have said, was

strongly guarded. So one thickly-clouded night 80 good men set up their ladders against the city walls and stealing to the gate of Turquoise, broke open the lock with their axes. The lion-hearted king rushed through the open portal leading a troop of horses. The townsmen peeped in terror from their latticed windows, but, seeing Babar, knelt down and prayed in thankfulness. The fleeing Uzbeks were stoned like mad dogs, "thus at the age of 19 with but 240 men I rescued from the hands of a foreign robber this noble city!" The army of Shaibani numbered 4,000, on the plains without, and he was not the man to sit quiet. Provoked by a ill-advised sally he charged the Moghul auxiliaries of Babar, who instead of fighting began to dismount and plunder their own comrades. Babar was left with 15 followers and he saved his life and theirs by plunging into the Kohik and swimming to the citadel on his armoured horse. The tables were now turned. Shaibani laid siege to the city which had already been nearly reduced to starvation. The people were living on the flesh of dogs and asses, the horses browsed on the mulberry trees and were fed with water-soaked shavings; without provisions there could be no defence, a capitulation was arrived at, and the boy-king with a heavy heart rode out of Samarkhand for the second time. His sister fell into the hands of the enemy. Two years, after this, of royal adventure and mighty daring, a king without a kingdom, "his army a band of 300 followers with brogues on their feet and tattered cloaks over their shoulders,"* but always buoyant, always hopeful of ultimate success. This is an ever-memorable chapter in Babar's life. It shows us not only how very human he was, but also how his humanity had become a deep, and abiding

* Steele's *India through the Ages*.

influence with his comrades—evoking not a transient attachment merely but a fine warm-hearted loyalty founded in reverence and in love. If ever the question should arise how Babar, a boy and an exile, could perpetually dominate his nomadic band and could lead an army to certain victory in spite of jealousies and dissensions—if ever this question should arise, the future chronicler will surely point to the dusty plains where the charm and the heroism of Babar first opened the romance of the Moghul chivalry. He would tell you how the youthful exile had cemented the allegiance of his comrades not less by a valour which was the imperishable remnant of his heritage than by a fixity of purpose which enabled him in the end to fashion a monarchy from the materials of a free-booter. He would tell you of his daring deeds—how he had thrilled his friends with his marvellous horsemanship, how within sight of the enemy's camp he had jestingly raced with them, how he had led them against fearful odds, how valiantly he had covered their retreat, how he had swum through impetuous torrents, with what zest he had chased a wild ass and severed its neck in one terrific sabre-stroke, how in order to perform his ablutions he had once dived sixteen times in a frozen pool through a crust of ice, how he had drilled his rabble into a disciplined force. With this same force he determined to take Kabul. His army though small had a great reputation and was daily swelling with fresh arrivals. The greatest noble of Samarkhand, the man who kept 30,000 retainers and whose Inam extended from the banks of the Amu to the peaks of Hindu-Kush—Khushroo Shah—came to pay his respects. Babar was loth to receive him, for Khushroo was the murderer of his kin, a dissolute and cruel man, and withal an unspeakable coward. Shaibani used to say in his boastful way that he could cow Khushroo with a wave of his arm just as he would brush a fly off a

BABAR AND HIS COURT

platter.* The would-be conqueror must have instinctively felt the wisdom of keeping on good terms with the master of so much resource and so much power, for we find him receiving the obsequious nobleman under a spreading palm-tree and listening for nearly an hour to his "empty and vapid talk." The interview proved his salvation. For the soldiers of Khushroo wearied of indolent pleasures were charmed by the frankness, the majesty and virile grace of the young demi-god, who led his army in person, and who, when a soldier complained that his wife had been stolen by an officer, never replied with a grin! "Well, you've had her long enough—it is but fair that he should have her for a few days now!" They changed their master, and the nobleman retired to his province with a load of rich presents from Babar, leaving behind him his men and a stream of blasphemous imprecations.

Before the equipment and resource of this new force Kabul soon fell. Having partitioned it among his nobles Babar began to consolidate his position by reducing the hot-blooded tribes. We read of punitive excursions into the neighbouring hills, of taxes levied in grain or kind—when the Afghans would come up to the king with grass between their teeth inasmuch as to say "I am thine ox." The new king's description of the land discloses a patient and minute observation of Nature. All Kabul was known to him from the seats of perpetual snow to the mellow and temperate regions where the leaf-buds rapidly expand into a wilderness of lovely flowers, from the fertile slopes of the Sha-e-Kabul to the desolation of the sand-dunes echoing some ghostly drum or tom-tom, from the orchards of Istaulef with their profusion of crisp walnuts and quinces, to the water-grapes which ripen in delicious perfection on the skirts of the Khan-Said. He describes the

people, their dresses and customs, the languages they speak, the best meadows for pasturing horses, the temperatures of the various places, the thirty-three different kinds of tulips which grow in the Char Bagh. But in his keen relish for Nature he did not neglect the gay opportunities of his times. He paid a visit to his cousins in Herat and was charmed by their brilliant and festive life. Their polite and exquisite culture, their splendid hospitality, the men of genius who thronged in their Court, their fine pavilions and divans, their tapestries and priceless carpets, their goblets of gold or silver sparkling with jewels, their elegant banquets, their rich dishes, and costly wines, the glamour and license of their entertainments finding a perfect artistic expression—had in some measure converted him into a voluptuary. His imagination thrilled to the possibilities of this magnificent idleness. Already the riverside gardens of his palace at Kabul were smiling with ornamental tulips, Babar caused a tank to be cut in the red stone and filled with perfumed wine*. Here young girls of far-famed beauty came to play on the dulcimar, and the king loved to watch them—flowerlike in their virginal fragrance—pacing their measures

“On the light fantastic toe.”

Here also were delicious spots and cool retreats—a lakelet set like a gem amidst flowering oranges and pomegranates, while the earth is soft with clover or the Arghwan tossing its foliage of dull gold and purple through the cool green verdure of palm and oak—painting the mirror of a silent pool. In this soft paradise of the royal gardens the great, chivalrous, untamed soul awoke to the dawn—the miracle of love's young dream! Tradition throws the

glamour of romance over his courtship. It tells us how the fair Masuma seeing a beggar from the windows of her father's mansion was moved to swift pity and sent him some cooked meat, how the beggar hazarding a wayward glance was entranced by her loveliness ; how he had mysteriously vanished from the crowd of merry-makers only to appear in the imperial purple of a king---a suitor for the hand of the princess,* how the royal nuptials had been celebrated and the bride brought to Kabul, with what reverent tenderness he had kissed her hand and led her into the sweet seclusion of the Char Bagh, whispering of his love while the stars above in the hollow dome were swarming like golden bees, while the still voices of the night were being hushed into silence in the tremulous glory of dawn :

“ My heart like the bud of the red, red rose,
Lies fold within fold aflame :
Could the breath of even a myriad springs
Blow my heart's bud to a rose ? ”

If a myriad springs could not blow the royal heart into a rose, Masuma could. Babar was in truth wonderfully happy, and his kindness and tolerance knew no bound. Once on returning from an expedition he found that his aunt had been conspiring to dethrone him and set up Mahomed Husein Mirza in his place. He went to meet them : “ I dismounted at the usual distance, approached with my former courtesy and had an interview.....the Begums were beyond measure alarmed, confounded, dismayed and ashamed.” The Mirza, who in his fright had taken refuge in a lady's wardrobe, and hid himself among the carpets, was brought before the king : “ I behaved to him with my usual respect, rose on his coming in and showed no symptoms of harshness in my manner. . they brought in

* Beveridge's *Babar*, Appendix K, p. 39.

sherbet. I myself drank of it first and then handed it to him." Here was magnanimity indeed !

(To be concluded.)

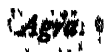
TYAB ALI AKBAR.

Bombay.

A SONNET.

All that you were to me I could not tell,
How should I speak in language of the Blest ?
But ah ! believe me that I loved you well ;
Though little, yet I gave you of my best.
The halting tongue that tried to plead my cause,
But served to load me with your dear contempt ;
How could you note the jewel mid'st the flaws
Of language piteous, ragged and unkempt ?
Eternal, holy, pure this gem, God-given,
Resplendent with the fires of His Throne,
Pulsing with all the Mysteries of Heaven,
But held in trust for you—for you alone.
Oh ! take this jewel that is yours by right,
And let our Souls soar upwards to the Light !

LYELL.



THE MAXIMS OF ROCHEFOUCAULD.

FRANCOIS, Duc de La Rochefoucauld, was born in Paris in 1613. Being a descendant of one of the most ancient families of France, he was a typical example of the old French 'noblesse'. His life, except the latter part, was crowded with action. At 16 he entered the Army. He took an active part in the intrigues against Richelieu, and was in consequence exiled to Verteuil, in 1637, for two years. In 1648 he was mixed up in the activities of the Fronde. He was severely wounded at the siege of Paris, and again in the fight at the Porte-Sainte-Antoine in 1652. After twenty years of fighting and intrigue he retired into private life. He died in Paris in 1680. Thus his life extends over a period of 67 years. But 67 years of life, a short, though brilliant, career at Court, twenty years of fighting and intrigue, his nobility, his gallantry, the fact of his having been a man of the world, a man of society, and of his having been twice wounded—once severely—there is nothing in all this which could have kept his memory alive, outside the archives of his own country and old dusty books of pedigree, or heraldry. His title to fame and remembrance among men rests not on the transactions of the active period of his life, but on the product of his quiet hours of leisure, after he had retired into private life, namely, a small volume entitled *Reflexions ou Maximes*, better known to everyone as the

of Rochefoucauld," a work which has outlived three centuries, which has been translated into all the languages of Europe, which is read alike by the philosopher and the man in the street, which has had a constantly widening circle of readers the longer it has lasted,—which, in short, has become international, and classic, and has thus acquired immortality as far as human products go. Few books of the size—only a few pages practically—have kept their grip on the public like this; or, having been subjected to so searching and malignant a scrutiny, have come off with flying colors.

Without going into minute, verbal, ethical, or abstract criticism, it may at once be said that the cause of the popularity, and, indeed, the excellence of these maxims, lies, first, in their perfection of form, and, second in the fact that they come home to men's bosoms—too close home perhaps, at times, and also unpleasantly. Yet there is scarcely a single one of these celebrated maxims which may not be conclusively proved to be false as a general proposition. But there is also not one which does not contain so large a proportion of truth, that its application will more often, than not, hit the mark. Like the epigrams of Martial, the author might have labelled them with his Latin predecessor's just criticism of his own work:—*Sunt bona, sunt mediocria, sunt mala plura.*

Though everyone may read these maxims with interest, admiration, and benefit, it seems that both their form and substance are such that many must of necessity fail to catch the true point, and wholly withhold their assent from a large proportion of them; while others may, by reason of the glamour of language and sentiment, accord to them their unreserved assent, as to maxims applicable to the whole of the human race. As these maxims deal with human life and its relations,

the impression they produce on each reader will almost entirely depend on his own individual experience of life. Thus, there is bound to be not only a great divergence of opinions, but also great mistakes in the judgments pronounced on this many-sided product. Even so great and genuinely benevolent a man like Swift was able, in the full maturity of his powers, to sketch the life and character of the Yahoos.

Almost all the maxims have a certain humorous side, and most of them touch what Sterne has justly described as the true point of folly. There are not a few which, on a first perusal, appear to be wholly humorous—the humour being of that kind which depends on the expression of truth pushed to hyperbole, or the presentation of a familiar object from a new or unusual point of view. Strange to say, there is nothing of bitterness in any one of them, such as might have been expected from a man who, with keen powers of observation, and a wide knowledge of the world, went along the road of life noting and ear-marking the foibles, ostensible motives, and hidden traits of character brought out in the collision of life and society. There is also nothing of low life in these aphorisms. Whatever their shortcomings from the standpoint of absolute truth, not one of them, however extreme, is pushed to extravagance: all of them stop this side of the paradoxical, or grotesque.

A closer examination of any one of these maxims will surprise the reader when he finds that though most of them are debatable, there is not a single one of them which can be overthrown, such is the wonderfully cunning and exquisite skill, with which each one of them has been constructed. Many of them are set, as it were, in foils which add light and color to the whole. This effect has been produced by that tactful use and mastery of language which

So conspicuous a feature of the work. The maxims resemble those sections, or definitions, in codes of law, where almost every general statement is counter-balanced by some qualifying word, phrase, or saving clause. Thus, though a coach and six may be driven through and through them, they still remain intact. The means which Rochefoucauld has employed for this purpose are such words as, 'often,' 'some,' 'not,' 'even,' 'but,' 'generally' 'most,' 'perhaps,' and the like. It is the skilful handling of these little words, and certain prefixes, affixes, and negative particles, that, in every instance, saves the situation : and Rochefoucauld may safely say, 'though you may fret me, yet you cannot mar me ;' for the maxims on all sides, and for all practical purposes, show an invulnerable front. If they have a vulnerable spot, it is like the heel of Achilles, which, by reason of the exigencies of language, their author must lay hold of, or lose the whole.

The maxims represent only the climax or concluding premises of long sorites and trains of thought. The process by which they have been arrived at is not shown. The scaffolding has all been removed ; and the reader sees only the finished structure, which is, in every instance, a marvel of workmanship.

It has been said that the maxims of Rochefoucauld, though not presuming to be a system of ethics, may well form such an one. It would seem rather that they might furnish material for a treatise on the psychology of the human feelings. A system requires an equable flow of light over a whole area. The maxims, good as far as they are, are more of the nature of an intense searchlight, turned on this, now on that spot of the human heart, and no more—nor did the author himself intend more than this.

The intrinsic evidence of the maxims themselves clearly shows that they were not all set down at one rush.

THE MAXIMS OF ROCHEFOUCAULD

book might be written on a given subject. The subject of the maxims, being life itself, required on the part of the writer not only keen powers of observation and reflection, but also a lengthy experience of life, to use these powers, as he went along. Thus, one may see reflected in them the play of the passions, and also the effect of reflection, after the passions had subsided, or been overcome, or been lived down. Some of them are wonderfully introspective. The rough materials must have been collected from time to time in the shape of written, or mental notes, then set down in lump, after the writer had retired into private life, then sorted out, revised, re-revised, considered, re-considered, and finally polished up into that perfection in which we now see them.

The maxims are remarkably easy reading ; but if any reader should think that the like may be as easily written, the answer is—' Try it.' He will fail. Every masterpiece of thought and expression could have been produced only by that one man who actually produced it. The whole of his life and experience, up to that point, was absolutely necessary for that purpose : any difference in the former would have produced a corresponding difference in the latter. Thus, with all first-rate productions facsimiles are impossible—for no two lives are alike. Cultivation and practice may do much, but they cannot supply the want of a talent not given, or an experience not had.

One cannot but admire the keen and polished ruthlessness with which Rochefoucauld has scrutinised the human feelings. When one considers the fearlessness with which this great vivisector has used the scalpel and the probe, it is remarkable that he has done so with so little offence. Readers may not like a good deal of what is in these maxims, but it must be said, with regret, that so long as

human nature is what it is, he will never be long in finding the originals of these unpleasant miniatures in his environment—and perhaps in himself—for no man is perfect : no benevolent man is always benevolent, no lover of truth is always truthful, no charitable person is always charitable, no altruist is always free from envy. It is, however, in the smaller matters of social life where these home thrusts seldom fail to reach the spot. The texts are neat, compact, and fitting : the commentary is written large in the life we see round about us. Each maxim may be expanded into an essay, or a sermon. But among them there is one which has attracted such an amount of attention, and roused so much hostile criticism, as few single utterances of men have done. It has been taken to be an assault on the race at large. Swift has chosen it as the motto for his best and most remarkable poem, and, by carrying it to unknown lengths, has worked out from it a dazzling succession of most wonderfully humorous and whimsical effects. The poem is—"The death of Dr. Swift." The maxim selected for its motto, is this :—"Even in the calamities of our friends there is something that does not displease us." This maxim in respect of both matter and form has always struck me as representing the high-water mark of Rochefoucauld's art. A careful and honest examination of this dangerous looking squib, and a placid philosophical reflection on human nature as it is, and not as it ought to be, will in the end perhaps incline us to accord our assent to the conclusion arrived at by Rochefoucauld after a lengthened experience of life. There is an echo of it in Cervantes, where he makes the Knight utter the following remarkable words, when parting from his "Squire :—" "And Heaven preserve thee, Sancho, from the pity of the world." And competent critics, have said, that Cervantes was not equalled by Shakespear in his knowledge of the world and

of men. In fact this maxim does little more than embody in a painted epigram the reflection that man is naturally selfish; and selfish he will continue to be till religion, philosophy, experience, and adversity have caused to germinate in his heart the seeds of charity, which are there no doubt, or he would remain selfish to the end. By what other hypothesis can one explain the existence of such an enormous amount of malignant gossiping, backbiting, slander, and hard and cruel things spoken of others, as there is, and has always been in the world. The mildest and most Christian of modern great philosophers has, only with more charity, lamented as follows:—‘If people cared as little for the affairs of others, as they do for their own, what a happy world this would be.’ There is more in this than strikes one at first sight.

This maxim indeed appears more like a lament on the part of Rochefoucauld than a deliberate judgment, or cold expression of opinion. A man who has lived 67 years, has passed through every vicissitude of fortune, and been twice wounded—once severely—must have had ample opportunity for testing the worth and stability of human friendship and sympathy: must have made enemies: must have seen how easily a friend in prosperity ceases to be a friend in adversity: and must—which is worse—have felt the hollowness of outward form and expression, still kept up, when friendship and sympathy had ceased to exist.—It is in such circumstances that a man may be expected to say—“Yes; it is true after all that even in our calamities there is something that does not displease others.”—And thence, by an easy transition he landed on the maxim that is quoted above. It is this sad reflection which, in later life, and in the calm of retirement, when gathering up the tangled skein of many scattered thoughts and sentiments, he condensed into one keen-sighted, and

almost cynical aphorism. It is perhaps the only one of his maxims that has a touch of cynicism in it.

In reading the maxims of Rochefoucauld, it is necessary always to bear in mind this rule of criticism :—

Reader, how likest thou me ?

Reader, how like I thee ?

As there are no two persons whose experience and environment are the same, so no two persons will read the same contents into these maxims. Among writers who, in their works, display a conspicuous knowledge of the world, it would seem that Swift might have produced something of the kind. Bacon also might have done so. Addison, and Goldsmith, and Lamb could never have written them : Burns and Byron perhaps—but the former would have overcharged them with humour ; and the latter would have pushed them beyond the range of general applicability. There is little in these maxims which may not be found in the pages of Shakespear, but the substance is there fused into life, by dramatic propriety. Though Hamlet may well say :—‘ Frailty ! thy name is woman.’—Shakespear himself could never have made this maxim of Rochefoucauld :—‘ There are few virtuous women who are not tired of their part.’

It is not too much to say that probably there are few thoughtful men who may not at some time in the course of their lives have had the same reflections which Rochefoucauld has embodied in his maxims. The high-minded and generous Shelley has written this line :—

Yet never found I one not false to me.

Burns, with all his ‘fond gaillard,’ deliberately wrote these lines :—

Ye'll find mankind an unco squad,
And muckle they will grieve ye.

But all men cannot be false ; and all men cannot come within this 'unco squad'. In fact, on a wider view it will be seen that the good preponderates ; and most men come under the category 'good,' though not 'angels.' Carlyle, with all his gall and bitterness, when looking back upon his life from the calm standpoint of 80 years, says :—'Of enemies—I may say I have scarcely had any—mere blind blockheads running athwart me on their own errand.' The psychological aspect of this statement is brought out in many of Rochefoucauld's maxims, and particularly in the following :—'Natural ferocity makes fewer people cruel than self-love.' We have all, at some time or other, said, in our haste, 'all men are liars,' or felt, like Hamlet, that 'the time is out of joint.' No one may aspire to higher things, or press on to noble ends, regardless alike of praise, or blame, or ingratitude, or indifference, and not at some time feel the keen pang which is couched in these lines :—

But in the fatness of these pury times
Virtue itself of vice must pardon beg :
Yea, curb and woo for leave to do him good.

It is this inner feeling that is responsible for many of those maxims which have roused a strong adverse criticism. But their wit will make them live for ever.

The question then arises, are these maxims of Rochefoucauld such that they may serve as a guide in the conduct and affairs of life—do they possess that quantum of truth which might make them pass muster as general rules ?—or, are they to be thrown overboard as extreme, cynical, and, though witty, yet little better than an ill-natured attack on his species by a man who lived in a false and artificial state of society, and judged of the world at large only by what he saw in this circumscribed selfish circle ?

The answer to this question will depend on what the reader takes to be the meaning and use of a proverb. If he thinks, as is not uncommon, that a proverb must suit every occasion and contingency, then he must reject these maxims as incompetent to the task. But the consensus of opinion is against this view. On this matter Whately has the following sound remarks :—‘ That proverbs are not generally regarded by those who use them, as necessarily propositions of universal and acknowledged truth, like mathematical axioms, is plain from the circumstance that many of those most in use, are—like the commonplaces of Bacon—opposed to each other ; as, *e.g.*, “ Take care of the pence and the pounds will take care of themselves ” ; to “ Be not penny-wise and pound-foolish ; ” and again, “ The more haste the worse speed ; ” or, “ Wait awhile, that we may make an end the sooner,” etc. A proverb is merely a compendious expression of some principle, which will usually be, in different cases, and with or without certain modifications, true or false, applicable or inapplicable. Proverbs accordingly are somewhat analogous to those medical formulas which, being in frequent use, are kept ready-made-up in the chemists’ shops, and which often save the framing of a distinct prescription.’ These remarks may well be applied to maxims, which, in fact, are a kind of extended, or diluted proverbs.

It is the psychological aspect of these maxims that is very remarkable. It surprises one like something that is found where one little expected it ; for Rochefoucauld was neither a psychologist nor a metaphysician. Thus to take one instance only, the maxim—‘ If we had no pride we should not see it (complain of it) in others ’—touches on that underlying ontological principle on which Plato bases his theory of knowledge. Some of the maxims remind one of those keen pithy sayings of Bacon, which come from

to men's bosoms. See these two passages from his essays : — 'Certainly great persons had need to borrow other men's opinions, to think themselves happy ; for if they judge by their own feeling, they cannot find it ; but if they think with themselves what other men think of them, and that other men would fain be as they are, then they are happy as it were by report.'—(Essays : Of great place.) 'The best composition and temperature is to have openness in fame and opinion ; secrecy in habit ; dissimulation in reasonable use ; and a power to feign, if there be no remedy.'—(Essays : Of simulation and dissimulation). These passages are certainly debatable.

If we may judge of the character and temper of Rochefoucauld from these maxims alone, it would appear that he was a man of great sensibility, and better than his surroundings ; also that he was a man of noble and generous sentiments—if not quite so to the end : soured perhaps, and curled up in his shell, like a snail. A bad man would not have found anything specially remarkable to set down, and would have taken these matters as of course. Only a naturally good man, finding the world not what he thought it to be, and roused to reflection by this shock, could have become responsive to these faint tokens, and taken note of the matters contained in these maxims. They would strike a good man, but would not strike a bad man ; and it has been well said, that it is the misery of man that he acquires knowledge at the loss of innocence. A man cannot do good without also knowing evil. The satirist may not be a man loved, or lovable ; but the genuine satirist cannot be a bad man. The greatest satirist of all time—Swift—is

is no doubt that in life he remarked to his friend Arbuthnot : 'O, if there were six more Arbuthnots in the world, I would burn my

Travels. 'Poor man—he had fallen on evil days—that is all.

Such then are these celebrated maxims of Rochefoucauld, from which I have selected a certain number—a hundred odd—for metrical treatment. Whether I have thereby presented them to the reader in a more interesting and attractive form, I leave to his judgment. They struck me as eminently suited to a metrical treatment. Prose often glides off, while poetry catches on—I use the word poetry merely as the opposite of prose, being fully aware that this attempt is not to be dignified by the name of poetry in any higher sense. Rhymed epigram, or couplet, or xenien, would perhaps better fit the thing. Among those selected, the reader may be surprised not to find that particular maxim above commented on as being the high-water mark of Rochefoucauld's art. I have not found it possible to fix it into a couplet. This maxim is so skilfully and compactly constructed, that no single word, or particle in it, can be changed, nor can any others be added, without destroying its force, and marring the whole. It is too short in one way, and too long in another, to be transposed into a couplet of any suitable size. I have not adhered to any particular metre in these renderings—but the old heroic couplet has been found to be the most appropriate. In a few I have attempted the iambic hexameter, and in some the iambic tetrameter familiar to readers of Butler and Swift. How far I have succeeded in producing readable matter, and how far I have escaped the dangerous pitfall of dulling the splendour of these fine utterances of Rochefoucauld, I here leave the reader to judge.

MAXIMS OF ROCHEFOUCAULD.

Search hard—some women then, perhaps, you'll find
Who ne'er indulged intrigue of any kind,
But search again—and, if you're not a dunce,—
You'll ne'er find any who intrigued but once.

The more you love—beware!—'Twas fixed by Fate—
For then the more you will be prone to hate.

There may be good—and good as ever—
But pleasant marriages—Oh never.

As on perpetual motion fire depends,
So cease to hope, or fear, and then love ends.

What faults have women!—But, by all above
Their smallest—when they love—is just—to love.

Alas! there are who never would have loved,
If they had never heard it said, or proved.

'Tis true there's real love—like real ghost—
By all related—but unseen by most.

Of constancy in love there are two kinds :
One in the loved one every minute finds
Fresh objects still to love ; while to the other
Inconstancy's dishonor,—or a bother.

The coldness of a woman—wondrous thing—
Adds to her beauty balance, and a spring.

Virtue in women oft—says one who knows—
Is love of reputation, or repose.

Though love is always pleasant, yet it sways
Less by itself, than by its pleasant ways.

So many things we know, but not as yet
For love have found a definition fit :
For all that we can say is, in the soul
It is a strong desire to rule, control ;
That in the mind it is a sympathy ;
While in its bodily effects we see
It is a hidden wish, a wish to get—

By a compulsion, soft, and delicate—
To get at what we love, and to possess—
Plus many mysteries—no more—no less.

The purest love, with baser parts unmixed,
Inhabits, and remains for ever fixed,
Concealèd at the bottom of the heart,
Of what ourselves are ignorant, a part.

Where love is, no disguise can hide it long—
Where it is not, you cannot put it on.

Few men may find it in their heart to spurn
Love—or when loved, will not some love return;
But fewer will not be ashamed sore
Of being beloved, when they love no more.

Judge love by th' bulk of its results, and you
Will find it's more like hate, than friendship true.

One only sort of love—all others puns—
One true—but copies, tons and tons.

If woman is a puzzle, then flirtation
Is constant factor in this fair equation :
And if all do not flirt—they're held, you'll see,
By want of courage, or stupidity.

Only in loving lies love's chief delight :
And if we weigh the matter well, and right,
We'll find we're happier in the passion's self,
Than what we do inspire—by more than half.

'Tis lovers never tire of each other :
Themselves they always speak of—not another.

Who hates you, sooner will your love inspire,
Than one who loves you more than you desire.

Whom we esteem not, 'tis less hard to love,
Than whom we do esteem ourselves above.

How much you love, then so much, and no more,
You'll pardon, or forgive, upon that score.

Woman cannot—O being blest by Fate—
Be out and out severe—unless she hate.

Women are smart—they know a deal—
This, that, the other thing anent,
But know not all their powers of
Flirtation to the full extent.

Less easily can womenkind exchange
Flirtations than they can their love—'tis strange.

In love, deceit more mischief does,
And, than mistrust, much further goes.

There is a kind of love, which, in excess,
Doth jealousy, and jealous thoughts suppress.

As talking is not reason in a polly,
Wit in some women strengthens but their folly.

Love doth a web so cunning weave—
It doubts what it doth most believe.

Rank is to merit nothing less,
Than to a pretty woman, dress.

However rare true love—say what you will—
True friendship ever hath been rarer still.

In persons grown both old, and wise,
When they should now be pointing to the skies
It is the greatest folly, not to know,
Once lovable, they are no longer so.

O sweet sixteen, who would not pass a flirt,
 O fifty-three, who would avoid the hurt
 Of ridicule—talk not of love—you'd best—
 As thing in which you've any interest.

Women who love forgive—one always sees—
 Great faults, not little infidelities.

In love, as life, in old age, we hold o'er
 For its evils—though its pleasantness no more.

As friendship, so in love—O doubt not this—
 Search not too deep—Here ignorance is bliss.

The reason why most women can't be friends
 Is very simple—and on this depends—
 Once having tasted love—friendship's a matter
 Insipid, stale, and flat as soda-water.

In their first passion women love their lovers—
 They then love love—One dish—but many covers.

Few women—few, in n—some say there're none—
 Their charm survives when that their beauty's gone.

From love t' ambition oftentimes we go—
 But *vice versa*—it has ne'er been so.

Pretty, and not young, to a woman's valueless—
 As also to be young, and have not prettiness.

The first flirtation of a woman is
 Unreckoned on—the second one doth fizz.

There are some people so self-occupied,
 That when in love they to a stake seem tied :
 They search, and find a mode of being engrossed
 With th' passion's self—and not whom they love most.

Much greater virtue is required to bear
 Good fortune—than to fight our evil star.

When vices leave us, then we say,
We've left them—'tis the other way.

It seems that nature at his birth has fixed the span
Of all the virtues, and the vices of a man.

Small men may have small faults—a little—
But great men, great faults, not—they're brittle.

Virtue alas ! would never go so far,
If vanity, as escort were not there.

Hypocrisy—let hypocrites say what they will—
Is but the homage paid by vice to virtue still.

The reason, oft, a man does not give up
A vice, is—there're so many in the cup.

There are whose faults become them—and there are
Whose very virtues but disgrace, and mar.

As light makes objects visible, and precise,
So fortune makes our virtue, and our vice.

Virtues and vices work out at their best,
Whose '*vis a tergo*'s' based on interest.

Alas ! how many whom the world approves—
How smooth they spin along the grooves—
No merit they beyond those vices boast,
And how to use, and make of them the most.
Of proofs of Christian virtues—you shall see—
There's only one, and that's humility :
Without this, all our faults we still possess,
With pride as varnish, cover, mask, or dress—
'Tis thus we hide them from our neighbour's view—
And often from ourselves we hide them too.

If vanity not overthrows quite—rot her !—
All virtues—she at least doth make them totter

Those vices which we like not to 'correct'
We make a virtue of—as you'll detect.

Weakness is more dangerous a foe
To virtue, than is any vice we know.

'Tis true, however wicked men may be,
Appear they will not dare to, openly,
The enemies of virtue—and so when,
To prosecute her they desire, will then
Believe her to be false, or so pretend,
Or fasten crimes upon her to that end.

With vices the reverse of what we have
We credit oft ourselves, our name to save ;
Thus, when we are as weak as any fly,
We boast then of our obstinacy—Fie !

No more dependent on ourselves, than life,
Is the duration of our passion's strife.

The heart, of endless passions, is the mother—
The death of one is birth but of another.

Passion oft makes a fool the clever man—
And oft the fool, a clever charlatan.

Caprice of temper is more whimsical
Than that old step-dame, whom we Fortune call.

Some will, e'en of worst passions, make a show ;
But envy never will a man avow.

For jealousy there must be doubt ;
With certainty it quite goes out
Or then will either no more burn,
Or straight into a fury turn.

More from their weakness—or because they're out of
date—

We conquer passions—not because our strength is great

By hating too much we do sink below .
The one we hate—much bending breaks the bow.

From every passion some small faults do spring—
Love only makes us a ridic'ulous thing.

Alas ! 'tis true we many men do hate ;
But never hate is no inveterate,
As for some one who has deceived us, for
He thinks himself more clever than we are.

Thou doest great miracles Love—the greatest
Is that thou flirtation eradicatest.

How difficult, from one, it is to break,
We love no longer—We're tied to a stake.

Most women, when their lovers die,
Do grieve not, whimper, sulk, and cry,
So much for love's sake, as that, o'er the way,
“ How worthy she of love,” they all may say.

A gentleman may love like lunatic
But if like beast—love is a fiddlestick.

Few virtuous women—treacherous heart !
Who are not tired of their part.

As treasures, well concealed, and underground,
So, many women virtuous may be found.

When love has ceased, who has been loved—that one
Is slowest not to see that love is done.

True friendship—envy's then no more.
Love—and flirtation then is o'er.

In love—whoe'er thou art—be sure—
The quickest is the safest cure.

First love lasts long—it has been reckoned—
If—if—we do not get a second.

All passions sometimes will subside :
But vanity is always at our side.

We envy those who're happy ; but, alas !
Our envy outlives still their happiness.

All quarrels would have sooner come to halt
Completely, if on one side were the fault.

O of all evils jealousy's the worst,
Yet by the one who caused it pitied least.

Self-love doth vault itself—and mars
Above all other flatterers.

Of all the webs by cunning people wove,
There's nothing that's more cunning than self-love

He's proud—But if yourself had not had pride,
You'd not complain o't on the other side.

Pride always is the same in every man ;
It differs but in method, or in plan.

A man would e'en himself a blackguard call,
For sake of talk—than say nothing at all.

We praise—But why ? Be not amazed—
'Tis that in turn we may be praised.

We praise refuse—How modest, and how nice !
We do so, that we may be praised twice.

Pride will not owe—they say—
Self-love—it will not pay.

O flattery—thou would'st not hurt, nor score—
If I had flattered not myself before.

Not ignorance, but pride is at the back,
Opinions current makes us to attack;
All the first places taken up we find,
And do not like to come last, or behind.

Though pride breeds envy—yet like ballast, or a weight,
'Tis found that pride doth envy ofttimes moderate.

Of self-love there is more—the jealous prove—
In jealousy—yes—than there is of love.

There are no persons of good sense—Alas!
But only those who do agree with us.

Let there be more conceit, and less of wit—
More conversation will come out of it.

Take so much from our other faults—and then
Our pride grows so much larger—like a wen.

He is the first man in the world; but yet
His equal I'm in some respects—you bet.

More persons, without self-love—I insist—
Than, without envy, in this world exist.

The worst of pride is—'twill be found—
The man gets blinded, and hide-bound—
And this but serves to nourish it—he sees
No ray of light, no remedies—
In misery he cannot solace find—
His faults remain—he bursts with too much wind

More cruelty from self-love comes—you'll see—
Than comes from natural ferocity.

He blames himself—'tis strange—but see
The other lauds him to the sky.

The truest, surest way of being deceived—ye gudhers—
Is just to think yourselves more knowing than the
others.

In this are one both death and sun—
You wink to stare at either one.

Interest makes some as blind as bat—
And makes some see what they are at.

If we ourselves were free from faults—why then
We'd care not for the faults of other men.

Happy, or unhappy—as the world goes—
We're never either so, as we suppose.

Fortune to their advantage turns all things,
On whom she smiles—beyond imaginings.

Distrust another man, and straightway he
Will justify his own obliquity.

And what then?—Why?—His memory is to blame!—
But not his judgment—that you must not name.

The human heart—it is a dish of soup—
And of the heart the head is ever dupe.

“GRYLLUS DOMESTICUS.”

THE INDIANS IN FIJI—THEIR WANT OF STABILITY.

THE Indian settlers in Fiji do not establish themselves very firmly on the surface of this Colony. The root cause appears to me to be the want of a suitable system of land tenure. The land of this Colony with the exception of such portions as have been previously acquired by the Government or individuals (mostly Europeans) belongs in theory to the natives of the soil (Fijians), who live in families or groups, whose interests are joint. These people are considered so weak-minded that they cannot legally deal with their property without the approval of the Government, between whom and the native commoners there are native headmen, Magistrates and Commissioners. However, the application must in the first instance be made verbally to the native owners, if you want to lease their land. They do not seem to care much about the rent payable to them from one year's end to another, which is a remote benefit, particularly as it is considerably reduced by customary payments from the rent to the Government and the native official intermediaries, after whom there is a sub-division among the members of the family or the group. These Fijians are now prevented by law from disposing of their lands out and out on freehold tenure to private individuals, and therefore only leases for varying periods are available.

Indians used hitherto to obtain tenures ranging from 5 to 10 years; but now-a-days agricultural leases for 21 years are granted. The Fijian owners, who look to present and tangible benefits, require presents of money, food or clothes, euphemistically called "yaqona money," like "the jalpan" in Bengal or the "pan supari" of Bombay, before consenting to alienate an interest in land. The rivalry between the Indians themselves for leases has introduced the principle of supply and demand and in several places there are current rates of "yaqona money" payable on each acre. As the Indians are prohibited by law to use liquor they are unable to procure leases of lands from the natives by simply overjoying them with spirituous drinks, instead of the above described costly procedure. In some cases £10 to £20 an acre are paid beforehand to get a lease, on which rent would be due every year. Many times the Fijian scribe wants a "loloma" (or bakhshish) and the Buli or the Native Magistrate may delay or stop the application or even mislay it, if he be not in a good humour; and even after satisfying all these Fijian tin-gods one may not succeed in securing a lease if other Indians commence the above procedure over again with fresh money.

But granting that the Fijians consent and the application is put through by the "Turaga ni Lewa Vavalagi," for so the white District Commissioners are called, and the Government through the Commissioner of Lands approve of the lease, there is another item involving expense and that is the fees that must be paid to a surveyor to measure the area and prepare plans. We have not got too many surveyors here, and those "Sahibs" who are must be well paid before they would care to leave their homes for survey work for "coolies" in the country districts. The scale published in the Government's annual

Blue Book does not represent anything like the fees actually demanded and paid to surveyors. Even after paying surveyors' fees many Indians are now required to have their blocks re-surveyed, if they want to renew their leases, as the previous surveys were only sketch plans done by persons without qualifications as registered surveyors. This doubles the outlay on survey.

The most unsatisfactory feature of these tenures, from the Indian point of view, is that they do not make it possible for Indian families to become rooted to the soil and transmit an inheritance from generation to generation. Whilst in Mauritius, I often heard the French-Creole publicists declare that the Indian will live on his land and die on it at any cost, in a sense in which the average European does not; such is the Indian's attachment for Mother Earth—he will toil through sun and rain, bad seasons and good, poverty and sickness, on starvation food if need be to keep his land as a heritage against exacting creditors, and he lives in the hope of dying on his heritage, the sense of owning which is a consolation in his agonies, before death transmits the ownership to those who are bone of his bone and flesh of his flesh. But all this tenacity to land and the corresponding sentiment have practically no scope in this Colony, as our system of land tenure is not capable of such developments.

I have done enough in the foregoing, I believe, to outline the usual tenure in vogue here and I shall only indicate a second powerful factor tending to prevent the permanent settlement of Indians in this Colony. The paucity of women and their disproportion to the number of men as well as the antecedents and associations of promiscuous intercourse in the coolie lines have led to such social and domestic trouble that I would go so far as to ask, Where is the Indian here who can say he is sure

that when he returns home from work his wife is at home or that his sister has not run away or that his daughter has not lost her innocence ?” Such domestic and social diseases leading to ruinous litigations and the breaking up of family ties and homes are a most powerful factor against the stability of Indian agricultural life in this Colony.

Suva.

D. M. MANILAL.

THE IDEALS OF CO-OPERATION.*

IN treating this great subject I will assume that members of your Guild are familiar with Holyoake's monumental work; and I mean to be very chary in handling statistics. A prominent official of Government, when asked whether he believed in statistics answered, "No; I have made too many of them myself." Figures may, indeed, be manipulated in order to prove any theory which a speaker's prejudices suggest, and they are far removed from things of the Spirit. My remarks to-night shall be confined to the essentials of co-operation, and I will endeavour to prove that, in this country at least, the movement has strayed far from the platform raised by its originators.

The evolution of life is governed, in its earlier phases, by the Law of Struggle, which decrees that units of every species shall compete for food with each other and with units of distinct species. Undesirable types are thus eliminated; the fittest survive to propagate their kind; and a very irregular rate of progress is automatically secured. But this archaic process involves incalculable waste and suffering; many types of great potential value disappear, while others survive which are by no means the "fittest" from a cosmic point of view. So, as ages rolled on, the social instinct welded units of the same species into a co-ordinated whole, and taught them the advantages flowing from the division of labour. In this manner communities were formed, in which the individual will was subordinated to the common weal. The beehive and anthill offer countless lessons of the good results arising from co-operation. The self-same evolutionary process applies to mankind. Individuals and subsequently groupings

* Paper read on March 16th, 1916, before the Westminster Branch of the National Co-operative Men's Guild.

began by waging internecine warfare for food, wealth, and sexual love. Then the more enlightened saw that the output of ten men in association is many times greater than that of ten men working independently. They instinctively linked arms in order to make Nature's blind forces subservient to human needs. In Prince Kropotkin's words, "the Law of Mutual Help marks a higher phase in evolution than the Law of Struggle."

The former has produced that all-embracing movement known as co-operation, which may be defined as a voluntary association of workers formed in view of controlling the production and distribution of wealth for their mutual advantage. It has a religious as well as a scientific basis. I often wonder why ministers of the Gospel concern themselves mainly with dogma and ritual, while they neglect the ethical precepts of Christianity. "Bear ye one another's burdens" is a golden saying in strict harmony with the law of mutual help. Yet one may go to church or chapel for years without hearing a sermon preached on the "Law of Christ," as St. Paul styles it in Galatians xi. 2. Co-operation, therefore, stands on the bed-rock of religion and science—twin forces which the superficial thinker assumes to be at variance.

Proceeding from generalities to the concrete, I will now take a bird's-eye view of the results arising from that life-giving principle. We shall see that they are in direct ratio with the decay of "individualism," by which is meant a theory of human relations emphasising the unit's rights, but ignoring the patent fact that every right has its corresponding duty to others.

In Latin countries the old Roman doctrine that the individual is nothing, the community everything, is once more emerging from chaos created by the eighteenth-century Revolution. In France co-operation concerns itself rather with production than distribution, the many important manufacturing concerns are owned by actual workers. Italian co-operation is fostered by people's banks; a German institution providing capital for all who are fitted to use it usefully. Credit is, as you all know, the very life-blood of business; but before people's banks took root it was beyond the reach of the vast majority of workers. How can credit be secured by a man who has not been "born with a silver spoon in his mouth," as the saying runs? The answer is—"By joining a voluntary group of honest men and women who under-

take to be responsible for pecuniary advances made to the association or to any of its members with the consent of all." Owing to the spread of co-operative dairies, bacon factories, and egg-collecting agencies, supported by people's banks, little Denmark annually supplies this "individualist" country with food to the value of £22,000,000, every pound of which ought to be produced at home. In Germany, co-operative societies and people's banks may be reckoned by tens of thousands. Prior to this accursed war they bid fair to revolutionise agriculture, and end the ancient struggle between capital and labour by a peaceful process of amalgamation. The fact that Germans instinctively obey the law of mutual help in their relations with one another accounts for their wonderful power of resisting external pressure. Unhappily for civilisation, a process of mind-training, miscalled "education," has placed them under the heel of a military and capitalistic clique which, in its external relations, obeys the obsolescent Law of Struggle. Prussian militarism is the most stupendous example on record of reversion to an archaic type ; and it will share the fate of all movements that infringe the Laws of Nature. When the scales fall from the besotted German's eyes he will realise that a principle which spells efficiency at home applies in full force to international relations. Within the last fifteen years a swarm of co-operative creameries and bacon factories has overspread Ireland. The one distressful country has already lost its reputation as an abode of chronic fickleness, and become a formidable rival to Denmark in our English markets. But then Celts are not ingrained individualists. Not long ago an Inspector of the Irish Board of Agriculture explained the virtue of a people's bank to some peasant farmers, and was just a little doubtful as to the reception which he would get. After hearing all about the novel system one of the audience rose and said, "You want me, Sor, to shouther the debt of another man, if he will do the same for me. Sure, annyone 'ud do that much !" India resembles Ireland in offering fertile soil for the growth of co-operation. Her people are essentially mutualists, despite the malign influence of *laissez faire* in past years ; and the best brains in our administrative system are now devoted to fostering the movement. At the close of 1914-15 no fewer than 17,327 societies were at work, and the annual rate of increase exceeds 10 per cent. The great bulk of them are small groupings of agriculturists, who

obtain machinery, seeds and fertilisers at wholesale rates, and are gradually emancipating themselves from the money-lender's grip.

Turning to England, the cradle of co-operation, we find it at work in an earlier form 400 years ago. The history of the mediæval guilds, of which yours is a revival, must be familiar to my audience. For several centuries our craftsmen and merchants were organised in self-governing brotherhoods, which aimed at securing honest workmanship, fair prices and a good livelihood for all. But the flood of wealth which poured into Europe on the discovery of America and of the Cape route to India had a disintegrating influence. Craft and merchant-guilds struggled fiercely for precedence; cliques sprang up which sapped the democratic spirit within. Then came the Reformation which, in its essence, was a revolt of the individual against the trammels of authority. In this manner the old economic order gave place to a period of anarchic competition which has endured to the present day. But for considerations of time I should have liked to trace the growth of the Industrial Revolution which began with James Watts' invention in 1776 and, within fifty years, transformed a community of craftsmen into one of factory slaves. Hypnotized by the sophism *laissez faire*, or "let things alone," the British Government forgot that its primary duty was to protect the weak against ruthless greed; it allowed capital to grind the face of labour without let or hindrance. Meantime traffic in the necessities of life fell into the clutches of the small shop-keeper, who had recourse to adulteration and false weight besides raising retail prices by 100 per cent. over prime cost. At length the working classes rose in revolt against their oppressors. Trade Unions were formed, which substituted collective bargaining for that of helpless individuals, but their history is beyond the scope of this paper.

As you are all aware the co-operative movement took practical shape in 1844 at Rochdale, where 28 poor weavers subscribed a capital of as many pounds by levies of 2d. per week, and opened a tiny store for the vend of necessities. The rapid success of the Rochdale pioneers arose from their rule that all profits in excess of 5 per cent. interest on capital subscribed should be divided among customers in proportion to the cash value of their purchases. Any society which ignores this basic principle may

be a successful shop or factory, but it has no right to be qualified as "co-operative." The ball set rolling 72 years ago owed nothing whatever to the governing classes and had to overcome innumerable obstacles placed in its path by vested interests. Its triumph in the teeth of tremendous odds proves that British workers possess a degree of constructive power without parallel in history.

A mighty oak has grown up from the acorn planted in Rochdale ; and the proceedings of every Co-operative Congress reveal a large increase in turnover. Do these stupendous figures imply a corresponding growth of the co-operative principle ? I venture to assert that no one who is acquainted with the economic conditions prevalent in England will reply in the affirmative, and why ? Because in the first place comparatively few Englishmen realise the A. B. C. of co-operation. We are far too suspicious of our neighbours ; too much inclined to conceal useful discoveries and to seek personal profit from our dealings with other people. This frame of mind is called "individualism : " it is really short-sighted selfishness. Only by joining hands can we extort a modicum of happiness from nature during our brief sojourn on this planet. Again, many co-operative societies vie with one another in giving the largest possible cash returns to purchasers. This policy is known as "divi-hunting" ; it places the stores at a disadvantage in competing with ordinary retail vendors, and is tantamount to transferring money from one pocket to another. All the great co-operative stores in London are carried on for the benefit of privileged shareholders. The "Army and Navy," with its host of imitators, is but an over-grown shop, which never returns a penny to customers and, if report speaks truly, does not show excessive consideration to employees. On every side of us stretch miles of squalid streets tenanted by private shop-keepers. These people have a tacit convention forbidding them to sink retail prices below the irreducible minimum on which their families can subsist, but by virtue of offering credit they are able to compete with *bonâ fide* stores, for which "cash down or deposit" is a law of the Medes and Persians. Adulteration, short weight, price-cutting and fraudulent advertising are but weapons in the battle for existence waged by men whose maxim is "Everyone for himself and the devil take the hindmost." Incalculable is the waste of brains, energy, and

capital resulting from the existing chaos in distribution. Now this war will find out every weak joint in our economic armour. We are locked in a death struggle with highly organised enemies ; nor can victory be hoped for until we have placed the mechanism of production and distribution on a sound basis. The Government must rid itself of the incubus of *laissez faire* which, prior to the war, was rapidly making this country a parasite of its deadly foe. At such a crisis as the present every available man and woman must be thrown into the scales. By encouraging the spread of co-operation and its sister, co-partnership, the Powers-that-be would compel half-employed shopkeepers to enlist or to engage in the manufacture of munitions.

Lastly, it is essential that people's banks should be fostered by legislation and executive action. A man may have brains, energy, experience ; but without credit he is destined to spend his life in helping his oppressors to pile up wealth, and will probably die in the workhouse infirmary. Yet nothing is more difficult of attainment. Consider the plight of a clever artisan who seeks to set up in business on his own account. He has to go, hat in hand, to a stony-hearted bank manager, who veils his refusal by referring to awesome directors. If a loan be granted, it is always on personal security. But most people obey King Solomon's proverb, "He that hateth suretyship is sure," and so another vista of humiliations opens on the would-be borrower. As a last and fatal resource there is the professional money-lender whose den, like that of the retail tradesman, reminds one of a profound spider's web.

I want to see people's banks formed in connection with co-operative societies all over England ; and will conclude this paper with a description of their mechanism. It is lifted from the last report of a committee on co-operation in India, which was formed about ten years ago by a really enlightened Government. The co-operative societies which have sprung up under its auspices held their eighth annual congress last month at Lucknow. If time admitted I would quote a speech delivered on that occasion by Sir James Meston, K.C.S.I., Lieutenant-Governor of the United Provinces, which thrills with sympathy and displays knowledge of the movement.

A people's bank originates with the efforts of ten or more individuals who, being severally unable to secure the credit which

is necessary for developing their business on terms enabling them to work at a profit, combine in order to obtain that desideratum on reasonable conditions.

As every member of the society thus formed is liable for its debts to the extent of his private assets, it follows that a bank advancing money on the society's guarantee is far more effectually secured than if it dealt with individual members. And behind the collective assets there is the fact that every loan will be used for genuinely reproductive purposes; that members of the society are honest and thrifty; that they will watch applications for loans, and bring moral influence to bear on knavish or reckless colleagues. Above all else there is the feeling of solidarity which association for a common purpose invariably awakens.

With these considerations in view the founders of a people's bank will meet in order to adopt model rules, elect a President, Committee of Management, and a Secretary, all of whom give their services gratuitously. But the infant society must beware of delegating authority to office-bearers. Its constitution is purely democratic; general meetings will be held monthly for the public discussion of its affairs, at which no member has more than one vote. Loans should never be granted for speculative purposes which, so far from encouraging honesty and thrift, have a diametrically opposite tendency. An intending borrower must satisfy the committee that he will apply advances productively, and meet instalments with punctuality from his profits. After granting a loan, the committee and members in general should tactfully follow its application. If they find that it is being injudiciously spent, or in case a default occurs in meeting instalments, the loan will be immediately called in. The encouragement of thrift being the main object of a people's bank, it will gradually increase its capital by inviting deposits at 4 per cent. from members as well as from outsiders who have begun to save owing to its teaching and example; and its first care will be to build up a strong reserve fund from profits. Honesty, punctuality and a knowledge of book-keeping are, of course, essential to successful working. A people's bank must be not only co-operative but businesslike. Once firmly established, a people's bank may well apply for financial support to existing organisations. It is highly desirable that the Treasury and Board of Trade should aid the movement.

with advances at a low rate of interest ; but this, I fear, will remain a council of perfection until peace returns. But it is quite possible that an up-to-date joint stock bank such as Lloyd's—which now receives deposits of £1 and upwards—would work hand-in-glove with such a people's bank as I have described by granting loans to it as a corporate entity, or to individual members on its guarantee. If London were honey-combed with co-operative guilds and people's banks its economic strength would be decupled, and it would become the vigorous heart of a world-embracing Empire. The suicidal struggle between capital and labour will end when it is generally recognised that they are twin forces with one resultant. Co-partnership will then transfer the entire mechanism of production to actual producers, while co-operation will supersede the shop by the store.

Prior to the outbreak of war our social structure was horizontal, as geologists would say ; we lived in layers one on the top of the other. The caste instinct which we have inherited from Aryan forbears was rampant in every section of the community ; capital and labour stood arrayed in hostile camps, ready to blaze into one another like the French and Germans before Verdun. If the terrible external pressure to which our economic edifice is subjected should foster solidarity by breaking down the iron wall which separates heart from heart, this Empire will emerge with strength renewed from the fiery ordeal. Your guild has an important part to play in this peaceful revolution. Let its ideal be "Every man for his brother and God for all."

London.

F. H. SKRINE.

HOSTELS FOR STUDENTS—A SUGGESTION.

IN almost all important centres of education in India, the primary need of the student population is proper provision for their boarding and lodging. The hostels attached to the colleges and high schools are not generally sufficient to absorb all the candidates, and large numbers of them have consequently to shift for themselves; and manifold are the inconveniences to which the students are subjected. The system of respectable families admitting boarders which prevails in other enlightened and progressive parts of the world does not obtain in India. From the earliest times, feeding the people free of charges has been one of the leading traits of the social and religious systems of all sections of the Indian peoples. There is also an ancient and long-standing belief amongst many people that selling food is prohibited by religion. The numerous castes and sects into which the people are divided accentuate the difficulties in the way of admitting boarders in the residence of respectable middle-class families. But that this is not the sole reason would be apparent from the fact that generally even the members of the same caste or sect are not admitted as boarders on the system of payment. Consequently the bulk of those who find no admission in hostels attached to the colleges and schools have to resort to the ordinary Indian hotels which are frequented by the large class of wayfarers who come for a short stay for purposes of litigation, etc.

Most of these private hotels do not provide accommodation for paying guests. They only provide food at stated hours. Lodging has to be found elsewhere. This arrangement puts the students to additional difficulties; with board and lodging in two different and perchance at somewhat distant places, their time is wasted. The room rents are high and the necessary

facilities for baths, etc., are wanting. Often the surroundings of the rooms rented and of the hotels are not wholesome and sanitary. In some of the big centres, like Madras and Bombay, a few hotels on better lines are being run where both board and lodging are provided for students. But such institutions are not found in all centres, and many of the students may also not be able to pay for their board and lodging such high rates as are fixed by these hotels. But even these refined hotels, while they are very good for short stay, have one disadvantage for students who have to stay for months together at a stretch. The meals provided have such an air of routine and monotony that most of the students feel at times that they are after all in a hotel. The problem is one which affects the health and the morals of the student population. Many valuable careers have been blasted in the bud by bad company, or illness brought about by insanitary surroundings or unwholesome diet during the school or college course. Instances are not wanting of young men who were absolute failures or even lost their lives prematurely, because they were placed in undesirable environments. With the increasing spread of higher general and technical education, the evils are likely to be accentuated if in all large towns attempts are not made to grapple with the subject. The various Provincial Governments in India and the missionary societies who have been the pioneers in holding aloft for nearly a century the flag of higher education, the more progressive Native States, have all been fully alive to the situation and are doing what lies in their power to solve the problem. But their efforts are not yet, in my opinion, fully adequate to meet the entire demand. It will be a long time before the Provincial Governments and the Native States find sufficient funds to provide hostel accommodation for all the student population standing in need of it and make fairly good arrangements for their supervision and management.

How then is this important question to be solved? It is by the extension in the immediate future of the grant-in-aid principle to private boarding-houses and hotels. Government in the Education Department should declare that respectable middle-class gentlemen and ladies or hotels, who agree to receive students on their premises and give them *boarding and lodging on an approved scale* for moderate rates, and who submit themselves to the periodical supervision of the college or high school authorities,

would be eligible for grants per each student accommodated per year or month, according to certain rates. These grants are intended to supplement the fees paid for board and lodging by the students. The rate in each case should depend on the extent and nature of accommodation and comforts provided.

We take it for granted that it is the primary duty of the Government and the Educational Department to provide for the boarding and lodging of the students on moderate payment. As it is however not practical at present to accomplish this fully, this duty of the State has to be shared by the citizens also. To persuade them to come forward, some reasonable emoluments are necessary. If Government is to accommodate all the students in hostels, they would have to spend so much money in buildings. Government have already spent a lot for constructing hostels. The interest on the sums spent represent the grants to which private hotels or persons are eligible for providing similar accommodation, or according to the proportion in which they supply the need. To make the meaning clear, suppose in a town there are 200 students to be provided with accommodation. The construction of hostels for them, might cost, say, 2 lakhs of rupees. The interest at 4 per cent. on these 2 lakhs would amount to Rs. 8,000 per annum. This Rs. 8,000 may be set apart as grants for private hostels at the rate of Rs. 40 for each student per year provided with accommodation and lodging by private hotels or persons, on approved lines. House rents in towns are rising, and it is difficult to find educated and respectable persons willing to supervise the study and accommodation of students. Some such scheme as outlined above, if sanctioned by Government, would gradually lead to a better class of accommodation being found for students. These grants are needed only tentatively for about 10 to 20 years till the people get accustomed to the plan. When good private hotels increase in number and when the admission of students in respectable private houses as boarders becomes common, the grants may be withdrawn, for the scheme will then be self-supporting.

It is necessary that such grant-in-aid hostels and private boarding-houses should be under the inspection of school authorities and must be accessible to their friendly advice. Free medical inspection of students living in such hostels and boarding-houses may also be provided. A great deal is being done

about and also written about school hygiene and medical inspection of pupils. But the arrangements connected with the boarding of the students and the places they live in, especially when they do not live in their own homes or with their parents or guardians, is as important as play grounds or the hygienic conditions of the students. The aim of every school and college should be to have an idea of not only what each student is studying in the class, but where he lives and under what surroundings. At present we are afraid sufficient attention is not being paid to this aspect of the subject, as the students are all scattered, each making his own arrangements, which are amenable neither to the control nor advice of the proper authorities.

Bangalore.

K. SUBBA RAO.

THE WHISPER OF A SHELL.

I hear the far-off music of the sea,
I, lying on a dry and shingly strand ;
I know the waves are leaping high in glee
While I am motionless beneath His Hand .
His Hand, Who beckons and the waters come,
Come in a tideless and a peaceful flow ; —
If He but wills it, exile may be home
To souls within His keeping, lying low.

JEAN ROBERTS.

AFRICAN LETTERS.

(Continued from our last number.)

V.

KING PAPACOCK TO HIS SON IN AFRICA.

God is good !

I, Papacock, am also good.

I have never come across a greater nation of grumblers than these British. When it is winter—they complain of chills ; when summer, the heat, and the rains are simply beastly ; and yet for each of these seasons they pine when one is present and the other two are not. It is the same with their domestic affairs, with their business relations, with their religion—everything. An old lady I had the misfortune to be introduced to, complained of one of her relatives, whose death would make her an heiress, living too long. She even fears that the old lady will live to be at her—my grumbler's—funeral.

"It is disgusting—simply," she said, wagging her white head and arranging her glasses on her nose. "For the last ten years I've been expecting my cousin's death—she is old—slightly older than I am, and has always been ailing, but the mistake she makes is, she refuses to be treated by doctors. They told her long ago she was consumptive ; and if she had only followed their advice, why, she would be dead, in accordance with the diagnosis of her case."

"Simply horrible of her to behave like this, madam," I said. "There ought to be a law against such creatures being allowed to live and do others out of their property. It is your property—
it not ?" I asked, for I had understood her to say her cousin was a usurper.

"Yes," she agreed wagging her head. "Yes—that is—you see, my uncle, when he died, left his daughter all his money, and afterwards what was left of it, to her children—if she had any, but she never had, for the simple reason that no one would marry her—she being consumptive. Failing any direct heir I and my children were to get it. Now I've been building on that fortune for years, running up bills and what not, but Lucy, that's her name, simply won't take the doctor's advice. Do you know what she does? She keeps regular hours, eats simple food and, in walking or sleeping, never overdoes either. Only the other day she wrote and told me she was not feeling well—had a bad cough. I went with all haste to her. She gave me hopes of her speedy demise. She told me to be good to her dog and how her funeral was to be conducted. I slept uneasily during that night—fully dressed, expecting every minute to be summoned to the death-bed. In the morning, a messenger came—my cousin would not trouble me to remain any longer. Her cough was better—she was feeling quite fit again."

I once more sympathised with her.

"Why not, madam, have her removed so that her fortune may go to some younger person? In my country, only kings are allowed to grow old—there are no other old people—they are knocked on the head as soon as they show signs of becoming feeble."

"Horrible," she cried. "We can't do such things here."

"I know why," I answered, "because all in authority are old people. However, it is good for you, for you no doubt would be no more now." She, my son, bridled at that. "I'm not old," she lied to me.

"We consider a woman too old when she is not young enough to get married," I told her. "How is it, madam, that no man ever asked you to be his wife?"

She jumped at that—I mean she bounded in her chair.

"I never wanted to marry," she said and made an ugly face. When she jumped, she dropped a small bottle containing scent. It was a silver cased bottle of very chaste design, and I admired it. My admiration put the lady in good humour again.

"Come," she said, "I'll show you some more ornaments."

She led me into a room and there, on an easel, was a large

"Beautiful," I said. "This was taken when you were very young."

She nodded and smiled.

"Yes," she said. "It was taken on my 49th birthday—I was *forty-nine* two months ago."

What a liar, my son, but I did not tell her so. She took me to another room, and through a passage back to the room with the painting. There she stood and I admired the painting again.

My son, she did this several times—coming back to the same room, till I got tired of the performance.

"Madam," I said, "you are evidently not a long resident in this house since you forget the way to the other rooms and are constantly entering this one."

My son, she stood erect—stiff,—her lips screwed in between her false teeth, and with a thin, long finger, pointed to the door.

"Go!"

That's all she said.

I went—she looked a perfect fiend. By Hanga-hanga! I would like to take her across to Bangywala with me to tame the missionary.

I had a visitor yesterday, a young lady. My son, she was pretty. I'm going to call on her one of these days. She had heard of me, she said; in fact, had seen my articles in the papers, and asked me to write something on her behalf. "Signed by such an exalted personage as you are," she added, "great notice will be taken of it."

I promised to do what I could for her.

"I want to advocate certain improvements," she said, "and among the chief, please enlarge on the extensive benefit of playing cards—gambling, innocent gambling, from four-anna to rupee points—on Sundays, a practice of such infinite use, that it might be adopted even by the middle classes. To the fashionable, the advantage is obvious. There is no rinking—some of the picture palaces, it is true, keep open—no dancing, no theatres on Sunday. Of course there are Church services, but the sermons are dull—very, and but for the charitable assistance of Bridge, the genteel part of mankind, in one day out of seven suffers a total extinction of being. Make it quite clear, however, Your Highness, that I do not mean that I approve of gambling, or of playing for rupee points, and betting at a

these are not gambling, but—what shall I call them—pastimes? Yes. It would never do for one's servants to start gambling in the kitchens? Give them over to the police at once. Oh, yes, we have such a thing as a game law."

"Now another matter, Your Highness. Our almanac is all wrong. We have been losing seconds and minutes—then hours, days, months, as the minutes and the days increase, and I am getting ready an almanac, but to set things right there must be a year of confusion."

"What is that?" I enquired.

"Oh, a beginning of things—no laws, no conventional customs, no anything; then laws and everything that we now have, again. Everything must be off the slate, the past forgotten, and all begun anew. Now won't that be charming? A year of confusion? No chaperons, no courts of law, no divorces, but just do as you please."

"Truly an excellent idea," I said. "For instance, I'm told that you English women object to marry men of another nationality, but in this year of confusion—"

"That's it. You'll find an English wife—good morning," and she laughed as she hurriedly left the room.

I'm feeling happy, my son. I'm off to see the editor of that paper I write articles for.

* * * * *

"I've seen the editor, my son.

When I went to the office, I was shown into the "Sub's" room.

"Want to see the editor? He's out—will be in presently. Sit down."

And he went on with his work, and I had to throw a pile of books and papers on the floor from the only other chair in the room before I could "sit down." The "Sub" was an elderly man, and his appearance was in keeping with the arrangement of his writing desk—confusion. I never saw anything more disgraceful in all my life. With a blue pencil he was scoring corrections on a piece of paper before him, and making corrections. Sometimes he would savagely use his pencil and then he would swear—"Damn!" just like that.

"Yes," he replied and— "Damn!" as he threw a sheet of paper into his waste-paper basket—or rather it was intended for that receptacle, but the basket was already overflowing.

"Do you do a lot of that kind of work?" I asked carelessly.

He answered, without looking up from another manuscript he was blue pencilling: "What work?"

"Throwing away into the waste-paper basket the labours of many of your correspondents."

He put his pencil down and glared at me.

"Their labours?" he sniffed. "Do you know what it means to me to wade through bushels of rank stuff which the authors of them call literature? How many of the letters and articles, do you imagine, appear in the papers in the same condition as they left the hands of the writers?"

I felt confused at that, remembering my Tutor—but he went on—

"A literary ghost in this office re-writes most of the letters and articles, and the "authors" can hardly recognise their efforts, but they swallow down the praise they receive quite greedily. That's the editor's voice," he said, resuming his work. "Walk straight into his room."

And I walked. The editor already had my card in his hand. He was quite a different type of man. He smiled as he told me he hadn't much time to spare me—offered me a cigar and then—"Now what can I do for you?" he asked.

I told him all about the young lady's scheme. He smiled—nodded and then—"write it down," he said. "You have sent us in some excellent articles; yet," he mused, "now seeing you and hearing you speak, I fancy someone brushed up those same articles for you, eh?"

He was a clever man, my son, to make such a shrewd guess.

I confessed that someone had put a few touches to my stories, but I hadn't any time at the moment to do any writing and could just give the bare outlines and—

"Ah—wait," he said, interrupting me, and he wrote on a slip of paper.

"Take that to the Sub—he'll fix it up for you."

And with the slip of paper in my hand, I went to find the Sub. He was not there. I rang the small bell on the table.

clerk came running in and then stood staring at me as if I had escaped from the Zoo.

"Where is the Sub?" I asked.

"Having his lunch," he replied. "Will be back in five minutes," and he went off.

I sat down. To pass the time while the Sub was lunching I thought I could not do better than read the Editor's note to the Sub. And these are the instructions the slip of paper contained:

"Foreman tells me we are two columns short. Herewith King Papacock. Get two columns out of him. *Pump him dry.*"

I gasped when I read this. I know what a pump is. I have seen them pumping air into motor tyres, and the Editor told his Sub to pump *me*?

The Sub entered. He seemed in a better humour. He had just lunched.

"Eh—what!" he exclaimed. "Back again?"

"Yes, Sir,—just read that?" I handed him the paper and he read it.

"That's all right," he said seating himself.

"Is it?" I cried. "I'd like to see you or anyone force wind into my anatomy."

He looked at me, and I thought my outburst had alarmed him.

"What do you mean?" he asked.

"*Pump*," I explained. "You are told to *pump me*."

He burst out laughing, but as I got angry, he told me to "keep my hair on," which was on already; and then explained that the Editor's instructions to pump me only meant to get all the information possible out of me, and handed me a Dictionary—and sure enough he was right, English is a funny language.

"However," said the Sub, "it is not necessary to pump you any more, as I have already sent out the two columns wanted. I'll be round and see you later at your house. Just now I'm very worried about servants, and a nasty letter from my wife has just come. How on earth can I prevent servants leaving us?"

"Why don't you go to the Servants' Registry Office?"

"They give you anybody; and besides, if you ask them, the servants won't have you, or if they do, condescend to them, they are a bad lot."

"But you can tell from their 'Recommendations' whether they are good or bad?"

"No, you can't. Most of the good *chits* are bought in the bazaar. But it is really of no consequence what *chits* these people have: it is more to the point how you have been recommended. Yes, sir, you can't get a good servant unless you have been highly recommended by the servant who has just quitted your service. It is no use your saying you are a good pay-master, you use no swear words and never use the stick—all that has got to be confirmed by the man who has just left your service."

My son—what think you of this state of affairs? Is it worth while introducing civilization into our country? My own system, "off with his head," is the best way of settling all disputes and compelling, by fear, subordinates. The fact is, in this country, you can't get anything without money. By Hanga-hanga, it is a cursed invention, this money—and I'll have none of it in my own country. An exchange of two cows for a wife, is a good thing—but no money. Here they actually pay their servants in silver and then can't compel their servants to work. None of this civilization for us.

I almost forgot to tell you, my son, that the "evening dress" that I sent for my wife Fattibus is now out of fashion. Hobble skirts are now worn—but I fancy it will be more than hobbling Fattibus will have to do to get into the one I sent, although it was described to me as very "full." The dressmakers had no knowledge, you see, of the fullness of Fattibus. I am sending you a camera—perhaps the Missionary will instruct you how to use it. The camera takes photographs. I have had mine taken. I'm told it is just like me. I don't believe it, because I know I'm a better looking man. Send me a photograph of Fattibus in the new dress.

I must admit, my son, these English people are very clever. Here is the camera I told you about, and there is the telephone. All you do with the telephone is to turn a handle, a bell rings, and you take up a piece of wood with a hole in it, and speak—to someone miles away.

Now that reminds me. Yesterday someone told me the Telephone girl at the Central Office is a beauty. We have a telephone connection at the hotel, so I rang up the girl and had a conversation.

"Hello!" I bawled.

"Hello," came back the answer.

"Are you the Telephone girl?"

"What confounded cheek! What do you want? Whom do you want to be connected with—?"

"With you—if you are the Telephone girl."

"Look here—I've no time for fooling, besides the boss will be coming round presently. What do you want?"

"You. Are you engaged?"

"Don't be absurd? Don't you see I'm engaged with you?"

"Really? Then you are not married?"

There was a gurgling sound. The girl was evidently laughing and then—

"I've no time to fool at the 'phone. What's it you want?"

"I want to be certain who you are. Are you the Telephone

girl? What's your name."

"I am that girl. I am called Lulu! Repeat it."

I did. I said, "Lulu".

"That's it," she said, "but you must first *linger-longer-on-the-*

"All right," I answered. "Now, are you married?"

"Why?"

"Because I want to marry you."

"Go-hon! Really? Kiss me through the 'phone—hug me."

"How can I do that?"

"Make a noise like this—Ba-a-a!"

I did—and she laughed; and then—

"Are you one of those Yacht Club snobs; or a mercantile? Don't mind marrying—"

"I'm a king," I told her.

"A *thing*? I suppose you are; but do you mind qualifying a bit, a big *thing*, a small *thing*—"

"A King," I corrected her.

"You—liar!" she cried and jammed down the 'phone. I rang her up again.

"Now, what is it you want—I've no time—?"

"You told me that before," I answered. "I want you to marry me."

"And you told me that before. What next?"

"I'm really a king—in Africa."

"Oh—you're that chap, are you—with a hundred wives? We've heard of you. No thanks—I'm not anxious to become No. 101. Besides, the new fashions are coming in—lovely gowns—and you have only one national dress in your country. Try someone else. By-by—kiss me through the 'phone."

There was more giggling, and although I rang again, no voice answered me at the other end. I was as polite as possible to that lady, my son, and yet she repulsed me. No doubt you are surprised at the manner of my treatment of females here; of course I am not going to revolutionise our customs in this direction in Bangywala. Here—you must be, what they call, courteous. If a woman lies, you must not tell her so, for that is considered ungentlemanly, and that is the reason, my son, why men and women here, except in business matters, handle the truth rather lightly. But I was telling you of my extreme politeness to ladies, and that reminds me of an incident that happened when I went to hear the band play at the Apollo Bunder two evenings ago. A lady, whom I met once or twice, drove up and called to me.

"I'm going into Green's for refreshments," she said. "Will you do me a favour?"

"Anything in my power," I answered her. I thought she was going to ask me to take her into Green's; but she said:

"You dear, kind man. Here's my dog—it is not well. I would leave it with my syce, but he is cruel. Don't put it on the ground—carry it. Jessie—that's the dog's name—must have fresh air."

I took the dog. I looked around to see if any people were staring at me—me the king of Bangywala carrying a pet dog—and I tried to hide the animal under my coat; but it yelped and barked, and bit my hand, and then got sick on me.

Oh! the mess—I was such a picture. I gave the dog to the syce, caring little how he would treat it, hoping he would half-murder it, and hurried home.

Keep smiling my son, and take these few words of mine to heart. Keep yourself five yards distant from a carriage, ten yards from a horse, fifty yards from a motor—but miles from a woman's tongue. It is no use to cut the sting out of a woman's speech—it is like trying to wash a negro white: you waste your soap. You can fill a nasty woman's mouth with sugar plums, or dr-

her in finery—you cannot stop her tongue. If you put a crow in a cage will it talk like a parrot?

Treasure these sayings of mine, my son—and remember that I'm still alive and you are not king of Bangywala as yet.

J. H. WILLMER.

Lucknow.

OMAR.

Omar, Beloved, soft and warm the night,
The Desert stars are burning, burning white,
But only one shines with a ruby's light,—
The loveliest.

I call it thine, as it climbs o'er the hills,
And hangs a rosy gem, where moonlight
chills
The world to pallid death—like thee it fills
With life its quest.

Omar, Beloved, cool our tent, in shade
The bowl of curds, fresh bread my hands have
made,

Just gather'd dates upon their palm-leaves laid
In golden vest,
But thou delayest! Drear the waste and wide,
Echo brings not thy mare's sure-footed
stride

From the gaunt City where all dangers hide:
Come home to rest!

Omar, Beloved, near the mound's first rise,
Bejum, thy charger, stands, and vainly tries
To pierce remoteness with his full dark eyes,
Shaking his crest;
I stroke his face and strive to hide my fear—
For fear is naught :—I whisper in his ear,
We'll ride together while the night is clear,
Toward the West.

So many leagues to reach the storied gate!
Alas, ere now, 'tis shut! too late! too late
Without thee, O how bitter is my fate!
I beat my breast
And weep; great Bejum neighs and points his
ears,
Strains forth his neck,—something afar he
hears.
Ah! say no more that Love is blind through
tears—
I smile, and rest.

VIOLET DE MALORTIE.

Oxford.

EDUCATION AND NATIONALISM.

AT the last meeting of the Indian Legislative Council, more than one honourable member gratefully acknowledged that "education had expanded by leaps and bounds" during Lord Hardinge's régime, and from a statement supplied in reply to an interpellation it appeared that according to the programme drawn up for the last three years at the instance of Sir Harcourt Butler, thousands of elementary schools were to be started and thousands of existing institutions were to be provided with buildings all over India. Whether the war will allow the same rate of progress to be maintained until the country recovers from its effects, and adjusts itself to the needs which it discloses, may be doubted. Programmes connected with education in all grades have been suspended, though it is hoped that they will be resumed as soon as possible. It was Sir Harcourt's intention that all future universities should be teaching and not merely examining bodies. The war has temporarily frustrated his designs, and the Bihar and Burma Universities will for the present be of the older type, and the main purpose which they will serve is to relieve the congestion at the Calcutta University, and to carry out the principle that every large province shall be educationally self-contained. The Hindu University at Benares and the projected Mysore University constitute special features of the new

educational era. The one will be the first private university established in India under British rule, and the other the first established in a Native State. The Hindu University may give an impetus to the starting of more Hindu colleges, which may or may not be affiliated to the institution at Benares. In Lahore, where Christians, Arya Samajists, and Brahma Samajists have their respective colleges, and in a province where the Sikhs and the Musalmans have not failed to provide their communities with their own colleges, the Sanatana Dharma Hindus will soon fall into line with the rest, and in other parts of India the torch lighted at Benares may kindle latent patriotism into similar educational activity.

Unlike the proposed Bihar and Burma Universities, the Benares and Mysore Universities have sounded distinct watchwords. If the preservation of Hindu culture is the watchword of the one, the preservation of the vernaculars may be the distinctive mission of the other. By culture we may understand something more than religion, though at the outset religion would be the only word to be clearly seen on the banner of a denominational university. Probably the development of Hindi, and not merely the study of Sanskrit, will receive more attention at Benares than the older universities elsewhere bestow upon the vernaculars. Educational controversies in India range themselves round three principal subjects—opportunities for education, standards to be aimed at and moral results to be achieved. It is no longer the fashion anywhere to oppose the claims of primary education to those of higher education, or to prefer technical to literary education. In the days of lean budgets such controversies were perhaps inevitable with the undesirable result that the authorities at the helm were suspected of want of sympathy with the edu-

cated classes. Hereafter the discussions in the enlarged legislative councils would relate rather to the claims of education as against other demands upon the public purse than to the relative urgency of one or other kind of education. The national sentiment does not specially favour either advanced or primary, either literary or industrial, either male or female education. Money has to be lavished on all the only question is how to find it. On standards and moral results, European and Indian opinion will continue to be divided. Indians are generally of opinion that comparison with European standards furnishes no true test of what the local universities should aim at. Recognition by the European universities is not to be the highest aspiration of Indian students, only a few of whom would go to England to improve their prospects. For such, special standards, likely to be recognised abroad, may be set up, but the general Indian opinion seems to be that the diffusion of a culture, such as would satisfy Indian needs, should not be arrested by a general elevation of standards to the level of foreign universities. Without reference to the theories which may prevail elsewhere, some may think that in India breadth is preferable to height, and others may hold the contrary view. Considering the careers open to the majority of students in this country, Indian opinion generally favours variety rather than depth for most seekers after knowledge, but much depends upon the practical utility of the instruction and training in after life. It is commonly believed that European educationists are incapable of looking at these questions through Indian glasses, and hence the frequent controversies of the past. The differentiation between the ordinary and the honours course for a degree effects a compromise between the two classes of thinkers. Nevertheless, the perennial complaints about the low per-

centage of passes show how divergent the European and the Indian points of view are. Rightly or wrongly, a "slaughter of innocents" is usually attributed to the unsympathetic attitude of European examiners. We may be sure that the percentage of passes at the Hindu and Mysore universities will be constantly compared with the fate of the candidates at the other universities, and if one may carry prediction further, one may be equally certain that the feeling against European examiners will become stronger when the higher percentage of passes is recorded at a "national university" than when it characterises the examinations at one of the older universities. It is not merely syllabuses and text-books that will be compared, but also the number of candidates let through. The slaughterers will undoubtedly assert that high percentages of success bespeak low academic ambitions.

The promoters of the Hindu University have had nothing to complain against the existing universities, except that they supervise only secular education and are unable to enforce religious instruction in the recognised and affiliated institutions. They have as yet said nothing about the suitability or current syllabuses, the neglect of any branch of secular study, or the encouragement to be given to any special subject. The promoters of the Mysore University, on the other hand, are not satisfied with the treatment accorded to the vernaculars by the existing universities, especially the Madras University, with which that State has been educationally connected, and they are equally dissatisfied with the kind of scholarship in English which is demanded from Indian students. In this view they do not stand alone: both European and Indian critics of the present system have long held similar views. As regards the vernaculars,

one may doubt whether any educational or national object will be gained by merely making a study of them compulsory. If it be true that an Indian student does not generally need to read obscure English works and minor English poets, that he need not dive deep into the philology of the English tongue, or make a close acquaintance with the manners and customs of bygone centuries depicted in English literature, it is equally true that an average modern Mysorean can well afford to dispense with a deep study of the old Jaina epics and lives of saints. If he must be able to write and speak English correctly and with facility, it is equally true that his knowledge of the vernacular should be modernised and his mastery of the language should enable him to write and speak with readiness and without an undue admixture of foreign words on topics of living interest to the present generation. To achieve this object the university may be obliged to create new literature and depart from the practice prevalent in British India in regard to the media of instruction, at least in high schools. Thus the university has much scope before it for trying new experiments, promoting new activities, and leading the way where the European educationists, whose voice is predominant in other universities, are unable to judge what can be done for the vernaculars, how knowledge may be more readily assimilated by students whose mother-tongue is not English, and how Indian students may most successfully cope with the language difficulties with which they are confronted. When educational reformers in the middle of the last century argued that the main object of education in India ought to be the spread of "European knowledge" and of the literature which enshrines that tested and practical knowledge, as distinguished from the erroneous history and geography,

and the imperfect science taught by Oriental literature, did they mean that Indians would be wiser by knowing all about European witches and fairies, about Teutonic gods and Greek goddesses, about love-making, elopements, and knights-errant and fighting Bishops, about the habits of British birds, about British botany and British meteorology? If great English poets have derived no inspiration from the Indian epics, if the masters of English prose have not written on Rajput chivalry, if a Hindu professor is unable to realise the psychology of a Romeo, or a Musalman teacher is unable to picture to himself the phenomena of the English seasons, should the Indian student begin to think as early as possible in the foreign language and about things foreign, and sacrifice too much of his time and energy and his vernacular at the altar of a superficial, hybrid culture? A readjustment of values from an Indian standpoint may be one of the missions of the Mysore University.

The critics of the moral results of higher education were at one time disposed to trace the shortcomings of educated Indians to the absence of religious and moral training in most institutions. As political crimes are nowadays committed in the name of religion, any sort of religion, if it only assumes that name, cannot evidently be trusted to produce a good citizen, and inasmuch as the State cannot lay down a religion for young men, the educationist must rely on "discipline," as far as he is concerned. Recent events in Bengal have forced the controversy once more upon the attention of the public. It appears that students are taking to strikes and the use of physical violence even towards their Gurus in that province, and according to one view, the growth of this new temper among students is due to the contempt and hauteur with which European professors sometimes treat them. It is difficult to believe that

the European professors of one province are more deeply imbued with a consciousness of their race than their brethren in other provinces. It is more credible that the spread of nationalism of an objectionable character in Bengal, which is reflected in the recent criminal history of that province, has made the youthful patriot more sensitive, more choleric and impatient than in other provinces. The truth can be known only to those who move among the students on the spot and observe how they talk and act. The Committee appointed to enquire into the recent disturbance at the Calcutta Presidency College is understood to have recommended that European professors should learn the vernacular of the students and be provided with quarters near their boarding-houses—which seems to mean that race and social habits have interposed between students and their teachers a gulf which ought to be bridged if they would understand and treat each other better.

AN OLD TEACHER.

Bombay.

LETTERS FROM A WAR HOSPITAL IN FRANCE,

(Continued from our last issue.)

VII.

DEAR FRIEND,—It seems almost unreal to think of you among transatlantic snows when here we have a season of springtime. Winter may come our way yet, but I shall always be glad of the memory of one January when it was good to be alive in the sunshine.

To-day, the feast of St. Sebastien, the patron saint of the village, was celebrated by a decoration. A soldier from the neighbouring village of St. Martin came to receive the *Medaille Militaire*.

By two o'clock the wide avenue leading down to the hotel was lined with spectators. All the wounded were there of course, except the few who could not leave their beds. In their soiled, worn, heterogeneous uniforms it cannot truthfully be said that our sixty odd cripples imposed an air of military glory on the scene. What there was of that had to be given by the doctor, or the captain who made the presentation, and by the four tall gendarmes who did their best towards making an impressive row in the background, presenting arms to the flag smartly enough to represent the whole French Army.

It may be that at each such event there is a distinctive atmosphere. At one which was held in Cannes last November the outstanding features were certainly two. One, the sensation caused by the tall boy in the uniform who, lacking the leg and arm of one side, yet hopped so nimbly, and with so little help from the infirmier, from the carriage which brought him to the scene. There was a little chorus of "emotioné," "Pauvre gargon" from

the crowd grouped under the leafless plane trees, and not a few spoke with tears in both eyes and voice.

But in reality that one followed the other sensation, the flutter of admiring interest which greeted the smart arrival of two marching companies, one wearing blue and the other red sashes and ties, proud little squads, headed by most gorgeous banners, and hailed with enthusiasm as Ba'Skoots by the multitude.

And still, entrancing as they were, with the most zealous and dignified of leaders, the most speckless of uniforms, the sweetest and roundest of cheeks and legs, the Boy Scouts had to give place in point of attractiveness to the Baby Band, when it arrived. Where those infants came from, or where they went to after the ceremony, remains for ever a mystery, but the extraordinary way in which they played their part in the ceremonies can never be forgotten. Beside their diminutive figures and their chubby faces the Boy Scouts became quite elderly, whilst the effective manner in which they marched and wheeled, bringing musical sound out of their drums and fifes whenever the officer conducting the ceremony waved the narrow flash of a sunstruck sword-blade at them, surely won for them a place in many hearts and memories.

Here, among the hills, there are no Boy Scouts, no autos bringing up smart administrators of hospitals, or be-medalled generals, and the place of the Baby Band is inadequately supplied by a few of our shabbiest wounded, not too crippled to beat a drum or sound a clarion.

The village is here *en masse*, headed by its curé, and the one from St. Martin, with our own abbé-infirmier. Many old men, and more old women, picturesque in their white frilled caps, children a-plenty, but no men of young or middle age, except the cripples and the hospital staff.

In the centre of the hollow square stands the soldier to be decorated, a lonely figure, tall, erect, in the dark uniform of the Chasseurs Alpains, a heavy black bandage covering his wounded eye. It seems he has been in hospital fourteen months and has suffered much. Just so many paces in advance stands the Captain ready to read his war history, and the deed by which he won his medal. Above the double avenue of tall plane trees the sky shines mildly blue, the sun climbing down behind the

mass of the old hotel stretches a growing shadow towards the crowd. A day of April, but more steadfast than April, one of northern climes would say. There is quite a sprinkling of white veils and nurses' uniforms among the crowd, for on occasions of ceremony everyone dresses for the event, and the hospital staff suddenly multiplies itself by double square-root.

The official reading over, the official greeting said, the medal is pinned on and the hero embraced, first by his Captain, then by two small girls with an oration and a bouquet, then by everybody else, ending with his wife and a couple of tiny children. The soldiers sing the "Marseillaise," that one National Anthem, which worthily expresses the exultant pride of a nation in arms, and the "décoré" is borne off to a café, to be treated at the expense of the village fathers.

January 28. There was a bright fire of branches on Mdlle. Hélène's wide hearth this afternoon. But the big double windows stood open to the air, and sunshine streamed down on the broad red-tiled sill where the prisoner's pigeons minced and gurgled. In the genial warmth the great gray-green trunks of the plane trees dreamed of buds. Beneath them the waters of the fountain dripped and ran over. Beyond in the meadow the little herdgirl watched her sheep. The peacock screamed in the distance. It would only be a little run across, between the meadows, to find the violets that have flowered a fold in the hills. But here is rest and silence as sweet as violets. The peace is like something that could be touched.

A log falls in the fire, and the pigeons leave off hunting crumbs on the tiled floor, and fly away. The wind of their going flutters the leaves of *Les Annales* on the table. It had been lying open at the picture of Peter of Serbia, the "Great Emigrant" of Rostand's poem, borne out from his ruined kingdom on a gun-carriage drawn by four oxen. The last gift of his kingdom of soldiers, of untamed poets, Rostand says, it is fit gift for those who make powder speak and earth sing. "All that rests of the plough, all that rests of the cannon." Homer, exiled in Serbia, Homer himself harnessed the oxen to that tragic equipage, the poet says.

Was it Jason then, the old heroes being come to earth, who brought that strange argosy to the port of Marseilles just the other

day, a shipload of children, Serbian orphans of the war, fleeing from the new monarch of Serbia, from King Famine, into a land whose speech they know not?

. . . . Yesterday they said a mass in the village church for a village boy. He was killed in Champagne last fall, but the parents have only now had official news of his death. His father is the baker who makes the excellent bread for everyone. In the hospital kitchen they talked about the news. "And how did he take it, the father?" "Ah, he remained silent a moment, then he said, 'My son, thou couldst not have a more beautiful death.'"

. . . . Over all the little rockbound villages of old Provence this golden sunshine lies. But to-day the garment of the Soul is not golden. Rather it is the garment of Rachel, widowed and childless. From one handful of houses that makes a Provençal village twenty-three sons have gone who will never return, from another eighteen—already.

In the fire a picture grows. The picture of horsemen valiantly girt for battle, strong in the sense of their invulnerability. The spiked helmets glisten in the sunshine between the rose-pink almond bloom, the horses hoofs ring iron on the rocky roads. And they go up. Before them, where the village street begins, sits a woman, a silent woman veiled in black, head bent over empty hands. At sound of the furious clatter of the iron feet she neither looks nor moves. But as they would have passed her, she stands in front before them.

They would ride her down as the wind blows aside a straw, but they do not. For to the blast of their fury, their haste, their pride, she has lifted her eyes, and looks. And in her eyes they see as in a mirror the picture of what has been, and is. In them is the blind fear of the homeless child, the slow pangs of the starving babe, the tortures of the battle-field and the hospital bed, the aching loneliness of childless homes, the darkness of anguished night, the sword-blades of suspense, the helpless fury of the wronged and ruined, the torturing hands of silence and waiting, the dumbness of the grave. Infinite as the abysses of space, revelations that go on and on. Veil after veil falls from their deeds, the other side of their triumphs, and still there comes no end. At last they waver, they fall back, they fade into empty air, they are not.

For ever and ever they must ride. Over all the highways, the great roads of commerce, over tiny rock-ribbed mountain ways, over tree-shaded lanes that go between blossoming fields where mossy mill-wheels turn, and loaded wains go by. To every town and hamlet they must ride, to every city and village, in sunny France, in the wrecked lands in Belgium, in Poland, in Serbia, in Armenia. And at every gate they shall meet the Grief, the Grief that they have made. How can they ever rest from their labours, for their works shall follow them?

Your Friend,

K. W.

France,

THE MONTH.

WITHIN a month after the fall of Erzerum, the Russians have taken Trebizond, and the success of their arms in this region compensates in some measure for the ill luck in Poland. It is expected that they will ere long isolate Mesopotamia and the prospect must be welcome to the Indian troops who have been battling with conditions of much difficulty in the valley of the Tigris and may yet retrieve General Townshend's surrender at Kut. As in other theatres of the war, so also here the responsible advisers might have underrated the difficulties, and Parliament has not been slow to demand enquiries. But it is well known that the Allies were not quite prepared for the present war, and if everything is not carried on in unexpected regions and under unforeseen conditions with the foresight and precision of which the Teutons boast, the responsibility must at least be indirectly shared by the whole nation, except for palpable rashness or incompetency. In England one defect after another was discovered under the stress of war and supplied in great haste which in some cases involved waste. The latest discovery is that the air service is in a disorganised condition. The Irish rebellion could not perhaps be foreseen. Twenty months after the outbreak of the war British statesmen do not seem to have yet decided whether in a struggle with a great nation which has adopted compulsory military

service, a numerically smaller nation should not ensure an adequate and constant supply of trained men under a similar system. An expert like Lord Kitchener was of one opinion at one time and seems to have changed it in the light of experience. In the present war it is unfair to blame military leaders for disappointments caused by undertakings which events may subsequently prove to have been premature.

The Teutons, with all their prudence, precision, and preparation, are as open as others to the charge of miscalculation. They could not be in Paris within a fortnight after the declaration of war, as expected by the Kaiser. Verdun has held out very much longer than the Germans expected and they have sacrificed more men during the last two months than they could have anticipated. Above all, while they were well prepared with men and machinery, and they knew that their weak point was their navy, the frantic appeals which the authorities are said to address to the people show that they did not foresee how the war would ultimately resolve itself into a "gigantic money battle." The performances of the German army on the western front during the last three months could not have impressed the providers of the sinews favourably, and ere long the switch is likely to be turned, and better luck sought in northern Russia, where owing to the enormous length of line that a single nation has to maintain, apart from other considerations such as railways and munitions, the Kaiser may be able to convince his supporters that he has not quite shot his bolt. Supposing that a further advance is made in northern Russia, the question still remains whether the war will thereby be brought to a close sooner, as long as the British blockade lasts and no escape is possible from the prison in which commercial Germany is confined.

Two important speeches were made last month, one by the German Chancellor, the other by the British Prime Minister. The former declared that the Allies had been really defeated and if they would not sue for peace, but continue the war and the blockade until Prussian militarism was crushed to their satisfaction, they would be punished with severe reprisals. The relentless and reckless submarine activity is evidently part of the policy of reprisals. In England many seem to be of opinion that this activity is periodic and not continuous and they appear to hope that it will gradually slacken. What if it does not? Perhaps the Admiralty knows, but a couple of ships sunk every day must make a formidable total by the time something happens to compel a change of policy. German editors seem to be wondering what the crushing of Prussian militarism may mean, whether it means the segregation of Prussia from the rest of the German Empire, and if so, how the Allies propose to bring about such a disintegration. That is indeed a question which may puzzle anyone who is not in the secrets of the Allies. Mr. Asquith, in his reply, denied that the Allies had been defeated and that they apprehended defeat, and he explained that they would consent only to such a peace as would make it impossible for Prussian militarism to menace the independence of civilised States, however small, in future, and the independence already violated would certainly have to be restored with compensation. How exactly future military aggression by any Power may be prevented, one can only vaguely surmise. The Allies will perhaps insist that, though compulsory service and the manufacture of war materials cannot be prohibited, the increase of the German navy may be subjected to narrow restrictions so that in case Militarism again raises its head and

violates treaty obligations, it may be punished by an effective blockade and starvation. It is no longer necessary for German editors to speculate what the Allies may mean, but the German Chancellor's reference to Belgium was so equivocal that the Kaiser's present ambitions are still shrouded in obscurity.

THE telegrams have been bringing us the news of a neutral ship being destroyed by German torpedoes almost every day. The Dutch have grumbled, but Norway is not reported to have protested, though according to the telegrams more Norwegian steamers appear to be sunk than either Dutch or Danish. The weaker States must be only too conscious that their protests will fall on deaf ears, and perhaps they expect compensation, which may be some solace, compared with the risks they must run by incurring the ill-will of Germany. Perhaps they look up to America for protection. Last month we remarked that President Wilson had turned his attention from the Kaiser to General Villa. In Mexico the interference of the United States is not welcomed unanimously even by those who do not support Villa, and while American troops have entered Mexico, the future line of action seems uncertain. General Villa's very existence is reported to be doubtful. President Wilson has turned his attention once more to the Kaiser, and this time he appears to be in no mood to be trifled with. His position is undoubtedly difficult. While the eastern States are in favour of vigorous action against Germany, the western States seem to be vacillating, and the discovery of German plots, together with the heterogeneous composition of what for political purposes is called the American nation, emphasizes the necessity for

caution. The President's determination to compel respect for the law of nations and for considerations of humanity is, therefore, all the more admirable, though he may not go further than a rupture of diplomatic relations in the event of German persistence in the policy objected to.

Of all the neutral States of Europe, Greece is most to be pitied. The King manages to steer between Scylla and Charybdis as skilfully as he can, but in the nature of things he cannot assert himself with impunity and must protest and yield. He could not side with Servia, nor could he resist the friends of his ally. He consented to their assisting Servia, but when they sought to transport Servian troops through his territory to Salonika, he was afraid of German displeasure and protested. Some have already arrived in Salonika. German or Austrian submarines find shelter in his islands and he cannot oust them. When the Allies proposed to occupy an island, he protested, but was unable to resist. According to the latest tidings, he has sent the Crown Prince on a mission to the German and Austrian Emperors. The Allies are bound to minimise the submarine danger and fight for the safety of the Mediterranean Sea. That they have succeeded to a great extent is clear from the landing of Russian troops at Marseilles and the absence of news regarding any recent activity of the enemy submarines in the Mediterranean. Why Russian troops should have been requisitioned in France, as if France has exhausted her strength, may be a mystery. The probable explanation is that if France must help Servia, the protégé of Russia, the service may in fairness be requited by Russia sending men to Verdun. Rumania is still waiting. Russians are said to have appeared west of Trebizond, and if the successful march continues. Ruma-

nia cannot be waiting very long, if she means to join in the struggle at all.

CRITICS in England do not seem to be quite satisfied with Sir William Meyer's war budget. He has proposed new taxation, but compared with the enhanced taxes in the United Kingdom, it may well seem to them insignificant. Out of deference to Lancashire, the cotton duties are left intact, but this appears to them a negative piece of service. They seem to wish that Indian capitalists and the Indian Government should largely subscribe to the British war loans. On our side much uncertainty must exist as to the demands which military exigencies and the after effects of the war, in the shape of payments and pensions, may make on the Exchequer and the loans that may have to be floated in future. Lord Hardinge came to India in circumstances which impressed upon him the paramount expediency of keeping Indian sentiment pleased. Lord Chelmsford's difficulties will be of a different character. He has to deal not so much with dissatisfied constitutionalists, as, at the outset, with the enemies of the public peace and those who would side with the King's enemies. The application of the Defence of India Act has had to be extended in Bengal, and, as Lord Carmichael told his Council some weeks ago, not only have dacoities become more common in the province, but evidence has been found of traitors seeking to co-operate with the enemy. The nature of this evidence is not known to the public at large, and it is equally unknown whether ramifications of any secret societies have been discovered. In any case the time is not one when the prospect of an outburst of criticism can be

treated with indifference ; and in a country where the tendency to criticism even in war time is so pronounced that if a financier proposes to put an additional tax of four, instead of two, annas a maund on salt, he is taken to task for needless harshness, anything like heroism in dealing with finances may add perceptibly to the volume of vocal discontent. The new Viceroy says little, and apparently observes much, and he must be able to judge what sacrifices India ought to make at the present stage.

Voluntary offers in aid of the war continue to be made with unabated enthusiasm. The Punjab has made a gift of forty-three aeroplanes to Government at a cost of more than fourteen lakhs, and similar offers of something or other on a smaller scale, both by Princes and the people are constantly announced. In Bombay H. E. Lady Willingdon's efforts in securing comforts for the men at the front and on behalf of the wounded who return are well known, and the amount of co-operation enlisted by her is also from time to time made public. The present of his famous yacht, the *Sunbeam*, made by Lord Brassey to the Government of India, cannot of course be credited to India. But it may be indirectly set down to the credit of a Ruler of India and mentioned as one of the links that will bind India and England together ; and it is a beautiful link morally and physically.

If the Royal Commission on Indian Industries has been instructed to make no recommendations which are incompatible with the fiscal policy of the Government of India, the reason is obvious. The advice of the Commission is not essential for a change of that policy, and

the Government can decide whether it should be changed or not without obtaining the Commission's opinion. As far as the excise duties on cotton goods are concerned, the Government of India has already expressed its opinion, and the fiscal policy has to be settled by a combination of Governments. It has hitherto been contended by some Indian publicists that the Colonies are free to shape their policy in any way they like, and therefore India must enjoy similar freedom. The Prime Minister of the Commonwealth of Australia recently said in England that the economic policy of a nation is closely related to its general welfare, and the whole Empire must hereafter carefully consider its economic policy. In view of the expression of such an opinion by a responsible statesman, and of the lessons which the present war will teach, and in view also of the economic conference held by the Allies who are parties to the war, it can hardly be pretended that Sir Thomas Holland's Commission will be able to influence materially the future fiscal policy of India. Under the terms of reference the Commission is to report whether new openings for the employment of Indian capital in commerce and industry can be indicated, and in what manner Government can usefully give direct encouragement to industrial development. What is called the *laissez faire* policy is distinct from free trade or the present fiscal policy of the Government of India. To render technical advice more freely available, to demonstrate the practical possibility of particular industries, to afford direct or indirect financial assistance to industrial enterprise—all such means of helping industrial development are not inconsistent with the Government's policy, and the Commission may recommend when they may be usefully applied. If the evidence tendered by witnesses be to the effect that these means will not

be sufficient as long as the fiscal policy affords no protection against foreign competition, is the Commission to suppress it? If it is to be published, will the enforced silence of the Commission thereon prevent the public from challenging the adequacy of its recommendations? On the other hand, if the Commission should be unable to indicate where Government encouragement should suffice to help a new industry without a change in the fiscal policy, that policy will be indirectly condemned, though the Commission may say nothing about it. At the last annual meeting of the Bombay Millowners' Association, the chairman, Mr. J. B. Petit, attributed the industrial backwardness of India to want of capital, absence of directing ability, and inadequacy of technical knowledge; and he suggested the following measures—the establishment of State factories; supply of technical knowledge; preliminary inquiries and research by Government; a survey of indigenous industries; a geological survey of minerals of commercial value; and financial and other assistance through the fiscal policy.

It appears that in England, while the war has injured a few industries, the vast majority of the Trade and the nation is enjoying a period of great prosperity, the incomes of the working classes War. have risen, and the profits of manufacturers, farmers, colliery owners, shipowners, and others are almost unprecedented. H. E. Lord Chelmsford seems to have been advised that in India too the existing industries are flourishing, though very few new ones have come into existence. Perhaps the recent rise in the price of certain goods bears out the conclusion, but the phenomenon is differently interpreted by different persons. It seems to be admitted on all hands that the panic that followed

the outbreak of the war has passed away. The difficulties in regard to dye-stuffs, chemicals, and stores in Bombay have not abated, and for some time after the commencement of the war the expected improvement in the yarn and cloth markets did not take place. But now, with the continued clearance of accumulated stocks, the market has become easier. The trade has suffered in other ways. Bombay, for example, complains of scarcity of coal : steamers are not available to carry it from Calcutta, and the railways cannot provide sufficient wagons. To a representation submitted by the Bengal Chamber of Commerce, the Railway Board gave a sympathetic reply, from which we learn that " an endeavour has been made to secure the use of enemy vessels interned at Marmagao ; but the Board are not in a position to say what measure of success is likely to attend their efforts, as various international questions arise which present possibility of delay." It is a trite observation everywhere that economically the war has benefited Japan, rather than India. With the disappearance of the synthetic indigo imported from Germany, the indigo planters in Bihar are confident of a recovery of their industry. It has also been said that an impetus has been given to the use and development of other Indian drugs as dyeing materials. Those who have been recommending various drugs and materials of this sort in the columns of newspapers will no doubt bring them to the notice of the Royal Commission.

TURKEY is, on the whole, in a sad plight. In Mesopotamia and in the neighbourhood of Egypt the Moslems. her army is still active, but the Russians in the north of Asia Minor seem to be irresistible. In Persia they have taken Ispahan, and thus the Pan-Islamists must be in an anxious mood.

In the greater part of the Islamic world, however, religious sympathy and political duty are rightly kept distinct from each other. H. H. the Aga Khan has exerted himself strenuously to prevent a deflection of Musalman sentiment towards the enemy, and his elevation to the rank of a Chief in recognition of his services has been warmly appreciated in India. It appears that immediately before the war the intentions of Germany towards Muslims were not by any means friendly, and after the war the present friendliness is not likely to continue on the basis of disinterested help or chivalric attachment. That the Moslems even in Turkey are shrewd enough to understand so much, is clear from the anti-German feeling in Turkey itself. Elsewhere we may expect still greater clearness of vision. In India, as Lord Hardinge is reported to have informed an interviewer in England, perfect quiet prevails. The raids of Musalman tribesmen occasionally reported from the north-west frontier are due to a chronic habit, not especially connected with the war. When one remembers the serious unrest created among the Oraons by alleged friends of Germany, the appearance of the Kaiser among their gods being still a mystery, one cannot but acknowledge with pleasure that to such influences the Muslims have nowhere in India shown themselves amenable. For some time many of them were unwilling to proceed with their usual political and other activities as if to show to the world that they were following the course of events in the West with breathless anxiety, but no one knows how long the period of uncertainty is to continue, and the suspension of normal activities cannot be prolonged indefinitely. The Moslems have at last decided to accept the same terms for the establishment of their university as the Hindus were reasonable or accommodating enough to

accept, and other public activities will be carried on as usual. They are not yet agreed with the Hindus on the question of special electorates. In the United Provinces the difference is very sharp, and in other parts of India too, if attempts be made to amend the Acts so as to introduce the principle of special electorates, other communities will protest

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ONE more Indian author tells the immortal story of the Ramayana in English, chiefly for students. **Literary Activity** Thakur Rajendra Singh writes in an attractive style which must inspire the Indian reader and arrest the attention of the Englishman who may chance to open the book at first out of mere curiosity. In the preface the author compares the Kaiser to Ravana and the Germans to the enemies of the Aryans who were punished, and perhaps "exterminated," by the hero of the epic. This comparison, which the patriotic and loyal Indian wished to institute, may have suggested the title of the book "The Barbarians of Ancient India." There are Dravidians in Southern India at the present day who as vehemently deny that Ravana was a barbarian as the Teutons of the twentieth century would ridicule the superiority of Anglo-Saxon or Gallic civilisation. The author, however, adopts the traditional view, for his object is to tell a popular story and not to examine the theories of antiquarians.

Professor N. V. Thadani has published a volume of short poems in English. They are delightful and eloquent and remind one that though the waters of the Ganges have nourished the literary talent in later centuries, the home of the early Indian poet was on the banks and in the delta of the Indus.

Mr. M. W. Burway, who intended to write a biography of Rajah Sir Dinkar Rao in 1894, achieved his object by slow degrees and wrote a preface in 1907, published the book apparently in 1914, and favoured us with a copy last month. We hope that the enthusiasm which has not flagged during all these years will not hereafter decline and that the devoted admirer of the great Indian statesman will lose no time in bringing out a fresh and revised edition of his interesting work.

The learned lectures on "Life's Deeper Problems," delivered by Mrs. Besant at Bombay in December last, have been published in book form

As many friends of social reform must have desired, "Kusika" has given a longer life to the short, graphic stories contributed by him to two Madras weeklies.

The Japanese Government is to be heartily congratulated on the appointment of Dr. Thomas Baty, D.C.L., LL D, Barrister-at-Law, as their Legal Adviser at Tokio. A happier choice could not have been made. Dr. Baty is not perhaps as well known as he should be, for a more modest and retiring lawyer it is difficult to think of. But in the charmed circle of his intimate friends he is held in high esteem not only for his legal attainments but for a combination of those rare qualities that mark him out as a most lovable man. Japan has, with rare prescience, upon the ideal lawyer to advise her on the knotty problems of law pertaining to her Foreign Affairs, and we are confident that Dr. Baty will fill the post with credit to himself and the entire satisfaction of all he comes in contact with.

It may not be generally known that in the domain of International Law Dr. Baty occupies a unique position.

not merely as one of the honorary secretaries of the International Law Association to which he has rendered most valuable service, but as a capable exponent of difficult problems that have been brought to light by this world-war. Dr. Baty has of late figured in several important cases in the Prize Court where he has earned the encomiums of both the Bench and Bar by his erudition and wonderfully lucid exposition. America has produced many able jurists, particularly in the domain of International Law, and it is perhaps because of this that for years past an American lawyer has advised the Foreign Office at Tokio. Japan has paid a unique compliment to the English Bar by appointing Dr. Baty and thereby breaking the tradition. We believe Mr. Denison, his American predecessor in office, was not a *persona grata* in Tokio, at least with the foreign residents there : but we have no doubt Dr. Baty will win favour of all by his charming personality.

To the readers of EAST & WEST Dr. Baty is not a stranger, for he has contributed several charming articles to this Review on various subjects ever since it was founded in 1901. He is also well-known as an author and has published many legal treatises, the latest being a volume on *Vicarious Liability* which we had the pleasure of noticing last month. His scholarly and scientific exposition of the doctrine *respondat superior* has met with a very favourable reception, and if it has given rise to lively discussion, it is because the author has exploded therein certain antiquated theories on the subject so tenaciously held for centuries even by eminent lawyers. Dr. Baty is a courageous and convincing writer, endowed with great independence of judgment and a charming style. With deep learning he combines lofty ideals, and has a keen sense of humour withal. Those of our readers who have enjoyed his articles

in these pages cannot have failed to recognise that he is possessed of a tremendous gift of sarcasm, but of a type that is not unkindly satirical. In short, Dr. Baty is a man of virile yet attractive personality who would leave his mark in any sphere of activity, and we trust the present appointment is only a forerunner of higher offices in the near future

A VALUED and veteran Parsee journalist favours us **The Parsee Controversy.** with the following thoughtful observations on the controversy that has been raging in the Parsee community :--

"There was once a heated controversy among the Savants of the Middle Ages as to whether a host or a guest was more honoured at a feast. Trite and childish as the subject is, some of our Parsee friends, having more leisure on their hands than wits in their heads to employ it to advantage, have emulated the Savants in the same direction. A meeting was to be called in honour of the late Sir P. M. Mehta, and who should call that meeting was the bone of contention among the quidnuncs. A stalwart amongst them wrote no less than thirteen articles in the leading Parsee paper measuring five yards within a few inches to prove that the right belongs to the leaders of the community and not to the head of the community. Young Sir Jamsetji happened to be the head and he took it upon himself to send the requisition to his fellow-religionists. It appears he did so as he failed to carry the leaders as a body to undertake the function. Their reason was that the deceased worthy did not work for the Parsees in particular but all the other races in general. This was anathema to the dissenters. And hereby hangs the whole tale. Sir Jamsetji seems to have much force of character thus to brave the opinion of the elders of the Parsee community. As for Sir

Pherozsha, his name and fame have made the welkin ring with the glory of the Parsees throughout the country, and for the elders of the Parsees to say that he did nothing for the Parsees, betrays strange obliquity of vision or a trace of professional jealousy."

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At Liverpool-street Hotel, London, recently, the employees of Messrs. Allen and Hanburys, Limited, presented his portrait to the vice-chairman, Mr. Frederick Janson Hanbury, and a case of plate to his co-director, Mr. W. Ralph Dodd, with illuminated addresses. The presentation was made on behalf of the members by Mr. F. W. Gamble, who said that it celebrated the 20th anniversary of a firm which had been established on the site of its present offices in Plough-court, Lombard-street, in 1715.

Mr. William Allen, F.R.S., was the first President of the Pharmaceutical Society; the name of Mr. Daniel Hanbury, F.R.S., was commemorated in the well-known Hanbury medal awarded annually to the most distinguished international worker in pharmacognosy. The link with the first of the Hanburys was the present chairman of the Company, Mr. Cornelius Hanbury.

In acknowledging the presentation of his portrait, Mr. F. J. Hanbury mentioned that the artist, Mr. Percy Bigland, had painted no less than four generations of the Hanbury family. He regretted that the advanced age of his father, Mr. Cornelius Hanbury, chairman of Allen and Hanburys, Limited, who celebrated his eighty-eighth birthday last month, prevented his being present. His (the speaker's) own memories of the firm dated back over forty years. He had seen the demolition of the original buildings, erected after the Great Fire, in which Alexander Pope was born, and Brougham, Wilberforce, and Clarkson had held their first anti-slavery meetings—which, with other historic facts, were incorporated in a volume on the 200-year history of the house now in the Press. The transformation during his own forty years' experience could not be depicted even in outline. It was hard to believe that the same single site had once sufficed for the whole premises of a concern whose works, laboratories, branches and subsidiary companies were now scattered over the entire world.

They had to meet a difficult future, but could face it with confidence, because the staff worked in loyal co-operation.

Mr. W. R. Dodd also acknowledged the presentation to himself, and said that friendship and loyal co-operation were the secret of the wonderful success of the firm which here celebrated its bi-centenary. He himself joined the house in 1879, and about 200 employees of the house were now serving their King and Country.

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EAST & WEST.

VOL. XV.

JUNI, 1916

No. 176

IS THE WAR A DISPENSATION OF GOD?

IF a heathen chief from Central Africa were to find himself suddenly transported from his native wilds and wafted by an airship up into space so that, like Satan of old, he could see the kingdoms of the earth spread out as in a panorama beneath him, one cannot help wondering what the feelings of the untutored savage would be as he watched the extraordinary scenes that are being enacted in Europe to-day. Nine Christian nations, and a tenth who has never yet pretended to bow the knee to the Prince of Peace, all busily engaged "in the manufacture of corpses," as Victor Hugo would have said. Twenty millions of men using every fiendish weapon at their disposal to blow the souls out of the opposing legions. Poison gases, liquid fire, aerial torpedoes, baby-killing Zeppelins, guns more powerful and more deadly than the world had ever seen before, great ships on the waters breathing death and devastation, submarines like lurking perils underneath the waves—the whole might and genius of civilised man diverted to purposes of destruction and devastation. One suspects somehow that when the next missionary sets foot in Congoland, the heathen savage, with a sardonic grin, would suggest that there was "big work for

the white man preacher" to do in his own country—that the glories of civilised warfare did not appeal to the benighted races of Central Africa. He might, even, were he gifted with a sense of humour, comment on the situation after the manner of the little slum girl who, in response to her Sunday School teacher's inquiry as to her father's occupation, replied: "My father is a Christian, Miss, but he has not been doing anything at it for a long, long time." And the missionary himself might be inclined to agree that if Britain, France, Belgium, Italy, Serbia, Montenegro, Germany, Austria and Russia are Christian nations, all activities in that direction have been meanwhile suspended. The suggestion of a cynical M. P. that the churches might be utilised for war-work seeing that there is "nothing doing in Christianity in the meantime" has, at any rate, the merit of candour and consistency. Certainly, the spectacle to be witnessed in Christian and civilised Europe to-day is one which might "stagger humanity" in a way that President Kruger in his wildest dreams could never have hoped to do. To those, indeed, who are interested in the closer union of the democracies of Europe, the war came as a disillusioning shock. To the Churches, too, it was a numbing blow. That, at any rate, is the most charitable view to take of the paralysis that has crept over the religious life of the country since the outbreak of the war.

Occasionally, in political circles, one hears the jeering remark that the international working class movement failed ignominiously when the testing time came. That it failed is unfortunately true, but it must not be forgotten that the debacle of the Churches, the failure of organised Christianity to avert the war, was an even more ominous feature of the outbreak of hostilities than the collapse of the "International."

But I have no desire to gibe at the Churches—far from it—for we are all of us more or less responsible for the breakdown of civilisation as witnessed in the present debauchery of blood on the Continent. Rather, I desire, in no unfriendly spirit, to examine the seeming contradictions and inconsistencies in the attitude of the Christian Churches to the war

There are, I think, three schools of thought within the Church—not, perhaps, clear and well-defined schools—but three more or less vague and shadowy bodies of opinion merging gradually into one another

First, there is what, without injustice or unfairness, might be termed the Church Militant. Like Mr Russell Lowell some of us “kind o’ thought Christ went against war and pillage,” but the militants know better. The fighting parson is familiar to us all. He might have been met with in every town in the United Kingdom during recent months, beating the recruiting sergeant at his own game. He has often many excellent qualities, but he is a pagan at heart, and there are only two things about him that are matters for wonder—firstly, how so refreshingly robust a heathen ever found his way into a Christian pulpit, and secondly, why so valiant a warrior never by any chance finds his way into the trenches. Of course there are exceptions. More than one Scottish clergyman—all honour to them—have laid aside the cassock and gown and donned the khaki; some, indeed, have made the supreme sacrifice on the battle-fields of Flanders, but I speak of the typical recruiting chaplain who contents himself with beating the militarist drum and herding young lads off to the front to fight and die in order that those of us at home may sleep comfortably in our beds at night. I imagine it was this type of preacher that Robert

Burns had in his mind when he wrote the stinging lines :

Ye hypocrites ! are these your pranks,
To murder men and gie God thanks ?
For shame ! give o'er , proceed no further
God won't accept your thanks for murder

The second of the two schools of thought to which I have referred is honestly, and often earnestly, endeavouring to reconcile the conflicting ideals of militarism and Christianity. With what success they are meeting we shall see presently. To this school, I venture to think, the majority of professing Christians belong. I do not think they are wholly "sound" in their conclusions, but I recognise their opinions as those of men who are earnestly desirous of taking their stand on behalf of the right. The third school of thought is, of course, that represented by the Society of Friends - the Quakers - whose steadfast adherence to their magnificent creed, through good report and ill, cannot fail to command the admiration of sincere and thoughtful men and women.

It is with the second school of thought, however, that we are mainly concerned at present, and it will be necessary to examine more closely the opinions expressed by its representatives - perfectly sincere and honest men who are earnestly endeavouring to square the "impling practice" of the war-makers with their own lofty creed. Speaking in Aberdeen recently the Bishop of Aberdeen and Orkney made use of some significant words - words which have furnished me with the title of this article. "The war," said Bishop Mitchell, "is a dispensation of God to us as a nation to humble ourselves on account of our great and manifold sins and failings, and so lead us to penitence and repentance." I do not say that the Bishop is wrong. Indeed, if I were allowed to put my own interpretation on

his words, I should say that he is clearly and unmistakably right, but we must weigh every word of the sentence very carefully before allowing ourselves to come to that conclusion.

I do not know precisely what may have been in the Bishop's mind when he used the phrase "dispensation of God." There is one sense in which the words are sometimes used which seem to me not only false but mischievous; in the other sense, the view that war is a dispensation of God is in accord with the facts of history and the whole philosophy of life.

First of all, let us examine what I have described as the false and mischievous view. In his New Year message to his diocese the Bishop of London used the following remarkable words:

"We face, possibly, another year of war, but it is God's war; it is war for peace, it is a war to kill war. . . . Anything in such a war is better than a premature peace." To my ears the words "It is God's war," ring like rankest blasphemy. It is the Devil's war—one of his greatest triumphs, indeed the greatest of all his achievements since the memorable day when in the Garden of Eden he tricked and triumphed over the parents of the human race. The manner in which both sides are claiming God as being on their side is repugnant and reprehensible. One estimable preacher, it is true, shocked some of his hearers by suggesting that God himself was in a dilemma in regard to the matter. Again, it was a dignitary of the Church who spoke—this time the Bishop of Chelmsford. The occasion was an afternoon meeting—a service of united intercession held at Queen's Hall, London, under the auspices of the World's Evangelical Alliance. The question was sometimes asked, said the Bishop, "Why does not God come and help us?"

Reverently, he said, it seemed as if God Himself were "sitting on the fence." How could we get Him to come down on our side and give us a mighty victory? Before the war England had wonderful wealth, yet money was begrudged the old age pensioner, and begrudged to sweep away the slums and make houses fit for people to dwell in. Now we are spending five millions a day on the war, and yet there are men making money out of the war. There are strikes, there is slackness in work, dishonesty in contracts, drink where there are no restrictions, and vice rampant. Reverently, he said, God has His politics, and He will never come down on the side of any nation that is not clean. As Christian men and women we have to get God out of this dilemma and make it possible for Him to come and give us a mighty victory.

Thus the Bishop. He is not alone in his peculiar but wholly mistaken views about "God's dilemma."

In language which would be regarded as blasphemous, did it not embody precisely the same idea as that set forth by the Bishop of Chelmsford? Mr. J. C. Squire thus expresses his views regarding the tendency of all 'the combatants to claim God as their peculiar ally :

God heard the embattled nations shout and sing,

"Gott strafe England" and "God save the King!"

God this, God that, God the other thing

"Good God," said God, "I've got My work cut out."

With all due respect to the Bishop and Mr. Squire, I suggest that both are in error, and that the dilemma is merely that of those who take a narrow and superficial view of the meaning of the terrific upheaval which is in progress in Europe. Vague and nebulous phrases such as "This is God's war" and "God's dilemma" do not assist us in getting the least bit nearer the truth. It is merely another example of how honest and well-meaning men may sometimes befog both themselves and others by a haze of words. When we get to grips with realities we find that the phrase "God's war" is too often used to

bolster up wholly pernicious views regarding Christianity and militarism.

Let us examine, then, these more concrete statements. I return to the Bishop of London. In the New Year address to which I have already referred the Bishop says "God himself through the war is speaking to the whole world . . . Indeed, it is not too much to say that it is not the least likely that God will let it end until it has done its work." That takes us, it will be noted, a little further. We get indeed to the kernel, if one may say so, of the apology for war—the contention that it is a means of regenerating the world. That is a view which has been freely expressed in certain quarters during the past eventful months. The war fosters courage, it is said, although those who say so conveniently forget that it kills the heroes, leaving the "slackers" and physical weaklings, the men at whom the recruiting sergeant will never look twice, as the fathers of the next generation. In the old wars, when only a mere handful, comparatively speaking, took part in the fighting, that was a relatively small matter. There was always a gallant band left behind comprising those who contented themselves with "killing Kruger with their mouths," as Kipling has it. To-day, however, it is different. The whole manhood of Europe is engaged in the titanic struggle, and it is from the minority of the less fit left behind that the red blood of future generations must flow.

Equally fallacious is the view that war is a breeding ground of heroism. That was never less true than it is to-day when the struggle for supremacy has developed into a war by machinery. The war has merely provided an opportunity for brave men to distinguish themselves. The qualities of heroism and self-sacrifice which we admire, and rightly admire, were not created by the thunder

of the cannon, they were inherent in the hearts of the gallant lads who, though bred in the degenerate days of peace—as the militants have it—have nevertheless faced unflinchingly perils hitherto undreamed of on the battle-fields, and acquitted themselves as brave men should. That, however, is an aspect of the question which I had occasion to discuss fairly fully in a recent issue of *EAST & WEST*, and there is no need to labour the matter unduly. On the present occasion we are mainly concerned with the examination of the view that the war is an uplifting and regenerating agency.

Sir David Beatty, in charge of the Battle Cruiser Squadron of the Grand Fleet, a gallant sailor—if peradventure a poor theologian—expressed some opinions on this matter which I find are fairly prevalent. In the course of a letter to the Secretary of the Society for the Propagation of Christian Knowledge, Sir David says —

Surely, the Almighty God does not intend this war to be just a hideous fracas, a blood-drinkers' orgy. There must be purpose in it, improvement must be born out of it. In what direction? France has already shown us the way, and has risen out of her ruined cities with a revived religion that is most wonderful. Russia has been welded into a whole, and religion plays the greater part. England still remains to be taken out of her stupor of self-satisfaction and complacency into which her flourishing condition has steeped her, and until she can be stirred out of this condition, until religious revival takes place at home, just so long will the war continue.

Here, it will be observed, we have a combination of the two views to which I have referred, namely, that this is God's war, that He had a purpose in it, and that "improvement must be born out of it." Personally, I think the gallant Admiral is wrong. The worst truth seems to be that the war so far from improving those who take part in it, or those who look on, has an entirely opposite effect. Lest my own views on the matter should be regard-

ed as biased, or lacking in authority, I propose to call one or two witnesses who can speak from personal experience on the alleged regenerating influence of man. The first is the Rev. J. A. Tweedie, of Arbroath, an esteemed Scottish Chaplain, a Minister of the United Free Church, who spent several months with the troops during the costly military gamble at Gallipoli. The letter appeared in the Magazine of his Church. "Every service I have held since landing," says Mr. Tweedie, "has been punctuated by gunfire." After describing the nature of the services held on the Peninsula, the grim task of the soldiers, and the devotion and self-sacrifice of the nurses and the R.A.M.C. men, he proceeds

I confess I find myself unable to endorse much that has been said about the religious influence of life at the front. The trials of life here are just like the trials of life in peace-time. If a man meets them with the will to be and to do his best, he comes through them a stronger and better man, if not, they do him harm. . . . But still I cannot help believing that the influence of war is heavily on the side of the determination of human character, and I am quite unable to take any comfort out of what one sees of the spasmodic pieties of a danger zone. The urgency of danger often drives a man to prayer who never in the past prayed for salvation from sin, and who won't do so in any future time of peace, the threat of death urges him to hasten a belated effort to move the pity of Him who rules the hereafter; but such prayer is too mean for a man to offer or for a God to answer, and I am afraid a good deal of battlefield piety is just like that. No—the conditions of warfare are not an evangelistic agency. One sees there, side by side, the determination of character as well as the exaltation of character just as one sees in life everywhere, and THE CONVICTION GROWS IN MY MIND THAT IN THIS WAR THE BALANCE OF INFLUENCE FOR INDIVIDUALS AND NATIONALITIES AND FOR ALL CHRISTIAN EUROPE LEANS STRONGLY TO THE SIDE OF EVIL.

That is the view of an esteemed Scottish clergyman who has seen for himself warfare at its best and its worst—best because probably during the whole history of the war no

finer feat of arms has been performed than the holding for ten terrible months of the shell-swept beaches of Gallipoli, and worst because neither from a military nor a political point of view has any real advantage been gained from that ill-fated adventure.

My next witness is a British Company Officer, "somewhere in France," whose letter to a friend appears in the January issue of *The Venturer*, a publication of Quaker leanings, described as "a monthly journal of Christian thought and practice." The letter occupies over three columns of *The Venturer*, but I shall quote from it merely a few sentences giving the gist of the argument. "The Futility of War" is the officer's theme. He says :-

When I said futility, I was hardly using the word at the moment in its most practical sense. What was in my mind was the huge unnecessary waste of life, of the lives of happy, healthy men, with consequent misery to those who loved them, for no gain of any sort to humanity. I have seen six months now of continuous trench warfare and latterly of heavy fighting. It has not upset my nerves or my health, it has chiefly disgusted me apart from its interest as a game of skill

War, I think, morally futile because I do not believe at all in the romantic view of it, that is, in the good qualities it is supposed to breed. It is true that it tests men, like plague, shipwreck, famine, or any other adversity, but in doing so it does not *make* the good qualities that come to light, it merely makes them apparent. No man in his senses would advocate the occasional sinking of a liner, or the inoculation of a disease in order to promote heroism and self-sacrifice, yet justification of war on such ground is equally indefensible.

After describing the feelings of the soldiers during a great attack, and paying a warm tribute to the sterling qualities of the men, combatants and non-combatants alike, the officer continues :

On balance, he (the soldier) has been slightly brutalised by his experience in this war, yet on the whole, I believe, he has been changed very little by it.

With regard to the wicked and ugly waste caused by war, I suppose nobody can quite realise it who has not seen, as I have, hundreds and hundreds of corpses—our best stuff most of them, our bravest and healthiest youth—lying unburied where they tell putrid and blackening. It's a filthy sight. Well, where is the gain for which all that ugly slaughter, with the misery it has made, is the price? There should be a big gain to justify it. As far as this war is concerned, I think myself that in the circumstances that had arisen, it was unavoidable. But those circumstances should never have arisen. I hope and pray that the world may wake up from its madness as from a bad dream, and that this may be the last war, but I haven't much faith in any such happy prospect. Those who have fought and survived will come home slightly brutalised, but otherwise just as they were, and they and people in general will soon forget the waste and black murder-aspect of this foul thing, whereas the newspapers and literary glorifications which always accompanies a war, will have sounded a note which will go on ringing for generations. . . .

As for this war, I suppose nobody out of Bedlam dreams that there can be any gain to anybody from it. On the contrary, it must result for all in great loss and years of suffering. At best an even greater peril to humanity may have been removed. But that only if a pernicious mental disease has not been spread from Germany to other countries. Are you sure that we have not begun to catch it? I am not; I can see that in some ways we are more Hunnish than we were.

My third and last witness is of a different kind-- a German soldier this time, who writes thus to a religious weekly of his own country -

War is a phenomenon which the Church should not be able to bless. It is opposed to every essential of Christianity, and the sooner a moratorium is declared for Christianity, the better. There should be no more Church nonsense about the ennobling and purifying effects of war. In a war of this character where ruthlessness of unparalleled type is displayed, and where the very rudiments of Christianity are ignored, it would be wise, if Christianity is to be maintained, that it should not be preached or taught during the continuance of the war. For hundreds of

thousands of men at the front, men who once believed in the faith, the moratorium is already in effect. When they return from the blood-soaked battle front, their Christianity will be of a different order, and they will insist upon the Church adopting a different Christianity.

Such are the views of these men of widely different positions, but all entitled to speak from bitter experience of the grim tragedies of war— a Scottish chaplain, a British officer, and a German soldier. All had learned amid the roar of the cannon and the shriek of the shrapnel shell that war, so far from elevating the human race, tends rather to drag combatants and non-combatants alike down to a lower level. Witness the extraordinary increase of juvenile crime in Germany during the period of the war, and, in our own land, the growing power and influence of the more vulgar ranters and charlatans in the Press, the suppression of freedom of speech, the breaking up of Quaker meetings and the riveting of the shackles of militarism on the wrists of Englishmen and Scotsmen. In another direction too, as Sir William Osler justly remarks, "the cry for reprisals illustrates the exquisitely hellish state of mind into which war plunges sensible men." Is there not, too, good reason to fear—as the British officer, whose letter I have quoted, puts it—that even the best of men and women have become "more Hunnish" since the outbreak of the war? In many different directions the result of the war has been to strengthen the forces of evil in the world—the forces of reaction and corruption. The militant clergyman may not have discovered it, but the sober truth is nevertheless impressing itself on the slumbering conscience of Europe: just as the Hebrew prophet discovered long generations ago that God was not in the earthquake or whirlwind, so the world is learning to-day that **"Carnage"** is not God's daughter, that the Power that

makes for righteousness does not manifest himself in the thunder of the 17-inch gun, the crash of the Zeppelin bomb, hurling mission preachers and mission halls to destruction, in the dull roar of the exploding torpedo, or in the stifling fumes of asphyxiating gas, but in the still small voice of reason and conscience which ever amid the roar of battle is never wholly silenced.

I have said, however, that there is a sense in which it may truthfully be said that the war is a dispensation of God, and to that aspect of the ethics of militarism we may now fittingly direct our attention. Time was when every outbreak of plague or pestilence was regarded in precisely the same fatalist spirit as the Bishop of London seems to view the present upheaval in Europe. The plagues were regarded as a visitation of God for the chastening of His people, and it is not improbable that had any daring spirit ventured to question the scientific accuracy of the philosophy of the day, he would have been branded as a heretic. But the world—and the Church too—have overgrown that primitive view. When an outbreak of fever occurs to-day, one does not send for the priest to pray for the souls of the household; one sends instead for the Sanitary Inspector to look after the drains—perhaps I ought to say that we would send for both—but in any case it would be recognised that the pestilence had come upon us as a direct result of our breach of the laws of health and sanitation. So, too, with the coming of the moral pestilence, this appalling mental disease, this carnival of lust and bloodshed, which we dignify by the name of civilised warfare. The view is gaining increasing credence, and seems to me to be irresistible, that the war is the culmination of a long series of violations of the principles of social justice and national righteousness. It is the outcome of a false and vitiated view of life and its responsibilities. It is the

inevitable result of false and pernicious teachings in the press and the pulpit—false doctrines common to the militants of all the belligerent nations. As Professor Cairns remarked recently : “The war has a long history, and is due to what in the Bible would have been called ‘a state of sin,’ and sooner or later sin worked death. The war is a judgment on Europe for having allowed the common life to get into that condition.” God, as the world is beginning to realise, does not swoop down on the world with a rod of chastisement for our transgressions. The transgressions carry within themselves the seeds of their own punishment, and these fructify with remorseless certitude. The punishment comes as surely and as naturally as plague and pestilence follow the neglect of laws of health. That view, I imagine, was what Longfellow had in his mind when he wrote :—

Though the mills of God grind slowly,
 Yet they grind exceeding small ;
 Though with patience He stands waiting,
 With exactness grinds He all.

How these slow-grinding mills of God have brought about the inevitable punishment for the shortcomings of European statesmanship, European civilisation, of the Churches as well as the people of Europe, is a matter on which one hesitates to speak dogmatically. Not one cause but many have gone to produce the terrible orgy of blood which stains the whole fabric of modern civilisation. At the time there are one or two causes which have acted in a special measure to the cataclysm of 1914. I do not for the moment speak of the fateful negotiations which immediately preceded the outbreak of hostilities. So far as the cards which were played, and laid on the table, enable us to judge, we may say with confidence that Britain and her Allies

need not fear the verdict of history in that respect. But it is with the moral—or rather immoral—beginnings of the war that we are mainly concerned at present; and these, as well as the historic origins of the upheaval, strike their roots deep down into the whole fabric and structure of modern civilisation. The noxious seeds had sprung to life long before Russia and Austria began to rattle their swords in the scabbards.

First among the moral or spiritual causes of the war there need be no hesitation in placing the propagation of false and pernicious views of militarism—in Britain and France as well as Germany. It is true that the most violent and virulent manifestations of the militarist spirit have taken place in Germany, but it would be idle and foolish to deny that the same evil influences have been in operation in our own land. The nation which chooses as its high priests Blatchford and Bottomley, cannot point the finger of scorn at the deluded Germans. For the Gospel of Christ we have substituted the Gospel of the big stick—the Gospel that force is a remedy for all the ills of civilisation. Says Mr. Harold Fraser Wyatt, the joint founder and honorary secretary of the Imperial Maritime League: "Efficiency for war is God's test of a nation's soul. The Lord of Hosts has made righteousness the path of victory. In the crash of conflict, in the horrors of battle-field, piled with the dying, the dead and the wounded, a vast ethical purpose prevails." "War," says Colonel F. M. Maude, a leading military writer, "is the divinely appointed means by which the environment may be adjusted until ethically 'fittest' and 'best' become synonymous." "War pays," shrieks Mr. Austin Harrison of the *English Review*. Mr. Theodore Roosevelt, ex-President of the United States, declares that "By war alone can we acquire those virile qualities necessary to win in the stern strife."

of actual life." The militarist doctrines of Bernhardt and his disciples are too familiar to call for elucidation. Nor has the Church done what it might have done to counteract these baneful doctrines. What some of the Bishops think, we have already seen.

This dissemination of false doctrines in press and pulpit cannot fail to have hastened the cataclysm which has brought disaster to Europe. There are those who urge that all these jingo outbursts with which we were familiar before the war were but the warning voices of patriotic statesmen. To such warnings, when given in the right spirit, no one has ever taken the slightest exception. The author of "The Great Illusions" sounded that warning note. So too did many of the Pacifists of the Labour movement as well as among the better type of Liberals, point out in no uncertain tones that unless the mad race of armaments were drastically checked, a terrific clash of arms was inevitable. (These warning notes were sounded, moreover, at a time when some of those, who are now criticising the friends of peace so violently, were devoting the greater part of their energies to—the production of musical comedy!) But there is a wide difference in the spirit in which these warnings were uttered and in their effect on the national temperament. It was not the frantic shouts of "Wolf" by the militarists to which the friends of peace objected. It was the wanton and iniquitous fashion in which the jingoes and junkers scattered gunpowder among highly inflammable materials. At a time when calm judgment and extreme caution were necessary, they wilfully stirred up national animosity and did their best to foster racial hatred when prudence and clear thinking were vitally essential. Then when the clash of arms came, they shouted in jubilation, the peacock's feather in their hair, "There, now, didn't I tell you so,"

—oblivious of the fact that the combustible material which they themselves had provided was one of the prime causes of the conflagration that is now devastating Europe.

That indictment, of course, applies to the war party of Germany as strongly as it does to the war-mongers at home, perhaps even more so. But the Gospel of the Big Stick—the Bernhardi doctrine that “Might is right”—is but one of the root causes of the war for which the militarists are directly responsible. “Cæsarism,” or Imperialism, is another product of the jingo spirit. Germany’s claim for a bigger place in the Sun and the determination of the English Imperialists to paint the map red, are both examples of the same tendency. World conquest, world empire, world domination—these are the wild dreams born of the war spirit which animated the war party, particularly in Germany.

Is it not probable, too, that the craze for pleasure and futile sport has had a tendency to weaken the character of the rising generation, and make it an easier prey to the howling dervishes of jingoism—a creed that specially appeals to the shallow-minded and the unthinking? A nation that can contemplate with equanimity “racing as usual,” “coursing as usual,” “betting as usual,” has a long way to travel before it acquires that mastery over self which alone can lead to real democracy. It is not, one sincerely hopes, for the privileges of the wealthy idlers who frequent the Formby coursing meeting and the Newmarket racing meeting that our sons and brothers have gone to fight.

As I have said, however, it is not one cause but many which have led to the present Armageddon. One or two of the causes I have already suggested ; others will probably occur to most of my readers. All of them lend strength to the conclusion that just as the nations sow, so will

they reap, that, though the mills of God grind slowly, punishment is meted out with terrible exactness to the people who depart from the pathways of justice and righteousness, that if a nation sows dragon's teeth, there will spring up armed men. In that broader and deeper sense it may truthfully be said that the war is in very truth a dispensation of God.

The Europe which emerges from this titanic upheaval will be a different Europe from that with which we were familiar before the dogs of war were let loose. The war has compelled us to see many things from a new point of view. Above all it has helped to awaken the slumbering conscience of Europe to the real meaning of modern militarism. The appalling holocausts of the Marne, the Yser, of Loos and Verdun and Gallipoli are the inevitable results of that pernicious system. If the war opens the eyes of Europe and the world to all these things, then it may well be that out of evil will come good. But the good will not spring up of its own accord. It will only manifest itself when the working classes of Britain, France and Germany put their foot on the neck of the militarists and insist that never again shall Europe be transformed into a shambles, and religion and morality trampled under foot at the behest of the war-makers. That is the great task which awaits the democracies of Europe when this black cloud has been lifted from the world and peace is again established.

WILLIAM DIACK

Scotland.

THE UNIVERSITY OF MYSORE.

NOW that the Government of India have sanctioned the scheme for the establishing of a University in Mysore, the State can have a University of its own and expect before long to have higher education diffused widely among the masses. The State has a continuous area of nearly 30,000 sq. miles and a population of about 6 millions. Owing to its geographical position it enjoys the benefits of both the monsoons. Its natural resources are abundant. In addition to the homogeneous character of the population, there is only one language spoken by all. Of late the State Government have been doing their best to take into full account the natural resources of the country. It is right on their part to aspire for a system of education well designed to satisfy the wants felt by the people of the State. There is a large number of industrial schools and other technical institutions which, when fully developed, may find a place in the proposed University. For the present it will begin on a modest scale with the faculties of arts and sciences.

The new University makes a distinct departure from the beaten track of the British Indian universities. From the draft scheme published by the Government we learn that the unitary type of the University was aimed at at first, but on account of some unavoidable difficulties, the Government have had to adopt the unitary type modified to some extent. The University is to be a "federation

of two colleges under a common government with headquarters at Mysore." Unlike the other Indian universities it is to be a teaching as well as an examining body. It is highly gratifying to see that it is the chief desire of the founders to pay special attention to the sciences and the vernacular of the State. Mainly on account of this desire the standard of English is lowered to some extent, though it remains a compulsory language. In the case of students whose main subjects of study are sciences, some knowledge of a European language, either French or German, is required "in order to enable them to read books in that language."

In addition to its teaching and examining functions the University aims at fostering social and corporate life among its members by bringing the teachers and the taught into closer relations. Professors and lecturers are, as far as possible, to reside within the precincts of the University, "to overlook and direct the private study of the students and in other ways to exercise a wholesome influence." The Government have undertaken to improve the hostels with a view to make them attractive to students, though they are by no means compelled to stay there. Another important feature of the University is the attention paid to the physical culture of the students. Two medical graduates trained abroad are to be placed in charge of the athletics and gymnastics. To help the masses in their pursuit after knowledge, the University Publication Bureau will undertake to publish "works of modern interest," mainly in the vernacular of the country.

The scheme involves a capital expenditure of Rs. 13 lakhs for the new buildings, etc., and a recurring expenditure of Rs. 1½ lakhs a year in addition to the present cost. As regards the finances of the University, there is no great fear. The Government will, in the last resort, render all

financial assistance if sufficient endowments and donations do not come forth in proper time. In spite of the increased expenditure, the present scale of fees has undergone no change.

Persons are not wanting in the State who strenuously object to the scheme *in toto*. They tell us that the institution is too costly for so small a State as Mysore and that the student population is too scanty for a university. We are next confronted with the question, "How far should the Government interfere in the affairs of the University?" The objection based on cost loses all its force when the resources of the State, its population and the slight increase in the recurring cost, are given their due consideration. The second objection can be met by saying that as education filters to the masses, the desire for higher education develops and within the next few years there will be an ample number of students. It is very difficult to find a satisfactory solution which can please all as regards the extent of Governmental interference in the affairs of the University. Administrative expediency requires Government control; on the other hand the dignity of the institution will not brook any undue external influence.

In the opinion of some, the State Government have, with more haste than was desirable, rushed to launch the University. Before the sanction of the Indian Government was obtained, the scheme was known to a few only. After the sanction was obtained, a draft scheme was issued inviting criticisms, suggestions and opinions from the general public and the time allowed is a month only. We are glad to note the eagerness of Government to know what the people have to say on such an important subject. But we must remember that public opinion is not sufficiently matured to say anything definite in so short a time. It is the duty of the Government to collect patiently the

opinions of the different classes and interests in the State and to shape their action accordingly.

Everywhere we seem to hear the echo of the old cry "Mysore for Mysoreans." With all due deference to the spirit of local patriotism, we can only affirm that the spirit is surcharged with potentialities both for good and for evil. Undoubtedly it exerts a wholesome influence if allowed to work under proper restraints ; but in the absence of some safeguards, it will cause much mischief. Instead of promoting the solidarity of the community, it may widen the gulf already existing between class and class. We have our own doubts as regards the probable good effects of raising barriers in the field of intellect. When there is a scarcity of efficient instructors within the State, the Government should not hesitate to get them from abroad—mostly from Europe or America—for a definite period. Many welcome the University as it creates a number of new appointments. We hope the Government will not allow the undeserving to get places in the University and to bring its fair name to discredit.

For the first time in the history of India we see a Native State having a University of its own quite unlike the other Indian universities. This step is in conformity with the educational policy of the Indian Government. Public opinion demands the multiplication of the universities and the Government's policy is openly declared to be in favour of the same. A Residential University is soon to be established at Dacca, and Burma will have its own before long. The ideas regarding higher education in India have completely changed. Even the denominational universities, which had almost lost their ground during Lord Curzon's viceroyalty, have now succeeded in claiming the attention of the Government and are becoming intensely popular. The Benares Hindu Uni-

versity is already an accomplished fact, and the Moslem University is sure to come into being at no distant date.

In the *Contemporary Review* for Feb. 1916, Principal T. F. Roberts has contributed an illuminating article on the importance of a university to a small nation. He briefly narrates the past history of the Welsh University and in a masterly way directs our attention to the part the University has played and is yet to play in the life of the Welsh nation. He tells us that the University is to be "the organised expression of the higher life" and must serve as a key to interpret the inherited experience of the other nations. For this purpose the nation need not be politically autonomous. Any nation or community inhabiting a well-defined geographical area has its own problems to solve and requires for this purpose a separate system of education, which has to take into account the time-honoured customs and traditions of the people on the one hand and the economic condition of the place on the other. Every nation or community desiring to advance will have to make a proper use of the experience of other nations and requires the services of a University to do so. The functions of a university, then, are to collect and arrange the inherited experience of other nations, to interpret it in a way best fitted to promote the special aptitudes of the people and to diffuse the same widely among the masses. It is our earnest desire that the Mysore University will do all it can to realise this ideal.

The State Government have been spending much on education and are prepared to spend more if need be. The only return they can expect from the people is that they would do their best to secure the benefits of higher education. The improvements effected in the various arts are of far greater value than the financial aid rendered by the Government. The value of an institution does not

completely depend on the extent of its fulfilling the hopes of the founders. We will have to take into account the multifarious benefits conferred on the community in an indirect way. As time rolls on, we may expect to see the community occupying a higher plane of consciousness. In all its struggles it looks to the university for guidance and it is the business of the university to show it its ultimate goal and render it all possible assistance to reach the same. In this connection we will do well to quote the stirring message which Lord Hardinge delivered to the graduates of the Calcutta University. "A University embodies the highest educational ideals. Let them be our high road and let us not be tempted by any extraneous issues to stray from that high road and diverge into easier and more alluring byways."

Bangalore.

II. K. RAMIENGAR.

THE WITCH CHILD.

THE annual *jatria*, or fair, was being held six miles away from the Estate. Thither everyone flocked. The villagers laid in their stock of cooking pots and cotton cloths for the coming year. Women went to buy chains of beads and glass bangles, children to buy sweetmeats. Gamblers went to stake money at the totalisator, drunkards went to drink, spendthrifts to spend, and everyone went to see life, to meet their neighbours, and to exchange gossip.

Thither went little Amaroo and her father, and having spent the whole day in buying a new coat and some glass bangles, they were returning about dusk, with some other coolies, when, in passing through a narrow strip of jungle, Amaroo suddenly cried out: "Stop! stop!"

They all stopped and stared at her, except one man who walked on without taking any notice.

"What does the little one fear?"

"What ails the child?"

"Why should we stop?"

"A tree will fall," cried Amaroo, and even as she spoke there was a sound of splitting timber, and a huge tree came crashing to the ground, pinning the unfortunate cooly to the roadway.

When asked how she had known what was going to happen, Amaroo had simply said, "They told me!" a remark which was fraught with tremendous consequences.

The very next day she received no less than six presents from various sources. One man brought her a pencil, another a string of beads. Tippa's wife gave her some jaggery, Kookera, some plantains, and so on.

"She is in league with the *Bootas*, we had better be friends with her" they said to one another, and thenceforth Amaroo found

herself the object of an amount of consideration and attention hitherto undreamed of. No one ever thought of sowing vegetable seeds, marrying a son or a daughter, setting eggs, or buying a cooking pot, without first consulting her and giving her a present.

At first she enjoyed the sense of importance it gave her, and she made the most of any scraps of information she was able to obtain, but as she grew older she began to see that the situation had its drawbacks as well as its advantages. She did not like to see the other children look at her askance when she came near them, or stop their play so long as she was about. Nor did she like the feeling of being different from anyone else, and a chance remark of her stepmother's, which she overheard, had its effect on her mental outlook.

"We shall never find a husband for her," the woman had said. "No one will marry a witch."

From that time she hid her thoughts and dreams as carefully as she had formerly advertised them. But it was in vain. A witch she had become, and a witch she would remain, whatever she said or did. In fact she was credited with much more knowledge, and much greater powers, than she possessed.

Thus when Bargui's son grew ill with a cough and fever, they would not ask the sahib for medicine, still less would they go to the dispensary. They preferred to consult Amaroo, and when he died, they ascribed his death entirely to the fact that Bargui had not given her a brass collar she had admired.

She was a silent child with large mysterious dark eyes, who seemed to be most happy when she was alone playing her own games and dreaming her own dreams.

Her mother had died when she was two years old. Her father was a maistry on a coffee estate, and her step-mother was so unkind to her that the sahib took compassion on her and allowed her to play about the bungalow all day, where she pretended to be very busy picking up grevillia seed, for which she got two rupees a pound.

"I wonder what she thinks about all day by herself!" the Memsahib had once remarked to her husband. "If I will only let her stay in the garden she seems perfectly happy, and will sit for hours in a sort of dream as though she were listening to something."

As a matter of fact, little Amaroo was listening to the wonderful voices of nature, the faint echo of which it is given to many of us to catch, at long intervals, but to very few of us to hear with any certainty.

Amaroo was one of the favoured few. The song of the birds, the murmur of the streams, the rustling of the trees, all spoke to her clearly and distinctly, and brought each their separate message.

Some of the voices were loud and angry, or rough and quarrelsome. Some were fraught with ineffable sadness. Others were full of dainty laughter, or of mischief and cunning. Some few were kind and loving, and others, which she seldom heard except in the sahib's garden, whispered to her of vaguely beautiful longings and aspirations. She liked these best, for though she could not grasp their meaning, they filled her with a wonderful feeling of peace and happiness.

By close observation she grew to know the individual character of each tree on the estate. Thus she knew that although jack trees are as a race bold and sturdy, caring neither for the monsoon nor for the hot weather, yet nevertheless, the little jack tree near the stables was a very timid little fellow, and dreaded the monsoon as much as if he were an Australian pepper, which became so ill every year from the excess of rain that he lost all his leaves and very nearly died.

She knew which of the streams were really as gentle as they seemed to be in the hot weather, and which were only pretending.

She knew the character of all the frogs in the streams and of all the birds in the trees. Not that she could talk to them, or make them understand her. She simply heard more than most of us, and understood without knowing how or why. She seldom spoke about the voices she heard, and it was not until the incident narrated above that anyone suspected her peculiar powers.

When she was old enough to go to work, she found the other children avoided her in a marked manner. They were not actively unkind to her, they were too much afraid of her for that, but no one spoke to her. If she approached a group of chattering little rogues, they all immediately stopped talking, and without anyone quite knowing how it happened, poor little Amaroo always found herself quite alone.

This went on for some months, until the sahib himself began to see how things were, and spoke to his wife :

" I suppose you couldn't find some work for her about the bungalow ?" he asked. " They say she's a witch, and all avoid her. It is a great shame, poor little thing ! What with her step-mother at home, and the children on the work, she has rather a thin time of it. And she is really quite a good little worker."

The Memsahib thought for some minutes : " If she can keep herself clean, and be trusted not to steal, she might help ayah with baby. At any rate I can give her some work in the garden for a bit and we will see what she is like."

So it came to pass that Amaroo was admitted into the bungalow and began by running about the garden after the Memsahib.

Then followed a time of intense happiness for her. She was free to come and go in the garden as she liked, and gradually the psychic atmosphere, of which she had always been intensely conscious, began to exert its influence over her. She grew plump and contented, and began to be dimly conscious of higher ideals than any she had yet known. At the same time she conceived an enormous admiration and devotion for the Memsahib, who seemed to her the most wonderful being on earth.

She had been at the bungalow about three months when she developed a bad attack of fever. For three days she went about looking wretched, and persistently maintaining that she was perfectly well, but on the third day she was so evidently suffering from fever that the Memsahib, after taking her temperature and giving her some medicine, sent her home with instructions that she was to lie down and not to come to work again till she was quite well.

Very unwillingly she returned to her step-mother and reported what the Memsahib had said. The former was none too pleased to see her, and told her to lie down on her *cumbly* and not trouble her, instructions which she carried out to the letter, spending the whole day without food or attention.

As the cool of the evening approached, the fever slackened somewhat, and Amaroo asked if she might take her *cumbly* and lie down under the big banyan tree on the hill above the house.

The woman laughed disagreeably :

" If you are not afraid of the *boota* that lives there," she said ; " but I suppose he is a particular friend of yours. Here !

you had better take the rest of the Memsahib's medicine before you go!"

Amaroo was thankful to feel the cool evening breeze on her parched skin. The medicine made her feel drowsy, and before very long she slept.

She did not remember waking up, but she seemed suddenly conscious that it was dark and the *boobas* were talking together. The trees seemed to be alive with them. Amaroo lay quite still and listened.

"Brothers!" said one of the voices, "as you have truly said, this country has been ours ever since the mighty ruler Tippoo Sultan first drew us hither by the deeds he committed on his prisoners, on this very hill."

"It is true, brother," replied another voice. "By men's evil deeds are we attracted. By their evil thoughts are we nourished."

"True, brother, so also by their good deeds and thoughts alone can our power be weakened. Some of these we have already had to contend with, but hitherto they have not been powerful enough to do us any real harm. Is it not so?"

There was a general murmur of assent.

"Lately, however this power has been growing, and in some instances has become so strong that we have actually had to remove the site of our temple, where our worshippers meet to do us homage. Is it not so?"

"It is so."

"Therefore it behoves us to resist this new power, which has invaded us in our own strongholds, where hitherto we have thriven. There is not one among us but has felt this undermining of his strength; why is this?"

There was a short silence then another voice spoke.

"Because we feel the unlovely presence of higher spirits whom we cannot approach."

"That is true, brother, but whence come these spirits? We know that, like ourselves, they must be first attracted by human thoughts. Who is the enemy in our midst?"

"It is a Christian," said a voice.

"Huh! What need we fear from Christians? We can frighten any of them away. They fear us as much as our own followers."

"It is one of the white men."

"Nay, brothers, it is the white woman, but more especially her children. When they come and sit under this tree in the evening, their beautiful thoughts and dreams make me shudder, and I have to go elsewhere. Have we not all felt the same?"

"All."

"Then we are agreed that it is against the white woman and her children that our chief plans must be laid?"

"But," said a dissentient voice, "if we cannot approach them, how are we to harm them, since the children are constantly guarded, and the woman instantly summons to her aid higher and more powerful spirits? Speak."

Then another voice joined in

"If we are powerless alone, united we can do much. Let us fill her mind with evil thoughts which will afterwards bear fruit in deeds such as we love. So shall she belong to us."

"That again might not answer, since she might summon to her aid still more powerful spirits, so that she would become stronger than ever. Are there no other suggestions?"

After a short silence another spoke

"It is true that we may not approach the children at all, and the woman but seldom; but that does not prevent us from harming those that belong to her. Let us slay her animals, blight her garden and cast sickness on those whom she loves, so that they may curse the country and flee."

"That plan is good, but I have a better, listen brothers!"

Another voice here broke in. Amaroo woke to external affairs with a start.

"The evening meal has been long ready. Come, my child! This night air is not good for those who have fever."

Her father was bending over her, and without more ado he picked her up in his arms and carried her in.

Amaroo was miserable. If she had only been able to hear the whole of the plot against the Memsahib, she could have put her on her guard. As it was she was helpless. She had the feeling we all have when danger threatens those we love, that we must be near them, however powerless we may be to protect them. She fretted so at not being allowed to return to work, that, as soon as her temperature was normal, she was allowed to play with the baby in the garden.

Then began a time of intense anxiety for Amaroo. She worried herself incessantly about the fate which was ultimately to befall the Memsahib and the children. It prevented her from sleeping at night, and often and often, when her parents were sleeping, she would rise and go and sit under the banyan tree, in the hopes of hearing the *bootas* talking, but she never did. Her eyes grew larger and rounder, and her little body thinner and thinner.

She began to neglect her work, and to spend her time peeping round corners, as though always listening for something. But when she was threatened with dismissal, she cried and begged so hard to be allowed to stay that she was given another chance.

"I am sure she has something on her mind," thought the Memsahib. "I believe she is frightened of something, and I don't think it is either her step-mother or myself."

At last, one day, when she felt she really could not keep the child any longer, she had a long talk with Amaroo and persuaded her to tell her what was troubling her. Then the truth came out.

"Why had the flowers in the big round bed all died?" Amaroo asked.

"Because there were *poochies* at the roots," said the puzzled Memsahib.

"Why had the calf died the other day? Why did the baby have fever two days ago? Why did the picture fall off the wall in the drawing-room and break the glass? Why had the little sahib fallen off his pony and scratched his face? Why had the coffee crop turned out so much less than was expected? Why had that field of coffee suffered so from leaf disease? It was the *bootas* who had done everything and who would do still worse if the Memsahib did not do *poojah* to them and so avert the danger."

"But!" said the Memsahib, still puzzled, "these things are always happening. They are part of life in India."

"No, the Memsahib is mistaken, they are due to the *bootas*, and to them alone," and with tears in her eyes she implored her to propitiate the *bootas* while there was yet time. She need only kill a fowl and do *poojah* once, and all would be well.

The Memsahib saw that the child was bitterly in earnest, and being really anxious about her health, she humoured her by getting her to tell her all about the *bootas*.

Bit by bit, after much questioning, the whole story of Amaroo's experiences on the night she was ill was revealed, and her own deadly fear of the consequences.

Tears stood in the Memsahib's eyes before she had finished. How impossible it seemed ever to hope to make this child of the jungle understand any other point of view! But she did not despair.

With wondering interest Amaroo learnt of good and beneficent spirits, and of the greatest Spirit of all who took a special interest in children, whether white or brown.

It was a slow and gradual, but a very real revelation to Amaroo, which upset all her preconceived ideas about life. The whole centre of her universe had to be readjusted, and it was not done in a moment.

She still hears wonderful voices in the trees and the streams, but she has never heard the *bootas* since that night.

VIOLET HOPE.

Kaḡur.

MORE MAXIMS OF ROCHEFOUCAULD.

LAST month I presented the reader with some hundred odd maxims of Rochefoucauld, done in verse, or rather a rhymed version of such. In the present paper the reader will find served up some fifty more of these maxims treated in the same manner. Those included in the former were mostly the shorter maxims. In the present, besides a few of the short ones, are included most of the longer ones. The gentle reader may now try them all on his palate. 'Gentle reader'—what an entity is this—has it any objective reality?—or is it wholly subjective, and, like a shadow or a ghost, merely projected on a flat white extended surface by means of moveable types, and printer's ink? Surely, if more, he must be to some extent also unfortunate, and unhappy, so many unfortunate "beggars of scribblers pestering him with—'read this—read that, and—read the other thing.' What a head too he must have—comparable with Friar Bacon's head of brass. I think the first rash, carping, desperate, spit-fire critic must have been at one time a 'gentle reader' the very one, perhaps, who, when he had come to that last straw that breaks the camel's back, cried out—'Behold mine adversary hath written a book'—and laid it on. So much to read—so little time to do it in—so little, after all, perhaps, that is really worth reading. And what for? So that he

may have strung round his neck a bundle of epithets merely —‘gentle,’ ‘courteous,’ ‘indulgent,’ ‘patient’—yes, here they are right—‘judicious’—not very, or probably he would not read so much, and this too in the bargain—‘discriminating,’ ‘kind,’ and many more. One only remains to be added—‘much-enduring’—yoke-fellow to Ulysses himself. There was once a Collector of Trinobantham, who, being newly arrived at his post, and wanting a great variety of things in the way of supply, or *sarbanai*, but not knowing the ropes just then, sent for his head clerk, and said—“I want a lot of things, but I don’t know where to get them from, or how. My horses must have grass. What is the tariff here? and who is the man that looks to these things?” “The Kotwal,” answered his honour’s most obedient servant. “And gram?” added the Collector. “The Kotwal,” replied that encyclopædia. “And buckets?” “The Kotwal.” “And water-chattis?”—“The Kotwal.” “And a farrier to shoe the horses?”—“The Kotwal.” “And *hyles* to be posted for my tour?”—“The Kotwal.” “And coolies to clear my compound of lantana? or I shall leave my bones here.”—“The Kotwal.” “And a dhoby?” “The Kotwal.” “And a mehtar?” “The Kotwal.” “And a lasty?”—“The Kotwal.” “And lastly, by way of rounded concrete, a Munshi—for the devil a syllable do I know of the lingo hereabouts.” “The Kotwal.” “Heavens!” ejaculated the Collector of Trinobantham, turning up the whites of his eyes, for, though he was the Collector of Trinobantham, he was also a man, kind-hearted, and made of penetrable stuff; “what an unhappy man that must be!” For thy sake, gentle reader, if for nothing else, I could almost wish that I were the Collector of Trinobantham. But it may safely be said that so long as there are writers there will be readers, gentle, or otherwise. Can it as safely be said that when there are no readers there will also be no

writers? It is doubtful. What did Wordsworth say? He said:

Up, up, my friend, and quit your books,
Or surely you'll grow double.
Up, up, my friend, and clear your looks, —
Why all this toil and trouble?
Books! — 'tis a dull and endless strife,
Come hear the woodland linnet
How sweet his music — on my life,
There's more of wisdom in it

But then it was Wordsworth himself who wrote those books. Carlyle, in vehement philippics, and with splendid bile, denounced this age of paper, stormtully declaimed against the froth ocean of literature, and preached the great virtue of silence. But then, to do this, he wrote thirty-one volumes such, perhaps, as have never been written before, and will never be again, and the gentle reader, as he well may, and ought, will continue to read these two writers, as long as England and the English language shall *survive* and may they last for ever. The former was the *sure-discoverer* and opener-up of whole new continents of *to* sure and happiness, and the latter, of perennial sources of moral power, and health, and strength. For my part, I have never heard this linnet, and cannot say whether Wordsworth judged rightly of its music; but I count it one of the great privileges of my life that it was given to me to have heard one who heard it.

The reader will find in this paper some very extraordinary maxims; but here also, as already remarked in the former paper, he will find that none of them are wholly false. However, on a reperusal, and a reconsideration of most of them, I am inclined to revert to the first impression they made on me on the occasion of my first

coming in contact with them. First impressions may not always be true in themselves, or correct with regard to outward fact, but there seems to be more in them than is generally conceded. They are certainly said to last the longest. Second thoughts may be better in certain matters which require deliberation and discrimination, but there is a wide area, or borderland, between exact knowledge, which is the product of perception and ratiocination, on the one hand, and that body of inexact knowledge, which is dependent on the logic of probabilities, and what is popularly known as the consensus of opinion, on the other, and it is here that a first 'impression' may always be depended upon. It counts for much in matters of taste, and in all those complex processes where the feelings are involved or implicated, as the prime-movers of opinion it possesses the unerringness of instinct and more than one great philosopher, besides Shaftesbury, has attempted to base his theory of the moral sentiments on taste, or the æsthetic faculty in man. How often does not one say, or think to himself, when he has found some unmistakable grounds for changing a long-accepted opinion of another—"Yes, I thought so at first." In the shifting panorama of life, in the making and unmaking of friends and acquaintances, in likes and dislikes, 'first' impressions are almost all in all except, perhaps, with cold-blooded philosophers and metaphysicians. As these maxims all deal with human nature and motives, and actions as emanating from motives, single, double, real, ostensible, there must, of necessity, be a wide margin allowed for error and conjecture. One man only, Shakespear, seems to have had an unerring, almost uncanny, instinct in these matters, and the power of lifting himself out of the common haze, and viewing the great play of the passions from a detached and serene standpoint. But as already

remarked, Shakespear could never have written these maxims. The question then arises could Rochefoucauld have meant all that these maxims convey, or may be made to convey, in spite of their careful choice of words and exquisitely constructed sentences? Not quite, it seems to me. And my first impression was that the writer meant to include in them a certain, and in some a very marked, element of humour. This being so, I have allowed this element to be more prominent in the present than it is in the former set selected for metrical treatment. Whether the reader will agree with me in this, or not, will depend almost entirely on his own individual experience and observation, and also on the standpoint from which he looks at the matter. Boyhood and mature manhood are optimistic "Youth," says Metchnikoff, "is pessimistic"—it fails to refer actions and results to their proper motives, or to see things in their full perspective, the 'moving why' eludes its sight, or is crowded out by prepossessions.

But if Rochefoucauld really meant all and exactly what he says in the most extraordinary of these celebrated maxims—What then? Why—then all we can say is—Poor Rochefoucauld! He limned a true and exact picture of the inner life of the circle in which he lived and moved; and, honestly believing that that was a true counterpart or miniature of the wider circle which he never came in contact with, wrote out his maxims and clapped them on the whole world—knowing also, too well, that no one will admit that the cap fits when he does not like it. However, it must be said that even at his worst he is a amiable vivisectionist; and probably there will be few none who will not continue to admire this sly dispenser of sugar-coated pills, this polished, elegant arch of the human race.

Except in a few instances, I have, in these metrical versions adhered to the iambic tetrameter. I have occasionally introduced a trochee at the beginning of a line, as in the following--

But to persuade, and let them see
That from those faults ourselves are free.

I have chosen this metre because it is short and staccato-like, and therefore more suitable for detached pieces, and bits of reflection as most of these maxims are, and also because this metre has been associated with subjects wholly humorous, or where humour predominates. Scott and Byron have used it for serious themes, but this has never appeared to me to be a very happy selection.

"There are certain words which possess something more than their face value. Attached to these words, or mouldered round them as accretions, there are associations which form what may be called the penumbra of words.' It is the maintenance or retention of this penumbra which constitutes the main difficulty in translating. A phrase in one language cannot be translated into another, except as a corresponding or equivalent phrase. Where no such phrase or equivalent is available, this penumbra wholly vanishes. This difficulty is increased tenfold where there is a double transition, *viz.*, from one language to another and also from one form (prose) to another (verse or prose). In some of these versicles I have not refrained from taking certain liberties in respect of words, phrases and similes—how much, the reader will see for himself, whether justifiable or not, also the reader will see. If the former set has been found readable, it is hoped that the present may be found no less so. However, as it is, I leave it to the judgment of the gentle

MAXIMS OF ROCHEFOUCAULD.

In love there's no content—for love is such—
Too little here's as fatal as too much.

Good things you may oft in flirtation find—
And also that you've left your love behind.

While yet the heart is smarting o'er
The relics of a passion, more
To take up with a new one then 'tis prone,
Than when the old is wholly cured and gone.

The same firmness by which we do resist
Love—and get clear out of its blinding mist—
The selfsame firmness serves to render still
Resistance firmer, and more durable :
So persons weak, from passions ne'er at rest,
Are scarce of any really possessed.

What often doth for virtue pass
Is but a pudding, or a mass
Of interests, and actions, all,
Which fortune furthers, or lets fall,
Or which, by our own industry,
We manage so to catch the eye :
And thus 'tis not from valour nice,
Or chastity as cold as ice,
That men are always brave, or bold,
And women always chaste, or cold,

As in a nostrum, or a pill,
Made up with spatula, and skill,
So vices many, and enough,
Do enter into virtue's stuff :
And prudence only doth collect,
And build up like an architect,
And make them useful in the strife.
And in the ills, and storms of life.

We must for virtue's credit say—
Or virtue may not last a day—
The greatest of calamities

EAST & WEST

Are not what fall down from the skies
But only what men fall into,
By their own crimes, and what they do.

Despise all who have vices we do not—
But, certes, all who virtues have not got.

The name of virtue, no less than of vice
Is useful to our interest—for pice.

Whoe'er has travelled life's dull round
Must sigh to think he still has found
His vices on the way have been
Like landlords waiting at an inn :
And if this road he travelled twice,
I greatly doubt if would suffice
His past experience to avoid
The same, and pass by th'other side.

The passions are the only advocates
That never fail to hit, and ope all gates ;
For they are nature's art, infallible,
Whose rule of thumb is rule of perfect skill :
The simplest man with passion can be more
Persuasive than the man of varied lore,
With shrewdness oozing from his finger tips,
But without passion to inspire his lips.

The passions are contrary things :
The same now soothes, the same now stings
The same with contraries may fit,
And then produce its opposite .
Thus avarice, and sordid greed,
To prodigality will lead ;
And stubbornness may weakness be,
And daring but timidity.

Whatever care we take to hide
Our passions underneath the wide,
And spacious mantle, cunningly,
Of honour, or of piety.
They always will peep through those veils,
As monkeys, clothed, will show their tails.

Whatever bad things may be said
Of jealousy, in heart, or head,
It still is in a manner just,
And tends to save a crumb, or crust,
And to preserve a good which does,
Or which we think, belongs to us :
But envy on the other hand
Has nothing that it may commend,
For, fury-like, it feels distress
At sight of other's happiness.

On every gift a price our tempers set,
Which we from much abusèd fortune get.

It would be well if we but knew
All that our passions make us do.

Of those who have great passions had,
Find all their lives made sour and sad,
And miserable to the brim,
And spent in being cured of them.

Pride, like all other passions, has
Its follies—as the guinea, brass—
It makes us be ashamed to own
We're jealous—yet who has not known,
We boast we have been long ago,
And still are able to be so.

Condemn one's tastes—'tis bearable at least—
But one's opinions !—then you are a beast.

How glibly do we chit-chat-chit,
And on the faults of others sit—
But in this pleasing fine transaction
Our pride bears still a larger fraction
Than goodness—We reprove them not,
Because for them we care a jot,
Or that, when faults we do detect,
We like them straightway to correct—
But to persuade, and let them see,
That from those faults ourselves are free.

Our estimation of our friends,
And their good qualities depends
On how these qualities do please,
Or are a nuisance, or a tease :
And all their merit goes to pot,
If, by some chance, we like them not.

There's nothing flatters so our pride,
As when the great in us confide,
And in our ears their noses thrust
And whisper things—we're fit to bust—
We straight to the conclusion jump,
Our worth acts like a suction pump,
Forgetting, that, when all is said,
It comes but from an empty head,
Or vanity, or else because
They cannot keep a secret close.

What liberality we call
Is really nothing after all,
But vanity of giving, which
At times comes on us like the itch,
And which we, for the moment, may
Like more than what we give away.

Self-love takes great care to prevent
The man for whom our flattery's meant
From being that thing ridiculous—
The one who most doth flatter us.

Still other's characters we like to read—
But read our own—we think there is no need.

Flirts off put on a jealousy they do not feel,
Of other women, just, their envy to conceal.

Though love is always pleasant, yet it sways
Less by itself, than by its pleasant ways.

Though many are the cures for love,
Yet none infallible will prove.

Of all the violent passions in a woman's breast—
The one that most becomes a woman—love is best.

Control of temper if a woman cannot find,
Never will she, control of heart, or mind.

Our wives to talk of is bad taste, we know—
But not that of ourselves, 'tis equal so.

The way we wrench our heart-strings to escape
From love—as if we'd landed in some scrape—
Is crueler—a hundred times above—
Than e'en the cruelty of whom we love.

The dismal struggle that we undergo
To hold on faithful—yes, or no—
To one we love—from what I see—
Scarce better is than infidelity.

In all the greatest actions circumstance
Has played the greatest part—the next is *chance*.

We often boast that never we
Are bored, or feel monotony—
Yet so conceited—can't perceive,
Or seeing, yet cannot believe,
In spite of yawn, or shrug, or snore,
How often we do others bore.

Dost thou distrust thyself—O then assume
A dumbness, and be silent as the tomb.

We're never such an ass, or guy,
From habits we have really,
As from those others we have not,
But yet affect that we have got.

Little we say—nor use a D—
When prompted not by vanity.

BABAR AND HIS COURT.

(Continued from our last number)

MEANWHILE quarrels were brewing between the Beys. Jehangir Mirza, on returning from a campaign of sedition in Ghazni was received by the great nobles. The Mirza, whilst chatting, on one occasion threw a falcon off at a quail. Just as the falcon, getting close, put out its pounce to seize the quarry, the latter fell exhausted to the ground. There followed cries of "Taken? Is it taken?" Thereupon Qasim Bey, the prime minister, observed, "Who loses the fox in his grip?" Jehangir, scenting a menace in these words, fled the country with two of his protégés. Baqui Bey, the brother of Khusróo, also quarrelled with the minister. The king sent the former a list of eleven offences which he had committed, hinting at the same time that for any one of these an honourable man would feel constrained to leave the court. Baqui rode off in fume. But besides quarrelling, the Beys had other occupation for their leisure. Snaring birds and fishing were favourite pastimes. "In autumn when the plant known as wild-ass-tail has come to maturity, flowered and seeded, people take ten to twenty loads of seed to some head of water and cast it in . . . Then going into the water they can at once pick up the drugged fish . . . The water rushing through a wattle below leaves on it any fish that may come floating down." Few entertainments were without some sport to enliven them—perhaps an archery

tournament in which Eslim Barlas* would pull a bow of six hundred pounds and whilst charging madly on his horse, send the shaft right through the target ; or a fight between butting-rams in which Sultan Husain Mirza,** dressed in red and green, would urge his favourite to bloody victory, or a hawking match ending in triumph for Mahomed Burandaq,* when he would caress his darling bird and mutter : " I would much rather that such and such a son of mine would die or break his neck than that anything should happen to this hawk ? "

In the midst of these pleasures news arrived that Sheibani had sacked Herat and was ravaging the country far and near. With a view to an alliance against the Uzbek, Babar communicated with the ruler of Khurasan, who in reply sent a letter with his seal impressed on the back of the sheet—in the place in which a great Amir would put his seal when writing to one of inferior rank. This insolence fired the blood of Babar. He thundered on Khurasan and took it with all its treasures—" never were such masses of white money seen there were strings of horses and camels and mules laden with silk cloth and fine linen, bearing portmanteaux, tents and awnings of purple velvet in every house were trunk upon trunk, chest upon chest, and pot upon pot filled with coin ! " An event now occurred which had a favourable influence on his fortunes. The King of Persia had asked Sheibani for help. Sheibani in reply sent only letters of advice with the staff and wooden begging-dish of a mendicant. The Shah, furious with rage, sent back a spindle and reel and some cotton giving the recipient to understand that he might sit quietly in a corner with an

* They are nobles from a foreign court. It is here supposed that they are on a friendly visit to the Court of Babar
 ** A foreign ruler supposed here to be on a visit to Babar.

occupation that befitted him. At the same time he fought the Uzbeks and captured Sheibani who had fallen from his horse in jumping a huge wall. His head stuffed with hay was sent to the Sultan of Turkey and the skull set in gold was long used as a drinking-cup at great festivals. Freed of his life-long enemy, Babar turned his gaze towards the city of his dreams, and not only did he dream about it but conquered it. He became master of Samarkhand, of Tashkend and of Sairam on the borders of the deserts of Tartary. But the multitude, who had lavished a fortune in decorating the beautiful city with gold-embroidered banners in order to greet him, were in truth fanatics who could tolerate no dissent of any kind. A band of schismatics denounced him as a non-orthodox believer, inflamed the population against him and started a campaign of execration in which the royal name was scurrilously lampooned. Babar bore this for eight months, but his pride was stung to the quick, and at length he began to realise that destiny had traced on her imperishable scroll that the fair capital of the house of Timur was to pass away from the hands of his illustrious line. Broken and crest-fallen, he returned to Kabul. With this vanishing dream of a Trans-oxianian empire, India loomed large in his vision. Four times he penetrated into that vast continent, looting the fiery and impetuous tribes who crossed his path. Merry excursions and elegant wine-parties were the order of the day. The memoirs are scattered with picturesque gems—rich in their soft-toned beauty—portraying the myriad inspirations of a jovial poet—an apple tree in blossom, a watch fire in the shadowy distance, a rich flower bed, a summer house in the orchards, a merry song, a moonlit terrace, a grove of flowering trees. One evening they drank in a boat till bed-time. Then all of a sudden, all of a sudden, we mounted our horses, took to the road, and

hands, and went to camp at a breakneck gallop leaning over from our mounts now on this side, now on that." A few days later when Babar was not drinking, we find him writing: "I amused myself by watching a wine party . . . it was held in a small tent in the plain tree garden. Later on Ghias, the house buffoon, arrived; several times for fun he was ordered to be kept out but his buffoonery found him a way in . . . There was betting about swimming the reservoir in the garden. Yusufali, the stirrup bearer, swam round it one hundred times, receiving the gift of a saddled horse and some money." Again we find them on a raft near the China fort enjoying their glass; the raft, tipsily guided, struck the naze of a hill and began to sink; two or three people were thrown into the water by the shock . . . Mirza Quli went over in his own fashion. "Just when he fell he was cutting a melon which he had in his hand; as he went over he stuck the knife into the mat of the raft, narrowly missing his neighbour." Sometimes the wine mounted to the King's head: "When we were mounting, the equerry led forward a rather good-for-nothing horse; in my anger I struck him in the face a blow which dislocated my ring finger!" The story of these frequent intoxications might prove disgusting were it not for the translucent frankness of Babar. He is so obviously sincere in his descriptions that we are feign to attribute his excesses to a rich artistic nature craving for stimulants under the influence of beauty. But this indulgence by no means impaired the martial qualities of the Beys. One of them mounted on his horse without sword or bow, once charged a hostile rabble and scattered them in all directions; another had fought and killed a tiger with his spear; a third thought nothing of chasing a rhinoceros in the open field. Babar himself had challenged an army to fight.

combat, and vanquished its boldest champions. This dauntless valour was being thrown away in idle raids and expeditions. It was necessary to enlist it in a sustained and definite campaign. How? One day as he was pondering over this problem at Kabul, a messenger was announced from Delhi. When admitted, he demeaned himself as a suppliant and proceeded to set forth his pitiful story. He said he was one of the nobles of Ibrahim Lodi and had grown grey in his service, but that Ibrahim had become a tyrant in his old age and was maltreating them all by killing, hanging and burning them alive. No one's life or property was safe. Therefore he had been sent here by the Amirs to petition their cause before His Majesty whom they were ready to obey, and for whose coming they were anxiously waiting. Babar's heart was touched with pity, but before setting off he wanted an omen of victory. He prayed in the garden for some indication of martial success, asking that it should be a gift to himself of mangoes or betelnuts. By a curious coincidence the messenger had brought with him a gift of half-ripened mangoes preserved in honey intended for the King. Babar accepted this as a propitious omen. Everything was now ready. So seated in his palace by a fire of scented logs, he called his nobles around him and with dramatic gesture pointed through the window to the towering snow-clad peaks where rapine from her age-long cradle looks down upon the golden corn-fields and laughing valleys of Hindustan!

The forces of Ibrahim Lodi numbered 180,000 horse and 1,500 elephants. Babar had only 7,000 men, but before the onslaught of their disciplined valour the enemy gave way. Ibrahim was slain. The treasures of five kings fell into the conqueror's hands. Humayun, his favourite son, was given a palace and £700,000. The Amirs were

presented with sixty and seventy thousand gold-pieces each. Every person, be he merchant, clerk, mechanic or beggar, was rewarded from the over-flowing treasures. To every soul in Kabul—man or woman, slave or free—Babar sent a rupee as an incentive to emulation. The Begums were not forgotten. Each of them received a dancing-girl with one gold-plate full of jewels—ruby and pearl, cornelian and diamond, emerald and turquoise, topaz and cat's eye—and with two small mother-of-pearl trays full of ashrafis and other coins.* A few days afterwards the Emperor at a sumptuous banquet entertained the great princes and nobles who had come to pay their respects. The grand hall of his palace at Agra with its lofty dome and peristyle of marble pillars was glittering with "barbaric pearl and gold," with embroidered sashes and tapestries shimmering in silver, with the rich silks of Benares and the delicate fabrics from the looms of Cashmere. Before the commencement of the feast, Babar in his prodigal bounty lavished gifts on everyone; golden shawls and robes, and swords and daggers richly chased and encrusted with precious stones. Humayun, kneeling before the King, surrendered to him the Kohinoor diamond which had been pressed upon him by a grateful family. Babar looked for a moment at the dazzling stone—at its splendour and its flawless beauty—then with a gracious smile handed it back to his son. It was indeed a royal impulse and a royal gift! After dinner, there were fights of furious camels and elephants, ram-fights and matches of wrestlers, jugglers, and tumblers, and then dancing girls were brought in. The guests scrambled for the gold and silver pistachios and almonds which were being showered upon them from all sides. A heap of coins was flung into the streets. In those days, however, peculiar

* Gulbadan's "Humayun Nama."

dangers attended a royal feast, and the most insidious of these was the danger of poisoning. Though the royal kitchen was not without tasters, yet they do not seem to have been very diligent or careful. Once a cook succeeded in sprinkling poison upon some slices of thin bread. Babar who had partaken of the dish became violently ill, and his suspicions being aroused, put the cook into custody where he made a confession. Of the four people who were concerned in the plot, one was cut into pieces, another was shot, a third flayed alive and the fourth trampled under an elephant's foot. The King was not sparing in his anger when once his temper was aroused!

The slow hot winds of Agra were blowing at the time, and to Babar and his followers who had revelled in the icy temperatures of Kabul, it appeared as if they were being scorched by a desolating simoom. Against this there could be but one remedy, and the Emperor availed himself of it by planting gardens along the Jumna and setting baths among them, surrounded by roses and narcissus and supplied from under-ground tanks with cool and fresh water. Here they spent the afternoon playing on the lute or tasting the flowing-bowl till at sunset they could wander into the green moss-roofed pavilions near by or drop in casually at some entertainment. "All through the four years that my father was in Agra," writes Gulbadan, "he used to go on Fridays to see his paternal aunts. One day it was extremely hot and Her Highness my lady said, 'the wind is very hot indeed; how would it be if you did not go this one Friday? The Begums would not be vexed!' His Majesty said 'Madam! it is astonishing that you should say such things. The Begums have been deprived of father and brothers; if I do not cheer them, how will it be done?'"

In the peace and seclusion of this cool retreat news

arrived which caused the King to leap to his feet and summon his troops for the crash and tumult of war. Rana Sanga, the Rajput Napoleon, suzerain of Marwar and Amber, of Gwalior, Ajmer and Sikri, with 80,000 horse and a hundred chieftains, was marching against him—a very giant of a man covered with battle-scars and limping on a ball-shattered leg.* Babar felt how serious the situation was and with an inborn dramatic instinct addressed his soldiers thus: “Gentlemen,” he said, “every man that comes into the world must pass away! God alone is immortal, unchangeable. Who so sits to the feast of life must end by drinking the cup of death. Rather let us die with honour than live disgraced. Let us swear with one accord by the great name of God that we will never turn back from such a death or shrink from the stress of battle till our souls are parted from our bodies!” With one accord 10,000 throats shouted their acclamation! 10,000 hands lifted the Koran in assent! The royal wineskins were split open. The royal goblets were smashed by the King’s order and the precious fragments given to the poor and needy. Wine was openly renounced. The soldiers drunk with enthusiasm, drunk with religious frenzy, marched on the enemy. Like a mighty wave the Rajput cavalry came on only to break on the chain-linked guns of Babar which belched and blazed at 600 paces with deadly effect. The enemy’s horses turned back in panic and were jammed by the onrushing mass till the Moguls fell upon them and cut them down in a sea of blood. Babar emerged from the strife the undisputed master of Northern India. But the heat and the sun was beginning to prove too much even for his iron frame. He, who had swum across the Ganges in 33 strokes, who with a man under each arm had raced upon

* * Tod’s *Rajasthan*, Vol. I, p. 322.

the ramparts of the Agra fort, leaping the embrasures in laughing derision,* now began to succumb to the scorching and unaccustomed climate. To make matters worse Humayun fell dangerously ill, and upon the royal physicians hinting that some great sacrifice was essential to secure his health, Babar in a frenzy of agitation walked round and round his son's bed praying that his life may be accepted in lieu of Humayun's. Curiously enough, as the son recovered the father began to decline and it soon became clear that His Majesty was the guest of but a few hours. Not till then did the grief of the multitude break out. They crowded the palace walls eagerly waiting for some message of hope; the nobles in the antechambers spoke in hushed whispers and with moist eyes. The family of the royal martyr were gathered round his bedside weeping and broken with sobs, but his face was lighted up with a smile of ineffable tenderness and peace. In this last great act of chivalrous devotion he passed away—serene in his fortitude and with high trust in God—enshrined in the hearts of his people. His legacy to the world is that of a generous and lovable name; his legacy to his followers an exposition of virtue as a practical asset. He has left us little that is enriched or vivified by the association of his genius—no living principle of political wisdom, no monument of durable statecraft—but his memory will be dear to those who pilgrim to the flower-strewn wilderness where he sleeps, far indeed from the sculptured memorials of his race, and perhaps opening their minds to the chronicle of the past, recall, that in an age of license, of wantonness and of dissipation he was one of the few—the very few—to kindle to the thought of a great heart and a pure mind, to see the lily or the rose-bud in the maiden, and in the

wife the fair promise of another blossom, to find in the mother the full sweet flower of womanhood and cherish it with a tender, loving care—cherish it as the emblem of a love pure and selfless, as the rich pledge of the sanctity of his children, as the cradle of the heroic in a nation's life! His was a great, human soul—Peace be on his ashes!

LYAL ABU ALI AKBAR

Bombay.

ATONEMENT.

Deep in a lonely garden on the hill
 Lulled by the low sea-tides,
 A shadow set in shadows soft and still,
 A wandering spirit glides,
 Smiting its pallid palms and making moan
O let my Love atone!

Deep in a lonely garden on the hill,
 Among the fallen leaves,
 A shadow lost in shadows vague and chill,
 A wandering spirit grieves,
 Beating its pallid breast and making moan
O let my Death atone!

SAROJINI NAIDU.

Hyderabad, Deccan.

AFRICAN LETTERS.

(*Concluded from our last issue.*)

VI.

KING PAPACOCK TO HIS SON IN AFRICA.

God is good ! How can He be otherwise when He has made me, Papacock, King of all Bangywala.

I am making up my mind to return home. I will give you the date of my sailing, and may Hanga-hanga improve the condition of my stomach that I escape the sickness. It is awful my son—but I'll not dwell on the miseries I felt, although, perhaps, you would like me to, so that becoming frightened, I might postpone my departure. I know, on reading the above, you will at once make up your mind to deny the accusation—Don't do it, for I'll not believe you ; and by omitting your regrets, you'll find room in your letter to tell me how the crops are getting on.

That reminds me : I have not written anything of the commerce of this country.

The trade, here, is great, my son ; ships in great numbers lie in the harbour. But the people have the same difficulty as we with the seasons. They pay a man a very large salary just to tell them, when it is cloudy, if there is a possibility of rain, and when sunny, if it is going to be fair. He seldom makes a mistake, except when he tries to forecast, days ahead, what kind of weather is to be expected. It is a comfy job, my son. I feel sure our Rain Doctors would like to apply for the post. I have noticed one peculiarity about the trade in relation to good and bad seasons, and it is this. In a year when the wheat crop is a bad one, the merchant puts up his prices, quite naturally ; but if the

following year's crops are good, the prices do not come down, for, say the merchants, we have got to make up for our last year's losses. In the same way when the Sircar wants money, a tax is put on wine, or cigars or perambulators, or anything which the Sircar knows the people cannot do without, and must possess. The merchants immediately raise their prices, by adding the tax to the original price and a little more as *bakshish*. Now, in both cases, although the merchants grumble, they lose nothing—for the consumer really pays the taxes, so they lie when they say they must make up for the bad year. It is the same with landlords. Hear them grumble at the taxes—but the tenants pay these ! Referring to property, know you, my son, in this country the whole power of a king cannot force an acre of land from the weakest of his subjects, but an attorney can take away his whole estate by those very laws which were designed for its security. Yes, the Law is a funny instrument. Someone has called it an Ass. Laws really have been made, as far as I can see, as loopholes for the escape of criminals and as nets for the ensnaring of the righteous. You may be innocent, absolutely, but if you know nothing of the Law, and do not get someone who does, to defend you, you are convicted. On the other hand, if a criminal knows the law—and few there are that do not, being often in the courts for various reasons—he gets off—proved innocent although he himself knows he is guilty. These are contradictions, my son, that perplex me.

Now read this and you will grasp something of my meaning.

Katherine Shaw was the daughter of a man in poor circumstances ; she was courted by Smith, a rich broker. Katherine detested Smith, but William Shaw pressed his daughter to marry Smith who had promised to get him out of his money difficulties. Katherine continued to reject Smith's advances, till one night Shaw scolded his daughter, and then Kate gave her final answer : " I'll die rather than wed that reprobate." Shaw stormed and swore, and then went out locking his daughter in the room.

A man next door, named Morrison, distinctly heard what had been said, and a few minutes after Shaw had departed, there were groans in the room. Alarmed, he called up some neighbours. They came into Morrison's room and listened, and not only heard the groans but heard Kate say : " Cruel father. Thou art the cause of my death."

They flew to the woman's room, broke open the door, and entered. Kate was found weltering in her blood. She was alive, though by now speechless, but being asked if her father had murdered her, she made a motion with her head, apparently in the affirmative—and died.

William was arrested. At the trial Morrison related what he had heard and seen. William swore he was innocent, but blood stains had been found on the sleeves of his shirt, and questioned as to these, after a slight hesitation, replied, that his nose had bled. The jury found him guilty. In due time he was hanged.

Now, my son, there appeared a curious sequel to the murder in the papers a day ago. A man, who recently occupied the house of the Shaws, was rummaging in the room where Kate had died, and found a piece of paper, among some rubbish, in a corner, and on this was written: "Barbarous father,—Your cruelty in having put it out of my power even to join my fate to the one man whom I loved, and tyrannically insisting upon my marrying one whom I always hated, has made me form a resolution to put an end to an existence which has become a burden to me. My death I lay to your charge. When you read this, consider yourself the inhuman wretch that plunged the murderous knife into the bosom of the unhappy—Kate Shaw."

A judge and twelve jury-men had found Shaw guilty.

Here is another instance to prove to you, my son, that a merciful Government has made laws purposely to help evil-doers to keep out of gaol.

I, myself, was the one who escaped in this instance. It was night and I was driving my own motor and, being on the wrong side of the road, collided with another motor and the man therein was killed. My Tutor sent for a lawyer. He came.

"You were at Treacher & Co.'s," he said, "then crossed over, and was driving on the left side of the road—"

"No," I answered him. "I was on the wrong side of the road."

"But the collision took place—"

"I know," I answered. "The fact is, I turned to my left to avoid the car, and the other car turned to the right to avoid me then came the crash—"

"On the left of the road. Now, all you will have to say is, that you were on the left of the road—"

"But, I can't, for I know I was on the other side," I told him.
"Very well—you'll get life imprisonment."

I shuddered.

"Can't you help me?" I asked him.

"I can—it is an expensive business. Give me a cheque for five hundred."

I gave it him gladly.

"Now—what you have got to do is to tell the Court exactly what I'm going to teach you to say. Listen and remember: You were on the left of the road, the other car on the wrong side—you gave warning, but the car came on and collided. Don't forget all that. Then—yes, there is a policeman near Treacher's; you spoke to him and he told you exactly which side of the road to take."

"But I never spoke to any policeman."

"What if he says you did? You cannot deny it. I'm going now to find out which man was on duty there."

Late in the afternoon he returned.

"A bad business," he cried excitedly. "Very bad business. However, with another couple of hundred rupees, I'll get you off. The policeman is all right. He didn't remember anything at first, but now recollects that he pointed out the spot where you should cross the road—at least, he thinks he will recollect—Yes, two hundred."

I gave him a cheque for the amount.

"The policeman will, I feel certain, recollect the instructions he gave you," he said, as he walked out of the room.

And the policeman did, and the lawyer made an excellent speech. My son, I felt that I must have been mistaken—that I *was* on the left of the road—and yet, I wasn't, and so the law, made for culprits, helped me out of the difficulty.

These English people, my son, are fond of amusements of every description—and just as well, otherwise they would perish because of the hours they spend seated at desks pouring over figures and statistics and the like. What they can find to interest them in these matters is inconceivable to me. Nor can they mind their own business. They send men to distant lands, to find out how much these people eat; how many die from a particular disease in another country. They compile these figures in Blue Books to help, so they say, in the better treat-

ment of their own country—and yet people die, and children are born, just the same.

But with reference to enjoyments.

My Tutor asked leave of me for a day. He was going to a place called Poona for a Fancy Dress Ball.

"Why can't I go?" I asked

He thought a moment. "Yes," he answered, "I don't see why you can't."

"What is a Fancy Dress Ball?" I enquired

He explained, "You dress in clothes belonging to a period far distant. I'm going as Henry VIII. It is an old time Fancy Dress Ball."

"That will be difficult for me," I told him. "You see, it is only recently that my people have taken to wearing—"

"Go in your national costume," he replied. "I mean of the present day. No one will know. And another item of this curiously arranged dance is, no names are to be given in, only the person you represent. The idea is to disguise yourself as much as possible—wear a masque if you like. You and I need not—we are not known in Poona."

"How do we get there?"

"By train—only a few hours. A special is leaving this afternoon. You will have to go dressed—all from Bombay are going dressed, and straight to the Ball-room. There will be no time to 'get up' at Poona."

So we dressed, my son. I have my full costume with me; and as I looked at myself in the glass—a great big glass, my son, taller than myself—I've ordered several hundred to be sent to Bangywala—I could not help thinking I was magnificent. Around my waist I wore my famous girdle of bones, among them the jaw-bone of that villain I slew shortly before I sailed for this country. It is quite clean now.

We went to the station. We were just in time—the special was about to leave. What a crowd of people on that train, and all in fancy dress—some quite picturesque, especially the ladies. There was one, they called her a Quakeress, that I admired most and was going to speak to, when the Tutor hurried me into a side compartment. There were already four men in it. King Charles I, Napoleon, Wells the Boxer and Mephistopheles. These four were laughing and talking together. We did not

join them at once. Mephistopheles frightened me—he was all red and black and had a tail and curious feet.

"What is that?" I asked the Tutor.

"Oh, he represents the ruler of Hell, where the wicked are everlastingly burnt."

I shuddered. I shan't belong to this kind of religion—ours is better—we have no burning.

The train moved out and the men began playing cards.

"Who are you?" asked the Devil of me.

"I'm King of Bangywala," I told him. He asked me a few more questions; and then—

"Look here," he said, "drop your broken English for the time being. We are going to play cards——"

I was about to answer him, when my Tutor replied for me. "He is practising his part," he said. "He is a candidate for the big prize."

"And a jolly good get up," the Devil remarked.

They pressed me to play cards, but I refused and Mephistopheles said:

"Oh—go to the—I mean you had better join the ladies."

I thanked him, and was gladly moving away when my Tutor again interfered.

"You might make a mess of it—keep close to me. Remember you are an Anglo-Indian, disguised."

I wondered what kind of creature that was, but did not ask him.

We got to our destination safely—and to the Ball-room.

"It's a 'mixed' affair," said the Tutor to me. "All kinds of people—mostly railway and subordinate clerks and their wives."

He ought to have added—"their families." I never saw such a lot of perambulators in my life—all "parked," as the Tutor said, on the verandah. And babies' clothes were drying over the backs of chairs—even on the big drum of the band.

"Don't you attempt to dance," the Tutor warned me. "That would give the show away. When a dance starts, walk out into the garden—it is cool there, and then return and say you are feeling hot—mop your face—people will think you had been dancing in one of the many rooms."

I agreed.

I was much admired I heard people say—especially the ladies—that mine was a magnificent get up

It was after supper that I felt things were rather slow and so determined to have at least one dance The Tutor had been instructing me how to “walk through” the Quadrilles and I felt I could manage it I went up to a lady and said

“Is your programme full?”

Her reply astonished me

“Full?” she screamed ‘ow can program be full when I done ‘ave only two ‘am Sandwich?’

There was a roar of laughter, my son, and I fled

In the verandah I saw six ladies standing One, Cleopatra was magnificent, so was the Spanish Lady and the rest were passable I went up to them

“Will you dance with me?” I asked Cleopatra

She laughed

“Programme full” she said

“Ha!” I cried “You heard -eh?”

They all laughed, and then Cleopatra explained that all six of them had had enough of dancing and meant to go out into the garden

“You can come and amuse us if you like,” she told me

So out into the garden we went and seated ourselves on a long bench Cleopatra, as I told you, was magnificent—and I was possessed with a desire to ship her across to our country, especially as I could not find that other charmer Cleopatra and the others wore masques, but I knew they were beautiful—so stately they all were I could not resist—I had read that the proper way was to kneel to a woman when proposing—I mean it is the custom in this country So I knelt As you know, I was in my national costume, and a big thorn pierced my naked knee. I howled, and sprang from the ground

“A snake,” cried Cleopatra, and the others were alarmed, but I answered it was a thorn, and Cleopatra tenderly took the big thorn out of my flesh and another wiped away the blood.

“Marvellous,” said that woman. “I wonder what dye he uses? No black has come off”

But Cleopatra asked me why I had got on to my knees, and

I did not let slip the opportunity to tell her. "To ask you to be my spouse," I answered her.

Cleopatra and the other ladies clapped their hands and laughed, and then Cleopatra, standing to her full height, and in a fine voice, said:

"Thou art my Antony. Cæsar seeks to kill thee, but to Egypt we'll go."

"Cæsar? Who is he? Why does he want to kill me? And—I'm not Antony?"

"No? You're right. You look more like Othello—but you mustn't murder me. Better be Antony."

I could not resist her pleading, my son, so replied that I would even become Antony, did she consent to be my wife.

"Ah, but," she said, "You must not commit suicide—for then I shall have to die also—"

"By Hanga-hanga! you'll not die—neither will I. All my other wives may perish, but you—"

"Ha! other wives. I see—we're getting to modern times now. You are King of Bangywala, and I shall be Queen—"

I kissed her hand.

"Don't rub any black off," she pleaded. "Yes—what a time I shall have."

"But what about me?" asked the Spanish Dancer, "And me"—"And me?" asked the others.

I turned to Cleopatra.

"It is for you to decide," I told her. "I'll marry the lot of them if you agree."

"How well he acts," I heard one whisper to the Spanish Dancer.

"Splendid," she replied.

"I don't mind in the least—it will be jolly—eh, girls?" was Cleopatra's gracious reply to my question.

And the girls expressed their great desire to marry me.

"By Hanga-hanga!" I cried "We'll leave by the next boat and—"

"Here they are!" cried a voice, and some men interrupted our conversation. "We've been looking for you; what about the dance you promised me?"

"And me?"

"And me?"

"Ta-ta!" laughed Cleopatra as she tripped away. "Come and collect your wives in good time"

And then I heard her tell one of the men—"the finest get up in the show—and he acts his part admirably"

I went back to the ball-room, and as I entered, a slip of paper was given me "Write down whom you think is the best dressed lady, I mean the one wearing the best fancy dress," said the man

And, without hesitation I wrote "Cleopatra"

In a little time there was a Grand March Past and then the judges announced that I King of Bangywala had been adjudged, by the ladies, the most worthy of all to win a prize It was a shaving case I received, a good one, but never having grown a moustache or beard, the case was useless to me The Tutor, however, remarked that I could give it to him, and I did Cleopatra did not win a prize, and I was most indignant, and was about to express my indignation, when the Tutor prevented me.

"The judges' word must never be disputed," he said

I then told him to arrange for the passage to Bangywala of my new six wives

He laughed, my son but quickly remembered his position and apologised He left me hurriedly to return in a little while—

"The girls are not in earnest," he said "They think you are acting the part of an African King Let us get away—they might discover you are not an Anglo Indian but a real African and -I shall have to give up the shaving case"

I, too, was anxious to hurry away my son

"I have just come out of hospital, my son I went to a football match The Tutor persuaded me to go. He said Bombay and his wife would be at it The game was between the No Surrenders and the Richards I couldn't understand the game a bit

The Tutor was standing near me, and I have jotted down some of his remarks

"Go it, Richards," he cried Evidently he belonged to the Je of Richards "Kick! Kick—Oh—damn!" He turned me: "I knew the fool would muff it," he said.

I sympathised with him, for he looked angry Meanwhile, the ball came along towards our tent. I saw one fellow take a

running leap and fall on a Diehard, and both of them on top of the ball. The others rushed towards the centre of attraction. There was a wild fight, and my blood started to boil—I liked the fun now. Then a No Surrender caught a Diehard by the throat and swung him around.

“A foul!” the Tutor cried.

Was the man mad? I could see no fowl. But I thought the Tutor, if not already mad and furious, would be now, when some man, in strong language, contradicted him—“Duck, you fool! duck!” There was no duck present; even if there had been one, the strong language of the man was uncalled for. To my amazement, however, the Tutor admitted he was wrong. “Yes, duck—duck!” he yelled.

I saw neither duck nor fowl, but I became interested in the struggle immediately in front of us. The ball was on the ground, and the opposite sides kicked, and pulled one another’s hair. My blood was up. With a yell, I was among them, kicking and scratching; then—whoop! Somebody hit me on the head and I dropped.

When I grew conscious, I found myself in hospital.

It is fine to be in hospital, my son. Nurses—Hanga-hanga bless them—look after you, wash you, feed you. I was getting on nicely when, one night, I found my charmer in the room. Yes, my son, she is a nurse. I called to her, and she came towards me, and the House Surgeon with her. “I want your answer,” I cried. “Will you be my wife?”

“He is delirious,” I heard the Doctor say, but my charmer whispered in his ear, and they both laughed and walked away, leaving me very angry.

The next morning the Civil Surgeon and Government official visited me. The Surgeon said it was decided that I must go away for a change, and therefore Government had arranged to send me home in a week’s time; therefore, my son, this is my last letter to you. I had intended giving you a surprise, but I have learnt that a man must always “play the game,” be a “sportsman” and so forth, so am giving you ample warning to enable you to set things in order.

And there is another reason; I want you to prepare for my home-coming. Kindly pay attention to my instructions.

When I arrive at the frontier village all the headmen must

be present—in motor. They must present me with an address of welcome—I'll bring the address with me, also my speech—the Tutor is getting these ready. Then there must be a procession. In the front must be my mounted body-guard, behind them, in a motor my medicine man, then I come, and then you behind me and behind us the other "officials." The route must be lined by soldiers—say a man at each quarter mile post, as we'll not have enough to cover the whole distance in close order formation. At the entrance to Banywala and all along the main street—the Mall—to my hut—I mean Palace—there must be flags—ask my wives to lend you some of their coloured petticoats, then, at intervals there must be arches bearing inscriptions such as—"Welcome to our glorious King." Further down—"Not lost but gone before." At the next one—"Better late than never." R I P. Pons Assinorum," and so on. I have copied these from books I have read, and don't quite understand what they mean—but believe they are all good. Then I want the missionary to teach the children the following song, to be sung at the entrance to the village and one little girl must bring me a large nosegay.

*Our Great Father Papacock left us to a far country went he,
wisdom to learn but by him the teachers were taught. Papacock is
wise*

*(Chorus) Wah! Wah!
Bandhajoo!*

*Over the sea went he—the sea that tosses and tumbles ships great
and small—especially the contents of one's stomach.*

*Wah! Wah!
Tscheastoroi!*

*But our King has returned—he is with us again comely and
elegant in bearing. Look at him, stronger than the lion is he, more
magnificent than the Hippo, more graceful than the Rhino.*

*Wah! Wah!
Straffe Papacock.*

*He is generous—our King has a large heart—if we ask him,
will he not give us a holiday?*

*Wah! Wah!
Jumpon Tschest.*

Our fathers will ask the King for schools for their children, but he'll not grant their request. He has seen our tears—in the lachrymatory shells he left for our use

Wah ! Wah !

**Brandipani Jaldilao*

Who knows better than we what we want ? Why should we be taught a trade to earn money ? We were not consulted as to whether we wished to be born, therefore our fathers must work for us. They are lazy scoundrels. The King knows it

Wah ! Wah !

Iche Demfools.

Here also the Municipal Fathers must present me with an address. They must express their joy at seeing me back safe and sound—the sea permitting, I hope to get back, at least, safe—they must say that they want drainage schemes, primary education—compulsory I think they call it here, the need for a non-official chairman—they won't understand that, but tell them to put it in their address, it is the usual thing, and, although it is not in their jurisdiction, they must complain of the pay of the police, and ask that less money be budgeted for that department.

They can add anything else they like—the longer the list, the better. In my reply I'll tell them that all their requests have my sympathy, that they will have my best attention and, although nothing can be granted now, as soon as the people are sufficiently educated to appreciate improvements something will be done.

At the conclusion of my speech, the people must cheer me and the Royal Palace Band—get one trained at once—must strike up the National Anthem.

Please note, my son, that some of my wives must be at the Municipal meeting. Fattibus will sit on my right hand—tell her to wear the hobble skirt.

* The words of the chorus are given in the original. I have been persuaded not to attempt a translation, as my wife tells me the English equivalent is not so forceful, majestic, or enspiriting. Take for instance the last but one chorus. The words mean "Be of good cheer"—rather commonplace, it must be admitted, and not half so musical and enspiriting as "Brandipani Jaldilao. The word 'Straffe,' in the third chorus, is identical with the German 'Straffe.' I have, must mention, come across several German words in Papucock's MSS, which go to prove—and here I must add that I have had the opinion of a Government language expert—that the Germans come from the same stock as the Bangywalas—were originally man-eaters. Even to this day traces of this malady may be found in their system.

These are my final instructions and I expect you to carry them out minutely, or else there will be trouble when I come home. I leave in three or four days, and where it not for the remembrance of the voyage here, would be feeling quite happy. I believe I've done right in not marrying any of these fair English ladies ; Pah ! Fattibus can give points to any two of them !

And now I will close my letter with an expression much sed here, and which means much—" Keep smiling."

[FINIS.]

J H. WILLMER.

Lucknow.

ENGLISH AND THE VERNACULARS.

INDIA is said to be the only country in the world where the vernaculars have been cultivated for centuries and can boast of splendid literatures, and nevertheless educated men are not able to write and speak in their vernaculars with the same degree of facility as they can in a foreign tongue. For this state of things the educational system is alleged to be mainly responsible. The only defect as yet discovered in the system, however, is that the vernaculars are not used in imparting instruction in high schools to the extent demanded by correct educational principles, and supposed to be promised in the famous educational Despatch of 1854, which enunciates the Government's policy. The appeal to this great State document does not seem to help the critics very much, and is probably made because the responsibility cannot be fixed upon Government in any other way. The authors of that document declared that they would look to the English language as well as the vernaculars of India as "the media for the diffusion of European knowledge," and they should be "cultivated together in all schools of India." Are they not cultivated together? The Despatch did not lay down that the vernaculars should be used to the same extent as English: on the other hand, it remarked that English was "by far the most perfect medium

for the education of those persons who have acquired a sufficient knowledge of it to receive general instruction through it," while the vernaculars would be employed to teach the far larger classes who were imperfectly acquainted with English. Apart from administrative policy, most educationists will admit that the medium of instruction must be a language which is sufficiently understood by the student. Is this principle violated in practice? Opinions differ, because it is not easy to say what constitutes "sufficient knowledge," and how that knowledge is to be acquired. It may be held, for example, that where a student understands the instruction conveyed by a teacher and the text-book in English, the foreign tongue may be used as a medium of instruction, though the student may not yet be able to express himself with freedom and facility in that language. Moreover, it may be held that unless a student tries to express himself as early and as often as possible in English, he will take a long time in acquiring a sufficient practical knowledge of it, though during all this time he may be making satisfactory, and perhaps more useful, progress in other subjects.

Thus the question raised by many with regard to the medium of instruction in high schools reduces itself to one of the relative importance of English on the one hand, and, on the other, of history and geography, mathematics and science. Time may be saved by teaching these subjects in the vernaculars and a more extensive knowledge of facts may be acquired, but the price or penalty to be paid would be a proportionately reduced facility in the use of the English language. Which would be more valuable to the student in his subsequent career—the greater knowledge of facts or the greater facility in writing and speaking English? The Despatch of 1854 does not really answer this question. If that document

had recognised the value of the vernaculars not merely as media for the diffusion of "European knowledge," but as the natural vehicle of all knowledge and of culture for Indians, and therefore deserving to be made more and more perfect until they could take the place of English at some future time, then the vernacularists might have appealed to that document and contended that the greater facility acquired in the use of the vernaculars would be adequate compensation for the reduced facility in the use of English. But the authors of the Despatch do not seem to have cherished any such vision for the vernaculars : they did recommend the study of Sanskrit and of the vernaculars, and they expected that vigorous efforts would be made to diffuse "European knowledge" through the vernaculars amongst classes ignorant of, or imperfectly acquainted with, English. They do not appear to have thought that educated Indians, who knew sufficient English, would care to acquire an equal degree of mastery over their own vernaculars. Or, if educated men cherished higher aspirations for their vernaculars, the authors of the Despatch perhaps thought that it was the duty of gifted Indians to develop the literatures of their land, so that the vernaculars might become as efficient instruments of culture and as useful for the diffusion of all kinds of knowledge as English. In the present circumstances the best way to adjust the various considerations advanced by different educational thinkers would appear to be to employ both English and the vernaculars as media of instruction in high schools—English, because in the subsequent career of the student he will find a command of that language more useful proficiency in any Indian language ; and the vernaculars partly because they would convey knowledge more quickly and more thoroughly, and partly because it

be a matter of national honour that one should be able to handle one's own mother tongue as easily and as effectively as a foreign tongue.

Perhaps no educationist deliberately wishes to place the vernaculars at a disadvantage in competing with English, and to bring about a gradual disappearance of the native tongues, if possible. The regretted results of the present system may be attributed to an unintentional neglect in co-ordinating different branches of study. When English is taught to the beginner, the help of the vernacular is indispensable. As soon as the teacher thinks that the text-book in English can be taught through easier English, which the student understands, he generally dispenses with the aid of the vernacular in explaining the text. At this stage he may not be able to speak the student's vernacular at all, and English is taught to an Indian just as it would be taught to an English boy. Translation may be one of the lessons, but the translator's department is distinct from that of the teacher of text-books, and with history and geography, mathematics and science, he has no concern. It is not his duty to see that the student is able to express in the vernacular what is contained in the text books written in English : he may select other books for translation. The teaching of Indian languages, Sanskrit or the current vernaculars, is the work of yet another and independent department. Here, if the teacher knows English, he generally explains the text in that language as well as in the vernacular. If he be a Pandit ignorant of English, a different practice is followed, but without much disadvantage to the student, for he learns so much of English from other teachers that he does not stand in need of instruction in the foreign language at the hands of the vernacular or Sanskrit teacher. Thus each

teacher concerns himself with a different department of study, and even when the same teacher takes a class in all or most of the subjects, it is no one's business to see that the student can express in his vernacular what he has learnt through English—not even the translation teacher keeps this before himself as an aim in education. The result of this departmentalism in the organisation of instruction is that a matriculate may not be able to translate into English every lesson in the vernacular Third Reader, and a graduate may not be able to translate into his vernacular every passage in the textbooks read for matriculation. Not only is it not an aim in the present educational policy that facility in the use of English and of the vernaculars should proceed *pari passu*, but the general belief among teachers appears to be that the vernaculars are incapable of keeping pace with English. The whole policy towards the vernaculars requires reconsideration. The time has come to ask whether the vernaculars should play the very modest part assigned to them in the Despatch of 1854 in the diffusion of European knowledge, or whether they should be enabled to take an equal rank with English, not indeed, in the public offices, but as a vehicle of thought in schools and colleges.

The vernaculars have suffered, just as Indian manufacturing industries have suffered, through the "free trade" policy and the *laissez faire* doctrine of the British. Indeed, the English language enjoys a measure of protection and favour which British manufactures do not. The absence of a common vernacular for all India is a source of great strength to the foreign language, and apart from the advantage which the language of the rulers—be they British or Moghul—should necessarily possess, the beneficial policy of making the diffusion of

European knowledge the principal object of education has naturally conferred a further enormous advantage on English at the expense of the vernaculars. "European knowledge" does not mean merely science and mathematics, history and philosophy, but also poetry, to some extent religion and mythology, and all that relates to the social, political and intellectual life of the British nation. The Despatch of 1854 expressed the hope that "as the importance of the vernaculars becomes more appreciated, the vernacular literatures of India will be gradually enriched by translations of European books, or by the original compositions of men whose minds have been imbued with the spirit of European advancement." These developments have taken place to some extent, and with the spread of vernacular education among the masses the demand for translations and original works will increase. The vernaculars will certainly play a more and more conspicuous part in the diffusion of European knowledge and of a new culture, which would be neither purely British nor purely Indian, but a combination of both. But this great work is left almost entirely to the private enterprise and patriotism of Indians. The vast majority of educated Indians are taught to think that the vernaculars are not for them, but for the commonalty ignorant of English. Education does not afford the necessary training in the vernaculars which would enable the Indian to fulfil his mission in diffusing the new knowledge and the new culture. His translations must be patronised by the public: they are seldom recommended, and much less utilised, by educationists to improve the proficiency of the students in the art of expressing themselves in their vernaculars.

Here is progress needed. It is not enough if a student in a high school is made to answer questions in his

vernacular and the teacher explains in the same language. Not only in a high school, but in a college too, an Indian student must be able to express in his vernacular the contents of his text-books in English, in history and in philosophy, if not in science and mathematics. It is not necessary that the professor should instruct in the vernaculars : if the student is required to read translations, these will come into existence, and he will acquire a better mastery of his vernacular than he at present possesses.

II. NARAINA RAO.

Bombay.

A SONNET,

Oh ! man, hedged round with fears and selfish pride,
Lapped with the turgid ocean of mistrust,
An islet at the mercy of the tide
Of false suspicion—cruel and unjust ;
In calm complacency, serene, apart,
You stand alone, with loneliness content,
Knowing your own, but ne'er another's heart,
Secure in solitude, on self intent.
Yea, countless islands rest upon those seas,
Some hideous, others wond'rous as a dream,
But from their bondage there is no release,
For twixt them ever flows that sullen stream.

Oh ! plumb those depths down to the Ocean bed
Then know your unity,—and bow your head !

T. LYELD.

Agra.

THE OTHER MR. HAYES.

MR. HAYES entered his suburban house one evening in a very bad temper indeed.

"You are late," said his wife.

She was sewing in the front room, while the general-servant put finishing touches to the table which, with other furniture, was really too large for such a small room and such a very small house.

"Yes! missed the 5-15, and so of course—"

"What, not again?" queried the lady, for Sarah, the servant, had gone to bring in the plates.

"Yes, and to make matters worse we were both in the same compartment. He was late, and hadn't time to get into his grand first-class, so jumped in next to me. I really thought he *was* going to speak to me to-night, but I stared hard at my paper, you may be sure. But, if you please, when we got on the platform, those wretched young Mitchells were there laughing—and at me I'm sure."

"Really! the manners of some people," ejaculated Mrs. Hayes. "But, never mind! Sarah! Sarah's forgot the cruet."

All of which requires further explanation. Sarah was the general-servant, and incapable; and owing to wages, size of house and quality of her employers, had no intention of being anything else.

Mrs. Hayes had once been a Post Office lady and so met Mr. Hayes, the son of—, but he never referred to his father, so perhaps we had better not do so either; the important event of their meeting took place, however, when he was in his first post. This had been in a drysaltery-business—wholesale of course—but since, the lady had retired on a pension and Mr. Hayes found a more lucrative appointment as a buyer, or something, for a West

End firm ; they had married and set up housekeeping, and in a really decent suburb.

Now the change in circumstances, and the first experience of married life with its possibilities, charmed them into taking an intense interest in the affairs of their fellow-creatures. Mrs. Hayes, with the luxury of a servant, had plenty of time to consult the local directory, and with feminine skill had nearly established the identity of every respectable man and woman in the place. She knew who the lady seen at Church wearing the badly-trimmed hat was, also why the husband was not seen there ; the connection between the stockbroker's clerk and the gentleman living at the large corner-house, and very many other most interesting details.

All such things she found out readily enough and discreetly kept her own early associations—not to mention her husband's—quite in the back-ground ; but so magnified the importance of Mr. Hayes' responsibilities and position that the curate's wife had called upon her ; and there was already a strong probability of other honours following shortly.

But suburban-life has its difficulties.

Recently, to the interest of everyone, another Mr. Hayes came to live in this respectable neighbourhood, whereby arose both confusion and trouble.

Now Mr. Hayes—our Mr. Hayes—was Mr. Elphinstone Hayes, and the new arrival was Mr. Robert Sigismund Hayes. But trades-people made mistakes and sent bills to the wrong houses ; postmen blundered too, and left letters at No. 5, Myrtle Villas that ought to have been delivered at 14, Palmerstone Avenue. And, worse than this, the local newspaper, in reporting a concert, where Mr. Elphinstone with much effort sang two songs, without being asked to give a third, attributed the dire performance, and in complimentary terms, to the perfectly innocent Robert Sigismund. If ever a silly thing was done, our Mr. Hayes was blamed, and some really meritorious actions were credited to the other man, whilst in addition a large number of occurrences, of which neither man was guilty, had been brought home to the unoffending Elphinstone Hayes of 14, Palmerstone Avenue. It really was not fair.

"All because he pays more rent for his house, I suppose," growled Elphinstone, "and goes up to town with a first-class season."

"Yes," hisped Mrs Hayes, "and you forget also his wife was the daughter of the Craigs, who are connected with the Openheimers. But that is only what people say. I wonder if it's true."

"True! Of course it is. But that's no reason for their putting on airs. I'm quite sure she isn't a lady."

And so things went on. For what with imagining some matters, and believing others, picking up all kinds of floating gossip and, worse than anything, allowing the whole parish to know they were irritated this recent arrival of a man with a similar name and a little more money produced a most portentous grievance.

But worse was to follow. One day Mrs Hayes had to complain to the woman who kept the vegetable-shop, for her orders had not been attended to.

"Very sorry indeed, mum," said the woman, "but Mr. Raddock tells me the boy took your broccoli to the other house."

"The other house!" said Mrs Hayes with simulated surprise.

"Very sorry, I'm sure, mum, you see the boy, he's a new boy, mum, and he thought it was Myrtle Villas, mum!"

"Indeed!" with more frigidity of tone.

"Well, I do hope there's no offence. But there, it's not so bad as if it were strangers like—being in the family."

"In the family, Mr. Raddock! Good gracious! What can you mean?"

"Well, mum, I beg your pardon. I'm sure, but Mr. Raddock tells me Mr. Robert Sigismund Hayes and Mr. Elphinstone is brothers—leastwise as everyone says, relations!"

"Brothers! Relations! Nothing of the kind!"

And Mrs Elphinstone tossed up her head and departed with this new grievance against society in general and the family at No. 5, Myrtle Villas, in particular.

Nor had she even the entire satisfaction of bringing the news to her aggrieved husband. That very evening he returned to tell his wife how his own bosom friend had told him in the train that everyone was eager to know the truth about this relationship. To further increase their wraith, it was quite certain Mr. Hayes, of No. 5, was responsible for making the statement himself. Did he not actually tell Mr. Henry Wardle when walking up from the station? And Mr. Wardle had told the bosom friend's fellow-

clerk, and so he could have no hesitation in confiding the whole matter to Mr. Elphinstone Hayes at the earliest moment possible.

"Really, this is more than flesh and blood can stand!" cried Mrs. Hayes.

"Always thought he was that kind of man," said her husband. "Thank Heaven for one thing, my dear, he isn't any relation. I wouldn't own him if he were. But how can we stop this kind of thing?"

"How indeed! People will talk and it's hardly a case for a solicitor, is it, Elphinstone?"

"Well, hardly."

He had now revived himself with his evening meal, and was half beginning to think that on the whole they were making fools of themselves.

"And there's another thing I heard to-day!" continued the lady.

"Oh, what?"

"Why, Mrs. Miles tells me they have just started using a crest on their notepaper. Fancy! Aren't they coming out!"

"Oh well, I don't mind—I believe you can buy these things."

Not quite certain now whether to be cross with his wife, or the other Mr. Hayes, or to be cheerful again, he threw himself into an armchair. But just then the girl Sarah appeared, and with intelligence to further excite them.

"A gentleman to see you, Sir!"

"What is his name?"

Sarah was red and confused, for in addition to her knowledge of local gossip, she was an accomplished eavesdropper.

"Please, Sir, it's—it's your—well, no, Sir—it's Mr. Hayes—the one from No. 5, Myrtle Villas!"

"Mr. Hayes!" cried Elphinstone, and almost too loudly, for the other was in a room, the wall of which was thin. "Good Heavens! Has he really had the audacity! My dear, I can't see him, can I?"

"Certainly not!"

"Go and tell him—"

Sarah prepared for an exit.

"Tell him your master has a bad headache," said her mistress with that smartness upon which she prided herself, but, on

second thoughts—for she was brimful of curiosity, and not nearly so angry as she meant to appear—added :

“No, come back, Sarah!”

“Say I’m too busy,” lamely said the master.

“Perhaps another time,” suggested the mistress.

“No, come back, Sarah! That is not firm enough, my dear. Say I really cannot see him!”

“Unless it’s really very urgent,” added the diplomatic Mrs. Hayes—“Come back, Sarah!”

But this time Sarah, unable to resist the temptation of giving a message which, with appropriate tone and manner, might be quite telling, had departed.

The door being left wide open as usual, they had the doubtful satisfaction of hearing their orders carried out, and much emphasis given to the words ‘really’ and ‘cannot.’ Then they listened very hard.

No angry retort! No, only a pleasant laugh and voice which said :

“Never mind, if Mr. Hayes is so busy, I do not wish to disturb him. Just tell your master the matter is somewhat important, but a letter will do I have no doubt.”

And after another cheery laugh and ‘Good-evening,’ they heard the front door close.

“Well, I should have liked—” said Mrs. Hayes, “well, Sarah!” for the girl appeared once more.

“Please, mum, he’s gone!”

“Bother the man,” said our Mr. Hayes. “He’s no good anyway.”

And it was Sarah’s evening out, so Mrs. Raddock had that night full possession of the facts which she related to the Mitchells’ servant as follows —

“It was all along of them broccoli, and as Sarah says, the gentleman called to explain, and Mr. Hayes, that’s her master, said he was damned if he would see him—the very words he used—and the other he goes off in a towering passion, a nice pair I don’t think!”

The bosom friend also had to be informed in the morning, so he was able to give a succinct account of the affair with his own variations, somewhat like this:—

“Elphinstone Hayes knew all about it, but the other

fellow denied emphatically that he had ever spread the report of his being any relation, and accused Elphinstone of trying to claim relationship—and,—Well, you know what he is," he added, "he's just mad because he can't get into society, and no one will have anything to do with him."

This, with additions, soon grew into a definite statement that a libel action was pending, and at the next meeting of the "Ladies' Sewing-Party," when Mrs. Robert Sigismund Hayes appeared in a really tasteful costume, one lady after noticing it, felt it her duty to condole with her.

"So very unpleasant for you, I am sure, this unfortunate affair, I am so sorry for you."

After which, to the surprise and scandal of everyone, Mrs. Robert Sigismund smiled sweetly, bowed to the assembly, and prepared to leave the room. Her would-be dignified retreat was, however, spoilt, for, being seized with an uncontrollable fit of laughter, she endeavoured to disguise it by half stuffing a pocket handkerchief into her mouth, a proceeding which justified all the ladies in going home to tell their husbands that she had burst into tears and left the house without daring to say "Good-bye" to anyone.

But terrible as all this might be, it gave our Mr. Hayes the position of an injured hero. He was the most talked-of man in the place and as innocent as the curate's baby.

The very next morning at breakfast, Sarah proudly brought him a letter.

"What is the letter?" queried his wife, for Mr. Hayes looked startled even before opening it.

"It's from a lawyer!"

"Good gracious, Elphinstone!—not about the wretch who called the other night? Read it, can't you!"

But Mr. Hayes *was* reading it, and the effect upon him was such that there was no possibility of it being read aloud. So Mrs. Hayes had to come round and look over his shoulder.

The letter was as follows:—

CHICHESTER, *February 20th, 19—*

"Dear Sir,

Greenstreet v. Merton.

"We are indebted to your cousin Mr. R. Sigismund Hayes for your address, and have to report that the petition—arising

out of the above—came before Mr. Justice Methuen on the 16th inst., when all parties were represented by Counsel, and after some argument, the Judge made an order for division and payment out of the Fund in Court. The costs of all parties were directed to be taxed, between solicitor and client, and paid out of the Fund, together with the duty, if any, before division.

"The Judge directed division of the Fund on the basis that one moiety of the fund goes to the Croxtons and the other to the Hayes family—being the surviving descendants of the said Algernon Merton.

"It will also interest you to learn that whereas one of Mr. Merton's daughters had three sons, one of whom died and left a Will bequeathing ⁴ to your uncle, the father of Mr. Sigismund Hayes, but only ² to your father the said R. Sigismund Hayes being of opinion that your uncle could not have foreseen the effect this bequest would have upon the division of the above-named Fund, wishes us to inform you that he will waive all claim to this extra share, which, together with your own, we shall be pleased to forward as soon as we are in a position so to do.

Yours faithfully,

FIRTH, CLOUGH AND ILATON."

To Elphinstone Hayes, Esq.,
14, Palmerston Avenue,
Crampton.

"Good Heavens!" cried Elphinstone. "Why, I never knew of his existence."

"And is he the man really?" gasped the lady.

"The man we refused to see the other night."

After a pause, Mrs. Hayes ventured as a stepping-stone to something like an apologetic attitude.

"I noticed he had a pleasant voice. But, surely, he won't give up his legal rights. I never heard of such a thing. Is it possible he is a man like that?"

"So the lawyers say."

"And we would not see him, and everyone knows about it. What ever shall we do? Think of all the scandal and trouble that has been going on all this time. Poor Mrs. Sigismund! No wonder she cried at the Sewing Party; only think of it!"

"Not a bit of it, my dear. Think of the money for one thing."

He was practical. "And think of the fun we shall have out of all the talkative gossips of the place. No one ever had a better chance. I'll be a reformer and make them all sit up now; see if I don't!"

And think of it they did, and after destroying much note-paper in trying to draft a suitable epistle; succeeded at last in stating what they now thought of this long-lost cousin Mr. R. Sigismund Hayes.

FRANCIS GELDART.

England.

THE MONTH.

THE battle of Verdun is fought with unabated determination on both sides. Heavy bombardments, **The War.** murderous curtains of fire, taking and retaking of trenches, with heavy casualties—these were reported throughout the month from the Western front. The Allies would appear now to be as well supplied with munitions as the enemy: England has at last passed a compulsory recruitment law, and some months hence, when the Allies attain a marked superiority in men as well as munitions over the enemy, a big offensive will be undertaken. The Kaiser is said to have represented to President Wilson that the contemplated “revenge” will be useless, and a champion of humanity like the head of the United States Government will do a real service by inducing the Allies to treat for peace. The Pope was reported to have addressed the President on the same question, but that report was subsequently changed to the effect that he had addressed the Kaiser on the submarine question. The firmness of the United States Government on the duty of Germany to respect the principles of international law in submarine warfare seems to have produced some effect. Errors were admitted, compensation for injury to American lives was promised, and the promulgation of fresh instructions to submarine commanders was announced. Since then the average number of merchantmen sunk has declined, and greater care appears to have been taken in the saving of lives. In England it has been announced that in view of the progress made in shipbuilding, the merchant fleet has

not materially suffered by the submarine warfare Mr. Balfour has assured the public that the bombardment of Lowestoft and Yarmouth must have been intended to deceive the disloyal Irish, and the German fleet will not again venture on such foolhardy enterprises. Zeppelin raids continue and the instruments of mischief are now and then brought down. These attacks on the civilian population have not weakened the national resolve to fight until victory is secured. Though the war expenditure still stands at five millions sterling a day, British financiers are said to be of opinion that the United Kingdom can bear the strain longer than Germany. While President Wilson is not yet reported to have sounded the Allies on the terms of peace, American newspaper interviewers have been busy, and to one of them Earl Grey is reported to have expressed himself more strongly and uncompromisingly than Mr Asquith. How wars can be prevented in future is difficult to divine; but that the Allies will not desist as long as the appearance of victory is not on their side, looks certain.

A German offensive is reported from the Eastern front, but not on a large scale. If preparations for a naval attack on Riga are alleged, British submarines are also said to be active in the Baltic. Germany threatened long ago that the economic distress brought about by the British blockade will first tell on the prisoners of war. To what extent these threats are carried out, seems uncertain, though barbarous treatment of prisoners is reported. At the earnest request of the Russian Government on behalf of Russian prisoners, Sweden is said to have exported large quantities of foodstuffs to Germany. Will not the German population derive even more benefit from this supply, which might have been primarily intended to relieve the hardship of Russian prisoners?

In the Southern theatre Greece persisted in disallowing the transport of Serbian troops over her railways to Salonika, and they will be transported by sea. On the Italian front no marked progress has been achieved on either side. In Asia Minor the Russians appear to be spreading towards Mesopotamia so as to join hands with the British, and the progress west of Trebizond was not appreciable during the month. One day it is reported that thousands of Turks and Bulgars are about to be transported to the Western front, and another day we are told that large numbers of Germans and Austrians have arrived to help the Turks. If aeroplanes have dropped bombs on Cana, it is clear that the Central Powers are freely supplying Turks with men and munitions, and the Russian advance in Asia Minor does not deter the Turks from menacing Egypt, though their attacks have all been repelled. Rumania is still on the fence and will not perhaps intervene as long as Greece keeps herself out of the war. Spain has shown no inclination to abandon her neutrality. A large number of Spanish patriots have expressed their sympathy with Great Britain, so that they cannot be suspected of pro-German proclivities.

THERE was a time in this country when the mere prestige of the British name was a valuable political asset. Historians of the Sepoy Mutiny of 1857 have remarked that the loss of that prestige in an earlier Afghan war encouraged the disaffected leaders to cherish vague hopes of success in their enterprise. We are told nowadays that prestige is a mere fetish, and perhaps as a fact it does count for much with the educated classes. The totally uneducated know next to nothing about the Government's strength, resources and responsibilities. It is the half-educated,

who know something about the nations of the world and their military and political affairs, as explained in the newspapers, that form their opinions most readily and are easily led away. In their case prestige is not negligible, and an event like the surrender of the British garrison at Kut is to be deplored more for the effect it must produce on the imagination and judgment of the half-educated in India than for the influence it is likely to have on the course of the war in Mesopotamia. At a time when Germans are said to be arriving for the defence of Baghdad and for an invasion of Egypt, the exit of nine thousand men from the stage is a misfortune of some magnitude, but larger numbers have been captured in other theatres by the Allies as well as the enemy. As commercial men are engaged in discussing what will happen after the war, others may try to imagine what the six thousand Indian prisoners may say to their friends when they return from their captivity after the war—not to speak of the wounded who return to their homes from other places. Fortunately the surrender was not due to the enemy's superiority in any respect, but to rashness in undertaking an impossible task, and to floods and storms and other adverse influences. What could be more unlucky than that the ship which was carrying supplies at great risk should have run aground just four miles from the scene of impending starvation? It has been suggested that the floods are not natural, and there must be sluices which the enemy can control and open as in Belgium, so as to flood a place occupied by hostile troops. In one way or another that the ——— and the relieving force did not know all the secrets of the navigation of the Tigris, seems clear enough, and the recollections of travellers, who are brushing up their memories after the event, are not of much avail. The

advance to Baghdad is said to have been suggested at first by General Nixon, and it was approved by all military authorities both in England and in India. How could these pretend to know more than the man on the spot? Politically the bold step was desirable, and it may be compared with the despatch of soldiers from England to Antwerp to please the Belgians, and of the expedition to Gallipoli to please Russia. The advance towards Baghdad must have been welcomed by the Russians, and His Majesty's ministers must have rejoiced that the military authorities favoured the plan. The hard things that have been said of the Government of India and its late popular head are not, therefore, quite deserved. It is easy enough to assert now that barges could be built in India, and perhaps they would have been supplied if the responsible men on the spot had asked for them. It cannot be seriously contended that as soon as the war broke out Lord Hardinge should have secured the services of experts in the navigation of the Tigris to advise him in the event of a decision to send an expedition to Baghdad. Much has been said in England in criticism of the failure of medical relief, of commissariat and transport arrangements. The question is whether the authorities in England warned the Government of India of what would be expected from it. Lord Hardinge was no doubt anxious to be as serviceable as possible to the Empire, and if he took some great risks he erred in very distinguished company.

THAT some of the Boer citizens should have raised the standard of revolt on the outbreak of the war, was not surprising: they had recently come under the British Government after a war, the memory of which was green in their minds

But that the Irish extremists should have chosen the present opportunity to gain their end, and that too with the help of the enemy, is really remarkable. They have been united with England for centuries, they were about to get Home Rule, and the only doubt was whether Ulster would have submitted. There might have been some sort of excuse for a recourse to arms after the war if Ulster resisted the scheme, though one fails to see why the freedom of legislation claimed by the majority should be denied to the minority, and why a part of Ireland should not remain aloof from the rest, if the whole of Ireland may separate itself for certain purposes from the rest of the United Kingdom. The history of political agitation in Ireland contains some black pages, but nothing could be blacker than the treachery of those who invoked the intervention of Germany when the Empire was engaged in a struggle for life. That as many as eleven thousand volunteers should have joined them is really extraordinary, though they formed a fraction of the total number of national volunteers. The revolt has been quickly and vigorously put down. Some of the leaders have been executed or sentenced to imprisonment, hundreds have been deported to England as prisoners. That a movement so wide spread should not have attracted the attention of the Government is incredible. Mr. Birrell must have known what was going on beneath the surface, but he thought that during war time the country must present a united front to the enemy. He admitted that he had committed an error of judgment and he resigned. The public generally demands someone's head on a charger when it is taken by surprise by a great misfortune. But one may well ask what the Irish Secretary should have done if he had known more of the secret movement. It is doubtful whether his information would have been

sufficiently precise to take adequate precautions for the protection of public buildings and for the prevention of other disturbances of the peace. Whether authorities were remiss in their duty, and the system of administration was sufficiently perfect to disclose dangers in time, will be known hereafter when the investigation by Lord Hardinge's committee is finished. But supposing Mr. Birrell had taken vigorous steps against the leaders on the information in his possession, would it not have caused a conflagration, and would not the public have blamed him for embarrassing the Government by raising a domestic storm at a time when the whole country had to present a united front to the enemy? What would Mr. Redmond have said in that case? When a German cruiser arrived with thousands of rifles and plenty of ammunition, and when the rebels fired on soldiers and caused damage to public buildings, no doubt remained as to the aims, the extent, and the progress of the movement, and the mouths of the would-be critics were shut. If Mr. Birrell had intervened at an earlier stage when the evidence of seditious activity was less clear, perhaps he would have been denounced as a tactless alarmist. The British public does not like to listen to alarmists, who disturb its peace of mind, and hence the initial unpreparedness in the present war. It begins to bestir itself after the alarms are realised. Mr. Redmond's position and conduct may be compared with what we see in this country. He is one of the representatives of the people, and as such did he know what was brewing? Here also the representatives of the people confidently assert that the anarchists are less than a handful and meet with no sympathy from the public at large. Alarms are deprecated and ridiculed, until at last when murders and dacoities are committed, the police are

blamed for inefficiency. It appears that false reports about compulsory recruitment swelled the ranks of the seditionaries, and yet Mr. Redmond wanted the Bill to apply to Ireland as well. Here we find leaders of the people confidently asserting that millions of recruits could be enlisted for the army, and if their voluntary services were accepted, compulsory recruitment would not at all be necessary in England. The Mesopotamian campaign has shown that if for success we rely on mere numbers, the recruits will be delivered into the hands of the enemy. The training and the equipment will also have to be undertaken by India, and apart from fighting qualities, the soldiers must accommodate themselves to the climate and other conditions of warfare on European soil. If in Ireland, which supplies so many soldiers to the army, patriotism and military fervour are not enough to make compulsion safe, one may easily imagine the limits within which voluntary partiality for military service can be relied on to supply the number of Indian soldiers necessary to overcome the Austro-German millions. There seems to be no foundation for the statement that information about the Irish insurrection was at first not freely supplied to India. The example of the disloyal Irish patriots is certainly very bad, and it is difficult to conceive how the reality about their doings could be worse than the accounts that were telegraphed to India.

To discuss what should be done after the war, may sound at the present stage like counting
 . After the the chickens before they are hatched. Like
 War. everything else, however, the war must come
 to a close sooner or later, and it seems to be
 assumed in commercial circles that the terms of the

peace, whatever they may be as regards sovereignty over territory, the building of fleets, indemnity, and other political questions, will not interfere with the liberty of any nation to regulate its own commerce. Every nation at present engaged in the war will try to recover from its effects as quickly as possible by expanding its trade and improving its industries. Plans are, therefore, being matured for an industrial and commercial war to follow the establishment of peace. The Allies are together considering how they may keep out their present enemies from the commercial advantages in their dominions which enriched the conspirators against the peace of Europe and enabled them to start the disastrous war. If the Allies establish a Customs Union, it is believed by many that the neutrals will join it, and the present enemies only will be left out. Besides the commercial advantages to be derived from the Union, political benefits are also expected. A more effective remedy for aggressive militarism than punishment by the sword is believed to be the imposition of a super-tax, a sort of commercial ostracism, which will bring the militarists to their senses. It looks like a good plan, but how it will work in practice remains to be seen. Certain definite suggestions made by Chambers of Commerce may be noticed. It has been suggested, for example, that aliens should not be allowed to trade within the Empire without a license, that the present enemy nations should be placed at a special disadvantage in exercising their privileges, that ownership of land, banking, mining concessions, contracts with Government, employment under Government, and all such privileges should be denied to Germans and Austro-Hungarians. Even a poll-tax on all unfriendly aliens has been recommended; that they will be excluded from Chambers of Commerce and social clubs may therefore be

taken for granted. On the general fiscal policy of the Empire, however, opinions differ. It is clear that the war has for the time being suspended all principles of free trade, and if the present enemies are always to be treated as such, this suspension on a larger or smaller scale will have to be continued even after they lay down their arms. The idea of perpetual enmity is rather appalling, and therefore a limited period is suggested for the enforcement of the various kinds of disabilities. Some would suggest a generation, while others would wait and see whether the enemies learn a lesson and change their political ideals. It is held by many that the prosperity of every nation depends upon that of its neighbours, and unless the Allies can be sure that their capacity to promote one another's interests will make them independent of the well-being of others, the artificial devices to flourish at the expense of others will prove more or less suicidal. The question is undoubtedly very complicated and perhaps it will continue to be discussed for a generation.

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THOUGH controversial measures are held in abeyance **Constitutional Questions.** as far as possible during the war, the Secretary of State has undertaken the amendment of certain statutes relating to India, perhaps because he thinks that the proposed changes are not controversial. From the summaries of the discussions in Parliament that are wired to India, the precise nature of the proposals does not become sufficiently clear in time, and as the public mind is preoccupied with war, other topics discussed at a distance do not attract adequate attention. However, the political associations are vigilant enough and they urge their objections, if they have any. It is well known that when the Government of India passed from the East India Company to the Crown, it was considered inexpedient to

import into this country all of a sudden the various prerogatives of the Crown which were very incompletely known to the people. The Secretary of State in Council was placed in the position of the East India Company in respect of his liability to be sued, and the Indian legislature was empowered to legislate without reference to the Crown's prerogatives. Some of them are specially recognised by the legislature, but where they are not specifically safeguarded they are ignored. The executive Government has sometimes felt that a "petition of right," as it would be called in England, would be a more appropriate and speedy method of settling a dispute than litigation in the ordinary law courts, but the law has not been changed. It appears that the Secretary of State proposes to avail himself of the opportunity of consolidating statutes relating to India to introduce a change of practice at least in certain respects, and though the change may not place a subject in India at a greater disadvantage than a subject in England, the executive here is perhaps less trusted than in England and the safeguard of an appeal to the law courts appears to many as essential.

Another proposed measure is to throw the services in British India open to the subjects of Native States and to appoint Indian noblemen from those States to the legislative councils of British India. Considering how freely British Indian subjects are imported into the services of the Native States, few can object to the proposed return of the compliment. Perhaps it is feared in certain quarters, however, that the ideals acknowledged in the Native States with respect to the rights of subjects are lower than those that find favour in British India, and that advice from the backward parts of the Empire will only retard progress. It is equally probable that the lessons

learnt in British India will change the ideals of the Native States and give an impetus to progress there. There is no reason to suspect that the Government's object is to hamper the march in British India and not to accelerate it in Native India. It is certainly desirable that all parts of the Indian Empire, whether under Native or British rule, should march abreast of one another and should learn to feel an identity of interest and aspiration. If this be the view of the Indian Rulers themselves, the arguments in favour of the proposed measures receive fresh support.

IN the opinion of many, educational institutions in India should be so well equipped that no **European Indian** should find it necessary to go to Europe **Training.** for advanced instruction in any subject, unless it be for practical training in science and the industries. A long time must elapse before the European standards can be attained in India, and at present the Government encourages students to go to Europe by offering scholarships. Seventeen scholarships have up to date been sanctioned from the Imperial revenues—ten of them are technical scholarships awarded to statutory natives of India ; two may be held at the English universities ; two are awarded for the study of oriental languages ; one is reserved for a male student, another for a female student of the domiciled community ; and recently one has been sanctioned for an Indian woman graduate. The amounts of these varied from £150 to £200 annually until last month. The limit in certain cases has now been raised to £250. The invidious distinction made between Indians and Europeans in the educational service is likely to be formally abolished after the publication of the report of the Public Services Commission : the Govern-

ment of Bengal has practically decided to abolish it at the Calcutta Presidency College. Some are of opinion that Indians cannot be employed in the diffusion of European culture unless they have received a European training. Apart from culture, it must be admitted that many branches of learning are better cultivated in Europe than in India

If it be true that European civilians in India at the present day have less leisure and less inclination for oriental study and research than their predecessors, there are at least some brilliant exceptions to the rule. None has displayed a keener interest in the history and the folklore of western India than Mr. C. A. Kincaid and none has made more charming and instructive contributions to the literature on these subjects than he. His "Tale of the Tulsi Plant and other Studies" has passed through a fresh edition and may be had from Messrs. Taraporevala Sons & Co., Bombay.

A staff officer of the Salvation Army alleges in a little book of constructive criticism that a spirit of materiality is creeping into that great movement. His meaning seems to be that some officers care a little too much for small additions to their salary and comfortable dwellings. They are human, and we are not told that such appreciation of the things of the world is carried to excess by a large number.

Steps to Zoroaster. MR. MANECKJI B PITHAWALLA, the author of this interesting and instructive book, is a student of the Zoroastrian religion who has studied Zoroastrianism not from the translation of the Scriptures, but from the Scriptures themselves. He has studied Avesta and Pehlavi



in one of our local Madressas and has continued his studies in the subject with great diligence. Again, as the Principal of a Parsee High School at Poona, he comes into close contact with Parsee students desirous of knowing something more of the elements of their religion. With these qualifications Mr Pithawalla has prepared his book under notice. Its object is two-fold to educate the rising generation in the principles of their religion and to supply them with material for useful reading. On the whole, the book furnishes an interesting collection of various matters for even a grown up Parsee to enjoy. It will supply much valuable information even to non-Zoroastrians who desire to know something about Zoroastrianism. The second chapter of the book embodies careful gleanings from the different parts of the Zoroastrian scriptures which could serve the purpose of hymns. To interest his young readers Mr Pithawalla has tried to give in the book something of everything. For example he has given facsimile specimens of old Avesta-Pehlavi writings, and cuneiform inscriptions of Darius the Great, and some ancient coins. The author seems to have taken great pains over this little volume and deserves well of the community. The book will serve as a useful and most acceptable prize book in many a Parsee school.

"Under the German Ban in Alsace and Lorraine," by Miss A Book of Pleasant Memories. M Betham-Edwards, is a book of memories of "leisurely visits paid at considerable intervals to Alsace and annexed portion of Lorraine" from 1871 to the present day. The pictures of the peasant life in its peaceful surroundings, "the women sitting at their little gardens at needle-work the children trotting off to school, the men busy in their respective callings. No poverty, no dirt, no drunkenness, no discontent, cheerfulness, cleanliness, and good clothes, is everybody's portion," are like glimpses from a pastoral Arcadia.

The reader is introduced to M Menier of chocolate fame, a great captain of industry who looks after his colony of workers like a patriarch and presides over a "community of working

people whose toil is lightened and elevated, whose daily portion is made hopeful, reasonable and happy by an ever active sympathy and benevolence rarely found allied."

We travel on with Miss Betham-Edwards, through a land flowing at every turn with fruitfulness and plenty. There are flowers and gardens and verdant slopes sprinkled with white villas and "loveliest little lakes from which rise gently fir-clad heights." It is this land of enchantment and poetry that suffered the humiliation of annexation, a humiliation never forgotten. "By the rivers of Babylon there we sat down, yea, we wept when we remembered Zion." So do the people of Alsace and Lorraine weep when they think of their sundered motherland. "A memorable scene took place," writes the veteran novelist, "our landlady entered wearing native costume of Alsace familiarised to all travellers in Paris, by the marble figure facing the Place de la Concord.... A visitor flew to the piano and struck a familiar note, the opening bar of an Alsatian dance.... Then ensued a scene of indescribable enthusiasm.... Emotion knew no bounds.... The scene begun so vivaciously ended in a demonstration of passionate sorrow...." It is evident that the present war was inevitable. The people of France talked of revenge not without reason. They are fighting to-day with a grim determination to be able to sing again in the streets of Strasburg—the cradle of "Marseillaise"—its old immortal strains. The fields of France and Flanders are flowing with human blood, and in the days to come will colour the heart of the rose and a myriad flowers, but will the memory of these days ever fade from the minds of men? Who can say?

It seems as if the primitive war-fever changes altogether the value of things. Men are marching in droves to face the fierceness and violence of battle. Women who would cling to their lovers steadfastly even beyond the gates of death are sending them, and their sons and brothers, the light and joy of their hearts, to face the storm of destruction on earth, in the air, and under the deeps of moaning seas. They unconsciously prove their faith. They love something more subtle and enduring than the mere clayey envelope which might be shattered at any moment. The homes and hearts and hearths are being laid desolate—and yet men fight on, they know not why, driven by some unknown power to their doom. The treachery of war has

betrayed humanity. It seems as if the malignant powers of nature, so powerfully portrayed by Algernon Blackwood in his stories, have swept over the most progressive parts of earth, stirring nations into madness of depredation. The dreams of a world-state and the promise of ultimate unity are banished; men are engaged in a wild welter of destruction. The old saw holds true—

War begets Poverty,
Poverty, Peace,
Peace begets Riches;
Fate will not cease.
Riches beget Pride,
Pride is war's ground
War begets Poverty,
So the world goes round.

Is war a biological necessity—the continuous conflict between spirit and matter in which individual life does not count?

....Life is but a day,
A fragile dew-drop in its upward way.

The war is perhaps symptomatic of the conflict of the human spirit forever seeking to free itself from the thralldom of forces bred in the bosom of savage earth, fierce and violent and uncontrolled. If man mastered the primitive passions and acquired sanity and sense, what a paradise this earth might be!

Deep down somewhere in this book of memories Miss Betham-Edwards is asking the eternal questions: Why such a God-blessed land as Alsace Lorraine should be laid waste by men, and all the chances of beautiful days and high joys turned into desolate despair?

Human affairs sway at dizzy heights. The war may bring the healing of the nations or shatter the dream of future fulfilment. The world war will spell the answer for the generations to come.

Miss Betham-Edwards' book is a perfect Cameo of rare value, written with her usual lightness of touch and grace of style, and in some subtle mysterious manner, takes the mind to

deeper things, to discords of race and culture and the destiny of man.

A Great Success, (Smith and Elder) is a title that would have been somewhat risky in most cases. A story by the famous author of *Robert Elsmere* could not under any circumstances provoke the criticism —“What a misnomer!” Of how few novelists can so much be averred!

It is also a happy circumstance that Mrs. Humphrey Ward has eschewed the terrible—and already hackneyed subject—the War! A fine artistic sense and an immense knowledge of men, women and things have enabled her to dispense with the topic uppermost to-day. For readers innumerable, herein will lie the magnetism of her book. These brilliant pages transport us for a brief while from awful realities to normal human existence, with its tangle of conflicting passions and interests, its alternating tragedy and comedy, its inexhaustible variety of circumstances and character.

There are some who prefer Mrs. Humphrey Ward's later to her earlier works. I, for one, audaciously like *The Case of Richard Meynell* much better than *Robert Elsmere* but I did not read the famous Oxford story when all the world was talking about it. I always wait till a “best seller” is well seasoned before perusal. And when I took that one in hand, it was years after issue.

A Great Success is primarily of two women and a man, Lady Dunstable, a society hostess, “who had been dandled on the knees of every Prime Minister since her birth,” and who has been* favoured alike by nature and fortune, forms a striking contrast to the commonplace but by no means unintelligent little wife of a genius now attaining fame, or perhaps we should say notoriety. For a genius, at least, Arthur Meadows passes, although of the unimaginative order. His special gift was that of exposition and elocution, in other words, he was a lecturer.

His second and third lectures on Lord George Bentinck and on Palmerston and Lord John Russel had taken the public by storm. "London was by now"—should a writer of Mrs. Humphrey Ward's weight use the expression "by now"?—"fully aware that it possessed in Arthur Meadows a person capable of painting a series of Le Brnyerè-like portraits of modern men." Here I would remark that if a feeble percentage of a London lecturer's audience happened to be acquainted with the subtle French epigrammatist, they would not for a moment make such a comparison. This, however, by the way. The lectures had "caught on" and the impecunious husband and wife see visions of world-wide renown—and what is dearer to poor Doris Meadows—solvency. Her heap of unpaid household bills will be cleared off! To be talked of was also to be drawn into Lady Dunstable's circle—a consideration tickling Meadow's vanity. The pair are at once invited to the great lady's country house for a week-end to meet "a diplomat or two, the Home Secretary, General Hichen, and perhaps some others," and in a postscript Doris is asked to send word whether or no she will take a maid.

And partly to bribe her house-pulour-maid into staying—as the young woman had just given notice—Jane was taken and this is what happened

As her mistress rested in her room—having been conducted thither by the lady of the house—an agitated knock announced Jane, in tears.

"Please ma'am, I'll have to have an evening dress, or I can't go in to supper. . . . Every Maid in the 'ouse, ma'am, 'as got to dress for supper. The Maids go in the 'ousekeeper's room an' they've all on 'em got dresses V-shaped or cut square or something. This black dress, ma'am, won't do at all. So, I can't have no supper. I couldn't dream, ma'am, of gon' in different to the others."

"You silly creature!" said Doris, springing up. "Look here—I'll lend you my spare blouse. You can turn it in at the neck and wear my white scarf. You'll be as smart as any of them."

Hardly was the girl gone and Doris began to wonder "why" she had been such a fool as to bring her "when there came a still more disturbing reflection. From her window she saw two

figures walking—Lady Dunstable and Arthur! “Deep in talk of course—having the best of time—while I am shut up here—half past six—on a glorious evening,” mused the neglected wife, Doris. And why, she asked, had her hostess showed her into the room with a chill politeness which had said plainly enough—“Here you are and here you stay—till dinner!”

Then came another knock and Lady Dunstable’s deputy came in—the lady of uncertain age, “kind-eyed and merry-mouthed” in whom the uninitiated guest had at once divined a possible harbour of refuge from the terrors of the situation.

Accepting a cheery “Come in” and an arm-chair, Miss Field straightway made the other feel at home. “Her face would have suited the Muse of Mirth” wittily writes the author, “if any Muse is ever forty years of age.”

“You have never seen my cousin before?” she inquires. And Doris—not being an adept in the manners of good society answers the question with two others. “Lady Dunstable? Is she your cousin?”

Miss Field nods and explains that she always spends a great part of the year here, helping the hostess in many ways. “Then she describes her, perhaps not quite a natural thing to do under the circumstances.

“Rachel” (Lady Dunstable) “is like some strong plant that takes all the nourishment out of the ground so that the plants near it starve. She can’t help it. She doesn’t mean to be a vampire.”

Who indeed has not come in contact with such vampires—rather parasites—of this ilk, men and women who, in the immaterial sense, live upon others? Not from lack of mental or moral gifts does this preying instinct necessarily arise, and in Lady Dunstable’s case, power was the object, personal influence her aim. She wanted to be the centre of an envied coterie, to queen it above other hostesses, to reign supreme over what Thackeray called “the first chop of society.”

This visit opened all kinds of possibilities to both husband and wife, to the insufferable lecturer with the “Jovian head,” golden visions of success, to the well-intentioned but quite naturally jealous wife, disturbing thoughts. Only Jane had thereby been made proud for life and for life provided with a story.

The greater part of the day after returning home was spent in regaling Martha, the cook-general, with the splendours of Crosby Ledgers and her own genteel appearance in the house-keeper's room, thanks to her mistress's blouse.

That fateful "week-end" skillfully leads us up to a rapidly-developed and well-constructed plot. The first invitation is followed by a second, this time for a lengthy stay at Lady Dunstable's, or rather Lord Dunstable's, Scotch seat. He was one of those Lords of the creation who do not count. But although, as Doris knew well enough, sentiment counted on neither part of patroness or protégé, is it to be wondered at that she grew spiteful and jealous? For Lady Dunstable, Meadows was only a trump card, another talked-about celebrity adding éclat to her house-party. On the other hand, to the somewhat underbred lecturer "her ladyship" as he speaks of her to fellow-guests, was really an education as well as a Providence. Such a friend would surely open the way to worldly fortune!

So Arthur Meadows went off to enjoy himself in Scotland leaving Doris to her house-cleaning and her tradesmen's bills. An income of four hundred a year cannot do duty for seven, and the so-called genius had ever shown a supreme contempt for figures. And during his stay comes the climax.

With dramatic unexpectedness the two women exchange rôles. The embittered, ordinary-looking and passed-over little wife finds herself mistress of the other's destiny. She has it in her power, if not to break the heart of the brilliant worldling, at least to humble her to the dust.

Here we will leave the well-planned, and unnecessary to add, well-told story to Mrs. Humphrey Ward's readers. The edge of their enjoyment must not be blunted by a cut-and-dry epitome.

The novel abounds in vivid sketches of life and character. If little Mrs. Meadows' Jane had been favoured with further opportunities, surely her verdict upon "high life" would have been somewhat after this fashion:—

"My! how vulgar them fine ladies and gents talk, to be sure. I never heard such. They talk of Lady So-and-So funk-ing it, someone likens a woman to a stuffed goose, they call everything hawful, of being muffed, whatever that may

mean, and it is hullo this, hullo that, every moment. Well, I never did. That is all I can say!"

M. BETHAM-EDWARDS.

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EAST & WEST.

VOL. XV.

JULY, 1916.

No. 177.

WOMEN AND THE WORLD WAR.

WHAT WOMEN ARE SAYING.

THIS is a very terrible war. Now is the time for woman to show herself the true comrade of man.

In Germany, the women are arming their men for battle ; in England the women, too, are knitting, knitting, knitting. How beautiful is this patriotism as shown by each woman to her own country.

We women have now found our true sphere. Ours to heal the wounds man has made. After this, there is no doubt that men will not refuse women the suffrage, etc. A changed England, etc.,....chastened by suffering....etc., etc., etc.

WHAT WOMEN ARE THINKING.

The newspapers and pulpits are saying a great deal about the better place that this war will give women, but **why** not give them at least a little of the better place now ? I notice, for instance, that women students have just been disappointed by the recent decision not to admit them to the Medical School of the Charing Cross Hospital, a concession to which they were long looking forward. The Royal Charter of the Hospital stops them. The British boast that they can ride a coach and horse through any law, but that coach-ride is never taken when it is a law

against women. We know that because of the war some women are earning more than ever before ; we know, however, that this is purely a happy accident, women depending on fluctuating circumstances, never on law, for their advantages. On the other hand, that many are sweated doing Government work for the men in the trenches. A woman was found making soldiers' body-belts at 10*d.* a dozen, finding her own cotton. This does not constitute a living wage. There is an extract given in the *New Age* in which Miss MacArthur, England's recognised authority on woman's work, speaks of what girls earn in a munition factory which is a Government controlled workshop. These girls were making bombs, they worked 72 hours a week and seven days a week, they got one day off a month and were paid 2½*d.* per hour. It was in this factory that a minister of the Crown asked the workers to make still greater efforts. No, it wasn't the Kaiser who was responsible for this bit of humour.

Of course we hear of women doing well in war-time, but that is never due to man's sense of justice. Woman's prosperity during war time is merely due to the situation.

She is welcomed as a doctor, simply in the same spirit, as she was formerly welcomed as a drudge—because no one else can be had. Never has the woman been given an opening because she needs it, but because it needs her. Even she herself has learnt never to use the argument, "I want," but always, "I am wanted."

WHAT WOMEN ARE SAYING.

What a wicked murderer the Kaiser is ! How terrible about the *Lusitania*,—the poor little babies. . . . ! ! !

WHAT WOMEN ARE THINKING.

The Kaiser may be a murderer. We hold no brief for the Kaiser : we do not want him as ruler. but we think

we hear too much about the babies lost in the *Lusitania*. Our "mother hearts" are not so very much touched. They have been too profoundly moved for years over the thousands of babies lost every year through the mere lack of so cheap and ordinary a thing as milk. They that have seen those daily shipwrecks on land think very little of those that occur once in a way on sea.

We know that Germany's food shortage in war-time is the same as what England knows always in peace-time or at least what some thirty per cent. of her population know. We know that this miserable grinding-down of the honest poor is still England's stupid practice. Only a month ago a labourer earning 22s. a week was left with some five or six motherless children. The State refused him help unless he would go into the workhouse ! And this is the country that dares to scream because a few children are killed by Zeppelin bombs. Surely, you should be grateful, England, that Germany slaughters the children you care so little for yourselves ; for Germany does the business quickly and expeditiously, while you do it slowly and cruelly.

No, we do not want Germany to win. We are all for England, we women. Still we think it a strange destiny to belong to the nation that is second in callousness to women, and to be in danger of becoming enslaved by that which is first. And we think England should show us that she appreciates the efforts of that sex which has not troubled her with strikes and threats of strikes. We dread the after-war future with its preponderance of women and the consequent tendency to depreciate women still more. We want to feel sure that certain restrictions will be removed, that sweating of women will not be encouraged, that men in our own trades and professions will not combine to keep us out of those trades and professions. We remember

the case of the taxi-driver who went to the war. His wife, herself a licensed taxi-driver and expert, wanted to take his place. The male taxi-drivers presented a petition to the Magistrate asking that she should be refused! We know, again, that the English wife by law is not protected against her husband's desertion or cruelty as she is in France and even in Germany. There is no family council as in France to prevent the husband squandering his money away from his family. No Englishman, save under pressure, will ever pass a law to restrict his Might-is-Right ideal as regards his own household. He does not always use or even intend to use his power cruelly, but he likes to know that he can. He likes to know that he refrains from acting the German in his own house through generosity and not through justice.

WHAT WOMEN ARE SAYING.

The sense of justice is innate in an Englishman. He is the most chivalrous man in existence. No Tommy would ever ill-treat the German women as the Belgian women were ill-treated.

WHAT WOMEN ARE THINKING.

We hope no son of an English mother would act as the Germans for all that. Yet we do not quite believe that the English soldier in Germany will prove a Knight of the Round Table, or that transportation to a foreign soil, combined with the heat of battle, would have a purifying effect! In general respects, again, we do not think the Englishman is chivalrous. He parades at times a sentimentalism that he calls chivalry, the chivalry of the platform, politician who praises his amiable wife's assistance to him because he knows that no one will believe him, while he ignores the

real persons, women as well as men, who have assisted him, for he knows that if he spoke he would be believed. Chivalry to women in the upper classes is an affair of ceremony only. This essential non-chivalry to women (the Englishman, as already mentioned, is the second most unchivalrous being in Europe) is often not believed in even by the alien visitors, at first, because of the unusually independent and aggressive manner of women towards men in England. Certainly in this rowing, boating opinionative creature there are no outward signs of the odalisque, but a woman essentially odalisque in mind may be found in tweeds and golf coat just as often as in veil and Turkish trousers. There are nations, such as many of the eastern lands, that have an æsthetic love for pretty ways and soft submissive manners in women (servile manners we should call them) who yet dislike servility of the mind more than any Englishman. As a matter of fact, an Englishman does not honestly care for the society of any woman who does not echo his opinions; she can echo them in any language she pleases, rough or smooth, loud or soft, but she must echo them.

We Englishwomen share the stupidity of our race. We do not readily admit this fact, that strong and masculine as we are allowed to be, we are still slaves. We are beginning to realize it now. We have no force. We are not endeavouring to stop this war. We do not realize that a decade hence we shall be blamed because as women, after nearly two years of devilry, we have raised no voice in protest. What are we about? We were right to uphold the beginning of the war. Are we right to continue it? Can we be so blind as to give in to man's creed as to its inevitability. We are not against war; few women are ever pacifists, but this, at the time of writing, has ceased to be war. It is a catastrophe, a

world turmoil, which is simply beyond and outside all wars. It is not the healthful contest of nation with nation from which a better civilisation emerges. It is the world bleeding to death. It is the beginning of the rise of the lower Asiatic races rushing over the battle-field of Europe ; later, the long dreaded triumph of the blacks in America. Are we women unworthy because we say that England should be willing to accept a peace that will not " absolutely crush Germany to death ?" You talk childishly of her cruelties to women and children. You have so little trained your masses to plain patriotism, that you have to spur them on by tales of cut-off hands and outraged women. We do not say that these atrocities have not happened. We believe they have, as they have happened in all wars ; but this we know, that if they had not happened, they would still have been invented. It is an English failing to slander the enemy as the Boers were slandered, and as the Asiatics have been slandered. The outraged women and the mutilated children are pictures to rouse the common man to give his life for the cause, but they do not rouse the politicians and statesmen to take care and be in time. The Serbian women may hear with pleasure that they are being avenged in France, the Belgians should be pleased to know that their wrongs are being righted somewhere in Russia. Somehow, they never get their rights back themselves. We believe that their wrongs have been terrible, but you must not ask us to believe that wrongs against women began in August 1914, A.D. We believe that this terrible ignoring of woman's personal rights—this outraging of personal decency—was begun in England some years earlier in the century when outrage and shameful violence were used to women labelled as suffragettes, and the great mass men made no protest. The " gentleman " who walked coolly up to a handcuffed woman and slapped her face

ranks lower than the worst Prussian officer who in the lust of battle commits the atrocities which, with delicacy and refinement, some of our people paste up on streets for all to read. Certain are we women, many of us, that so far as officially-countenanced Belgian atrocities are concerned, these would not have been done had not English statesmen, when dealing with the suffragette difficulty, deliberately thrown down the barriers which protect women, whatever her real or imagined faults, from personal assault. The suffrage agitation, we know, excited more interest in Germany than in some parts of England (the Kaiser is alleged to have said: "The suffragettes are Germany's best friends.") Now, it is characteristic of the Germans that, though hating us, they still (as is often the case) have a tendency to admire and imitate us. If England thus treated her own women in peace time, why should she feel serious about atrocities which the Germans inflicted against enemy women in war time? More logical than we, the enemy would argue that the greater heat of war-time would be recognised as some excuse, and though she expected English reprobation, she was genuinely astounded at the amount of reprobation that she received. She really fancied that England would feel comparatively little real indignation, and she honestly accuses our country of hypocrisy in assuming indignation. As a matter of fact, however, England is not hypocritical. She is simply a country that lives in the moment. She has frankly forgotten her own misdeeds; she does not remember that she is the same England which violated Ireland which once declared in true Kaiser fashion "That God often reveals His ways first to an Englishman." England has genuinely forgotten this. She can see the pasts of other countries, but her own she quite sincerely forgets.

WHAT WOMEN ARE SAYING

Yes, we must fight to the bitter end. It is a war of attrition ; we have the men and the munitions. We must win.

WHAT WOMEN ARE THINKING.

We do not think it to England's advantage that it should be a war of attrition. We think that England is shirking - shirking as a nation - blindly resolving to keep on war so as to prevent the advent of the war age. She knows that if she stopped to breathe, she would have to resign herself to picking up her forces anew, to training up her children from henceforth in an entirely different way. She hopes by sacrificing all her men to give what is left of England leisure to return to their old state of self-indulgence and idleness - and peace ! She wants to revert to the worst age of all - the just-lost commercial age. We ask, why should the war-age not be ushered in ? The war-age does not necessarily mean much war ; it may mean less war. It means the nation keyed up to a higher pitch ; it means simplicity of life and thought. It means for the nation at large - who knows - much more life, much more health. Nothing is worse for a nation than war ; nothing is better than a constant preparing for war ! Why then should we shrink it ? Why then should we not contemplate it as a natural state of things, however prolonged indefinitely ? May it not have been intended that men should be in the men-strung up by some fear and perpetual watching ? Intelligence is with those animals who feel themselves perpetually surrounded by enemies. We, too, are animals, and on the animal side of us we are meant to be alert. Nor does the tension that comes from a state of war ever produce the nervous disorders that come from peace. Statistics show that mental ailments

have materially decreased since the war began. England is showing her fatal inability to read the signs of the times. She is missing her only chance of rejuvenation by refusing to yield to the new war-ideal and return to the mediæval age.

How would this new age come practically into being? First of all, there would be a reconstruction of social and educational life so as to admit of a search for military or diplomatic talent. Not once in a hundred times does the brainy military genius get his chance if born below the gentleman class of society. The English prefer what they call the training of character to the discovery of genius. They think it well that a man of real genius should spend his life beating against the bars of circumstances, if his will is thereby strengthened, even though the outlet to his talent be gained too late. All this will need to be changed. England in the war age will cultivate both the diplomatic and military talents which she has so long neglected.

WHAT WOMEN ARE SAYING.

We must fight for democracy. In democracy women's salvation rests.

WHAT WOMEN ARE THINKING.

We hate democracy. What has democracy done for us? In the most democratic country of Europe, England, we have suffered most, legally abandoned as wives and mothers, maltreated as citizens. We hate those decadent, talking, mouthing men of England, who make speeches while their comrades die, the half-alive men as the Kaiser calls them, for the only "live" men in England to day are those that have died. We do not wish to be conquered by the Germans, but we recognise in them the possibilities of a better race than the English will now ever be. The

brutalities of the Germans are worse than those of the British, but they are the brutalities of barbarians, not of decadents. "The greatness of their vices shows the superiority of the race," said Alfieri once of the Italian nation. So, perhaps, it may be of the Teutons.

Even if there remained some tyranny (as we should call it), is the fact that men should be controlled by fellow-men so very unnatural to us after all? Even if that control approaches halfway to enslavement, is that so very unnatural? Have we not all been on the wrong track in this dream of evolved supermen, all standing level each to each? Has it not struck us, for one thing, how much more interesting life is when there are class distinctions, conventionalities, powers, worlds within worlds, even a mediæval street scene, with its priest here, prince there, and peasant somewhere else, is more interesting than the drab street-scene of to-day? Do we not realize that what democracy really says is "Since we cannot all be princes, we must all be peasants!"

We have taken it for granted that world progress always meant the ultimate rule of the people. Yet it is in the savage tribes that democracy is the rule, all men gathering round the fire to decide on a matter which the chief has propounded, but on which he never thinks of voting. Portugal, it is said, had democratic rule many centuries ago, England, in simple Saxon times, was far more democratic than in the later days of its power. When Drake scattered the Armada, when Nelson won Trafalgar, half the men who helped were virtually slaves. Will England go down now because her men are too free? When she realizes that her business, instead of inflating the average man with an idea of his own importance, instead of trying to do that utterly impossible thing—give the masses real power to rule the country—when she realizes

that her business is to foster individual greatness—then her own greatness may become assured and take a new lease of life. But she has to root something into her character rather than to root anything out, in order to effect this, and alas! we, Englishwomen, we, stalwart, game-playing, man-companions Englishwomen, have far less power to help in this than many a slave girl in a Turkish harem.

CONSTANCE CLYDE.

New Zealand.

THE LOTUS.

O mystic Lotus! sacred and sublime,
 In myriad-petalled grace inviolate,
 Secure from transient storms of tragic Fate,
 Deep-rooted in the waters of all Time!
 What legions loosed from many a far-off clime
 Of wild-bee hordes with lips insatiate
 And clamorous winds with wings of love or hate,
 Have thronged and pressed round thy miracu-
 lous prime,
 To devastate thy loveliness, to drain
 The midmost rapture of thy glorious heart—
 But who could win thy secret, who could stain
 Thy flawless beauty born of Brahma's breath,
 Or pluck thine immortality, who art
 Coeval with the Lords of Life and Death?

SAROJINI NAIDU.

Hyderabad, Deccan.

SHELLEY AND KALÂPI.

SHELLEY and Kalâpi are the twin names that are, and will remain, eternally enshrined as the poets of despondency on the slopes of English and Gujarati Parnassus. Their magnificent genius had ripened too early, and unfortunately it was nipped in the bud. This was a serious loss to both the literatures. The spell of literature, to which both of them had been enchained fast, may be considered as the main source of their agony in life. Their search after ideal love and celestial happiness, their pursuit after Elysian beauty, their constant thirst for ardent but impracticable love, enabled them to give the highest scope to the flights of their imagination and soar in the dreamland of a romantic world.

The agonized ejaculations of a love-sick exile, and the deep sighs of a down-cast despondent, too often form the themes of their poems. They always dreamt of death, and Shelley was almost convinced of the fact that he was destined to die soon. How often do we meet with lines after lines where Shelley reveals himself as an apostle of the "Doctrine of Despair!" "Thus the sweetest songs," both of Shelley and of Kalâpi, "are those that tell of saddest thoughts." Shelley makes even his skylark deem of death :

" Waking or asleep
Thou of death must deem

Things more true and deep
Than we mortals dream,

Or how could thy notes flow in such a crystal stream ?”

Shelley and Kalâpi both were lovers of novelty, and both equally experienced disgust which follows every satiety. The principle “old order changeth” was practised by them in their love-affairs. Adherence to this rule was the main reason of their inconsistency and fickle-mindedness. Kalâpi says :—

“જૂનાં થાતાં મધુર સુખડાં ચિત્ત શોધે નવાંને.”

“Human nature is such that it is enchanted by novelty, and the ephemeral pleasures of the frail world die out soon.”

And what a remarkable contrast do these twin poets lay before us in their conception of the universe and the Creator of the universe ! The Western poet fell a victim to the circe-wand of materialism, turned an atheist, and looked upon the universe as devoid of any mysterious hand superintending it. The circe-wand of Western materialism, which refuses to admit the very existence of one invisible but omnipotent God, which looks upon the whole Brahmând or Universe as devoid of any mysterious element, which fosters a dull, dead spirit of atheism, scepticism and agnosticism, which casts destiny in backgrounds before the presumptuous little notions of human efforts, and according to which the sensuous and superficial science contends in a preposterous manner with the unfathomable and mystical wonder-works of God, had exercised so great an influence on this budding genius of the realm of English poetry that, had he but lived longer, he would have perhaps revolted against the ancient schools of spiritualism, and the more ambitious Eastern Sufism, that constantly craves after ideal pleasures of Elysium in

company of "Sanam" or the "Divine beloved." Shelley in his *Queen Mab*, most wonderfully and fantastically too, dogmatizes: "There is no God," and in his own notes on it tries to defend his own hypothesis, asserting that "If the Deity should appear to us, if He should convince our senses of His existence, this revelation would necessarily command belief... The God of the theologians is incapable of local visibility... Every reflecting mind must acknowledge that there is no proof of the existence of God." Such is the conception of the Western poet who was dismissed from the Oxford University for reading his essay on "Necessity of Atheism." It is quite evident from this that Shelley was abhorred by some for his radical frivolity of views, worshipped by others for his poetic inspiration. "Shelley," says William Sharp, "is upheld as a demi-god and abjured as a sweet-voiced demon. His teachings are preached with fervour from house-tops, and are denounced with equal vehemence from neighbouring summits."

On the other hand, the Eastern poet, in his letter to a friend, writes "વિશ્વ નમાયું છે, એ વિચાર બીલકુલ જુદો છે, ઇશ્વરને આ વિચારથી અપમાન અપાય છે," that is to say, to consider this universe as a hideous bazar-house is a preposterous notion, and it blasphemes the holy name of God. How diametrically opposed is the notion of Kalâpi to the preceding one of Shelley! The reason for such contrary belief is that the very atmospheres in which the two were reared up consisted of adverse elements. Aryâ-varta—the land of ancient sages—the land of spiritualism—the land of thought and moral idealism—is undoubtedly opposed to that Western soil that tends to action and material progress, that teaches us the gospel of "act and you shall know," and which partially encourages the "blood and iron" policy. Dr. Rabindranath Tagore.

the poet-laureate of Asia, is assuredly of a mystical mould of mind. There is an element of ancient spiritualism pervading the matchless songs of *Gitanjali*. There is nothing of this kind to be found in Shelley.

As regards their attitude towards Nature, "she was a spirit of love" to both of them. Nature joined them in sharing their woes and smiled at their weals. Thus they are decidedly subjective poets. Shelley, as has been remarked, used to etherialize what Wordsworth used to spiritualize. In Kalâpi any keen observer perceives that both etherializing and spiritualizing the common topics and incidents of the ordinary walks of life blend harmoniously, and herein lies the sublimity of Kalâpi's thought and language—assuredly more charming than that of the genius of Albion. The reason is quite evident, that Kalâpi was a devout student of Shelley and Wordsworth, and in his own letter to a friend compares Shelley and Wordsworth—that the former is a youthful mind boiling and heaving with tumultuous agitation and conflicting passions, while the latter is an idol of serenity and sublimity diffusing joyous tranquillity around him. Kalâpi loved both ardently, and shared the characteristics of both Shelley and Wordsworth. Though, really speaking, Kalâpi has more of Shelleyan style, still he would have possessed the Wordsworthian solemnity and serenity had he lived longer. Kalâpi calls Shelley a child of Nature, while Wordsworth to him was a heaven-born Rishi or mystic of Nature.

Shelley most ardently loved the woodland scenery of Italy, and Kalâpi, with equal fervour, enjoyed the most enchanting scenery of Cashmere. He compares Cashmere to Paradise in his *Tour to Cashmere or the Vision of Paradise*. Again, many a delightful excursion did Byron and Shelley enjoy on the wide expanse of

Lake of Geneva to Chillon and Lausanne. The beautiful banks of this lake resonant with sweet melody, the gentle lap-lap of the crystalline waters of this famous lake, the retinue of changing clouds in the etherial dome above, the dulcet songs of nightingales from the green branches of lovely trees, inspired Shelley to "pour his full heart in profuse strains of unpremeditated art." To illustrate Kalâpi's keen observation of Nature, and his power of moralizing and spiritualizing the aspects of Nature, I will cite one or two quotations :

“કરી જૂદું પાણી પય જયમ પીએ હંસ સઘળા
બલે તું જે તેવું ગુણ ગ્રહણ કરી રહે આ જગતમાં”

“Like a *hansa* or a gander that has wonderful and intuitive faculty of separating milk from water, man should also extract good from the heap of bad, distinguish corn from chaff, cast aside the refuse, and follow the paths of Truth.” Thus Kalâpi devoted the brief period of his life in investigating Truth, and there is a ceaseless echo in his poems of what Keats says :—

“Beauty is Truth, Truth Beauty,

That is all we know on earth, and all we need to know.”

“The cardinal characteristic of Shelley's nature was an implacable antagonism to shams,” is the remark made by one of Shelley's biographers. Thus the greatest poets of the world have always sung “of truth, of grandeur, beauty, love and hope.”

One instance will show to what extent Nature and God were identical according to Kalâpi :—

‘ઓહો ! એકજ બિન્દુ પાસ ધણતાં બિન્દુ બધાએ વહે
તેની સાંકળમાં ન કોઇ કડી જે સાથેજ જોડાઇ છે ;
કિન્તુ સાંકળ આખીમાં દરકડી જોડાઇ નેહી શકે
તે જે આણુ અનન્ત પ્રેમ ! પ્રભુ એ તું હું ની અન્વીયએ !’

"One drop of water rushing forward, others flow of their own accord in the same course made clear by the first ; separate links, when united together, form one chain, when one link is drawn, the whole chain is drawn ; similar to the drops of water and links of chain is the magnetic attraction of Godhood , once linked in the chain of Godhood, we ceaselessly proceed onwards towards the infinite home of bliss."

The ideal love for which Shelley and Kalâpi were most ardently seeking after was, practically speaking, metamorphosed into partial lust and sensation. The reason of such a metamorphosis cannot be more adequately expressed than in the words of Shakespeare -

" — — — — — Love is not love

Which alters when it alteration finds,

Or bends with the remover to remove."

Shelley and Kalâpi both were zealous in their pursuit after hallowed and blessed love, but their adherence to the principle "old order changeth" was assuredly detrimental to such a noble wish.

"In reducing the ideals to practical," says Carlyle, "great latitude of tolerance ought to be drawn." The poets, artists, as well as transcendental sentimentalists, have fallen victims too often to their search after ideal love and the consequent failure. This consequent failure in realizing the ideal must be regarded as the truest reason of the premature succumbing to death of Shelley and Kalâpi. What Darmesteter criticised of Byron : "The idea that the aspirations of the soul are in contest with the laws of the universe," is most truly applicable to these twin poets. The short period of their life they devoted in realizing their ideals, but alas ! it is needless to reiterate what has been too often remarked that the ideals, visionary and baseless fabrics of dreams.

Both were enamoured of earthly beauty, and to be enamoured of earthly beauty is quite essential for sentimental beings like poets and artists, otherwise "a man who does not love beauty has no element of beauty in him." William Sharp says : ' To be ideally loved by a man like Shelley is to court sorrow and disaster. We are mortals and to be loved otherwise than with human perfection is calamitous misfortune. None of us is adapted for enthronement upon a sunlit pedestal.'

Shelley and Kalâpi were after all human beings, and human nature is susceptible to conflicting passions. How many of the greatest world-poets and sculptors have fallen victims to the golden shafts of that cunning little imp, Cupid? Dante and Petrarch, Shelley and Byron, Dayâram and Hafez, and innumerable other poets have hardly escaped this dreaded little imp, Madan ! (Cupid). It was the phantom of Beatrice that inspired Dante to produce *La Vita Nuova*. The matchless sonnets in Italian literature written by Petrarch have their origin in the poet's mad love for Laura. Hafez, the nightingale of Shirâz, too, was fascinated by "Shakhe-Nabat" to whom the poet dedicated countless gazals. Dayâram, though he died a bachelor, was an ardent lover of earthly beauty. Nothing can be comparable to the prodigious and unheard-of efforts which that renowned sculptor, Frahâd, did for his ardent love for Shirin ! Even Shakespeare is thought by some to have fallen under the charm of the "dark-lady." Hence it is useless to enter into a close examination and criticism of poets' love episodes.

Still, unlike Shelley, Kalâpi has expressed raptures of Suphistic enthusiasm in several of his *gazals*. Like an oriental sufi-poet, Kalâpi bursts forth .--

ખવૈત પ્રેમી જે હતા અખવૈત પ્રેમી હું થયો,
અલાંડ મહાર : પ્રભ મહાર : અભ વાદી હું થયો

I, who once was a lover of duality, now am turned into a lover of unity The whole Brahmând—the universe—is mine the Brahm, the great Noumenon—belongs to me I am in tune with Biahm—the Unmanifested Absolute

Let me quote here a stanza from Shelley's *Love's Philosophy* —

“ Nothing in this world is single
All things by a law divine
In one another's being mingle,
Why not I with thine ?”

Through the whole range of *Kekarav*, the reader is sure to meet with poems remarkable for their depth and delicacy, sweetness of language and tearful sentiments. Kalâpi had eagerly studied the poetical works of Wordsworth, Shelley Tennyson Goldsmith and others At times we meet with Kalâpi's translations of the poems of Shelley, Wordsworth and others For instance, Tennyson's *Love and Death* is beautifully translated in “પ્રેમ અને મૃત્યુ.” The narrative of the old Wanderer of Wordsworth's *Excursion* is translated partially in “વૃદ્ધદેલીયા.” *The Hermit* by Goldsmith is translated under the heading of “જીવિ સંન્યાસી.” It would take too long to enter into a critical review of all the minor poems in *Kekârav*, hence I will briefly go over two or three prominent pieces

Kamalini or *The Lotus* is assuredly written in imitation of *The Cloud* by Shelley *The Cloud* gives an autobiographical description, and *Kamalini* does the same The lovely scenery of a quiet dicamland, rendered more lovely by the picturesque style of kalâpi's versification, the floating and dancing of Kamalini on the silvery sheet of the lake, with gentle whispers of the wind, the chiaroscuroic descriptions of sunset and moonlight on

the pictorial landscape, are so exquisitely depicted by Kalâpi, that a lover of Nature cannot but always dream of the charming scene, and experience the attuning with infinity. The floating wisp of Nature on the wide expanse of the placid lake, where the Kamalini indicating joy kissed too often, was sufficient to instil a spirit of God's mystical creation in a silent on-looker. The selection of metre is quite proper, and *Harigit* (હરિગિત) is one of the few metres of Gujarati prosody, where the extreme sweetness and melody of verse blend harmoniously with the poet's wonderful photosphere of imagery. The frequent use of diminutives in Gujarati poetry enhances its sweetness, and though Kalâpi is surpassed by Dayârâm and Mirân in the use of diminutives, still in this poem words like ચૈત્તિ and બિન્દુ add substantially to the sweetness of the poem.

The most prominent poem that requires studious attention is *Rhadya-Tripiti* or the Trilogy of Hearts. This is the longest poem in *Kekârav*. The hearts of the poets (રમ) Ramâ and (શોભના) Shobhnâ are indicated by the trilogy. Shobhnâ was Kalâpi's object of love, while Ramâ was his married wife. The poem is undoubtedly an autobiographical sketch of his love affairs. The conflicting passions of the three hearts are subtly described by Kalâpi in this poem. Cupid preyed upon the poet like a canker-worm eating through the petals of rose, and the consequent oscillation between his love for Ramâ and passion for Shobhnâ symbolizes his mental fickleness and unsteady state of mind. Like that Trishanku of Hindu Scriptures, Kalâpi wavered between the two spheres, that of Ramâ, and of Shobhnâ. In short, this poem is the panoramic conception of the poet's love episode. This was the main reason that can be attributed to the mental paralysis of the poet. This poem gives rise to the controversy that

Kalâpi was more of an ardent lover (સ્નેહી) than of a poet. All readers of the poem must agree that it was his passion for Shobhnâ that inspired him to pour forth so many beautiful and pathetic poems in *Kekârav*. Kalâpi's mad passion for Shobhnâ, having inundated his heart with genuine emotions runs on like unchecked fountains with pathetic and musical cadence.

This poem is highly philosophical. The main idea centres round the death of a child, and the consequent effusions of the poet's heart. The poem, though small in length, can be divided into two distinct parts. In the first half the poet displays excess of innocence and ignorance, while in the latter half he ascends to the highest philosophical regions. This represents a vivid contrast. In the end the poet moralizes and preaches that life is a dream, and that it is a blending of the opposite elements. When the elements enter on a battle, death approaches. Ephemeral and evanescent are the pleasures of this physical world. Birth and death are inevitable, then why should man rejoice at birth and mourn at death? The idea is just similar to that of Wordsworth who says

“ That man who is from God sent forth
Doth yet again to God return ?
Such ebb and flow must ever be
Then wherefore should we mourn ? ”

There is another poem of Kalâpi recently published by his friend, Mr. Manishankar. It is called “*Hamir-Kāvya*” (હમીર-કાવ્ય). But it is not so poetical as *Kekârav*, and at the same time it is an unfinished poem.

Gazal-writing is in vogue from the times of Bâlâshankar and downward. Kalâpi has also written many sweet gazals. He can be said to be one of the best Gujarati gazal-writers. A gazal is a spontaneous effusion

of potent and powerful feelings of heart, or in the words of Kalâpi, it is "an outburst of heart" Almost all gazals are dedicated to Sanam or the Divine beloved by the Persian Sufi-poets, and Kalâpi does the same. Gazal, in short, is a vehicle of emotions. The main themes of gazals are the rose, nightingale, ringlet of Sanam, candle and moth, Sheerin and Farhad, Laila and Majnun, etc.

Kalâpi himself writes in one of his letters to a friend that Shelley would have been a better gazal-writer than Wordsworth, since the former's heart was the sanctuary of conflicting passions and emotions. Herein Kalâpi exactly depicts his own heart and in this respect Shelley and Kalâpi necessarily resemble each other. I will quote some of the notable instances of his emotional style of writing —

“કિતાબો ઇશ્કની બાળી, ઉથામ્યા પ્રેમના પોથા
વિષમ છે ડાખ પ્રીતિના, પિકટ છે રનેહ રસ્તા ત્યા;”

“Many a book of love I perused—many a volume of love I studied—yet, alas! fatal are the stings and bewildering the ways of love”

“છે આક્ર ચાળી, છાપ મારી ઇશ્કની જેને દીવે
તો ઇશ્કની ફૂંક હમારી, લાખ કિલા તુલશે.”

He, whose body is covered with the dust of “love”—and the tabloid of heart branded with “love”—shall vigorously destroy thousands of strongholds by blowing one breath. Immense is the force of love—it works wonders and miracles, never dreamt of in man's imagination.

An extraordinary and austere lucidity of language, sublimity and sanity of thought, wonderful felicity of poetic diction, power of diffusing an air of pathetic notes, extraordinary gift of revealing the sorrowful pleasures of despondency, the love for the sublime and beautiful, etc., may be summed up as some of the most salient

characteristics of Shelley and Kalâpi. *The Cenci* of Shelley is recognised as the ablest tragedy after Shakespeare. The lachrymose sentiments expressed in their wildest flights in *The Cenci*, and some of the poems of *Kekârav*, have stood pre-eminent for summoning and calling to attention pity and pathos of the readers. Kalâpi stands matchless in Gujarati literature as a writer of tragic songs. No predecessor of Kalâpi from Narsinh down to the moderns has ever drawn the attention of the poetry-reading public as much as Kalâpi has done.

In Kalâpi there is no "perfection of art," or the studied and polished way of writing poetry which was the chief characteristic of the eighteenth century poets like Pope and Dryden. Kalâpi merely blurted out his thoughts in the first words that came to him, quite negligent of purposely introducing splendour of language and grandeur of colour, though both splendour and grandeur are unconsciously diffused in his poetry.

"Shelley," says Prof. Saintsbury, "dissolves away at times into a flux of words which simply bid good-bye to sense or meaning." Here is a marked contrast to Shelley and Kalâpi. On no occasion does Kalâpi feed himself on diet of dainty words. He has never produced a single poem or a single lyric, being hollow and declamatory within, but sounding like a flourish of trumpets without. Kalâpi's language is simple and his thoughts deep, though not always original. At times Kalâpi rises to grave eloquence with an air of majestic pomp. He never drops into prosaic diction, and I have never known any occasion when Kalâpi stoops to writing formless, measureless and contemptible little Gujarati blank verse which seems to be the genuine and novel mode of writing poetry to some of the modern Gujarati poets. Shelley used to handle "terza rima" with extraordinary ease, and he stands supreme in

lyrical realm. Kalâpi, too, had wonderful lyrical ability. Some of his small poems written in *Trotak* and other *Ragnis* (રાગણી) may be considered as true songs and lyrics.

Kalâpi at times indulges himself in praise of sensuous beauty as we see in *Keli-Smaran*. This reminds one of Marlowe's Hero and Leander and Shakespear's Venus and Adonis, though Kalâpi's *Keli-Smaran* is extremely small in comparison to the above two.

Kalâpi had no vein for humour. He was totally destitute of humour, as almost all poets of despondency have been.

Though Kalâpi has not produced any lyrical drama that can match with *Prometheus Unbound* or any tragedy like *The Cenci*, still his tragic earnestness is revealed in his exquisite little chants and songs. *Kekârav* must therefore be rightly considered as the monument of tuneful and pathetic chants. Every devotee of Gujarati literature earnestly mourns the lack of such works as Shelley's *Queen Mab*, in which "Shelley's genius," remarks a critic of renown, "is like a subterranean fount which occasionally projects a stream of beautiful spray." *Alastor*, which is "the Nemesis of solitary souls," and *Laon and Cythna*, where Shelley gives full utterance to all the desires of his heart.

Kalâpi has neither the "ocean-roll" of Milton, that made the latter dive into the depths of Erebus and soar into the ethereal regions of Elysium, nor the "creative perspicacity" of Shakespeare, that has immortalized his name as the most splendid luminary in the poetic firmament. Kalâpi's poems are strewn with Orient pearls of imagination. There are occasional Bacchanalian lyrics, most of which are written in gazals.

Notwithstanding the immensity of genius, which Kalâpi has unconsciously exhibited in his poems, he is still

in many ways inferior to his rival English poet, who surpasses him on the grounds of being more original, more sensitive, and possessed of higher power of representing a vivid picture of ethereal objects invested with a cry of human woe. What Lord Macaulay remarks of Milton, that "the works of Milton cannot be comprehended or enjoyed, unless the mind of the reader co-operate with that of the writer," is certainly and truly applicable of Kalâpi. A love-sick exile can better appreciate Kalâpi than one who has no experience at all.

The versification of Kalâpi is quite distinct from the modern tendency that has taken and is slowly taking a turn to the once prevalent style of writing *Kâthiawâri Râgni*, which of course is sweeter and of a greater feminine touch than one practised by Kalâpi. Doubtless Dayârâm is, and will remain, a peerless master in the art of writing sweet poems in *Kâthiawâri Ragni*.

KALÂPI'S POSITION IN GUJARATI LITERATURE.

It is a difficult task for me to estimate a just position of Kalâpi in the history of Gujarati literature, still I trust my humble opinion will not be considered an unjust one if I say that Premânand, Akho, Sâmal and Dayârâm, are decidedly higher and brighter luminaries in the poetic spheres than Kalâpi; still, among the moderns, I do not know who else can outshine him. To secure him a just and deserving place in the history of Gujarati literature, we all must truly and sincerely recognise that Kalâpi (peacock) is beyond question the austere peacock with variegated plumes, soaring in the firmament of poetry, and that his *Kekârav* is the melodious and majestic, potent and powerful, serene and sublime voice of the peacock, and hence his friend is rightly to be admired for naming the collections of Kalâpi as *Kekârav*, though this title admits of the fault of tautology or redundancy, since "keka

is nothing more than "rav," and "rav" signifies the same sense as "keka."

Shelley says :—

" When the lamp is shatter'd
The light in the dust lies dead—
When the cloud is scatter'd
The rainbow's glory is shed."

Alas ! Shelley and Kalâpi—the ethereal lamps are shattered, and the light consequently has been mingled in the regions of darkness ; the prismatic colours of rainbow now no more enchant the eye, since the retinue of cloud has faded ; still the ambrosial fragrance of their immortal fame and glory continues, and shall unceasingly continue, to " live within the sense they quickened " by their wild raptures of poetic inspiration.

What a fascinating garden of Paradise had this garden of literature been, if these two budding flowers had bloomed to their final stage ! What delicate perfume the denizens of this earth would have enjoyed had they been saved from the relentless scythe of Time ! But, alas ! inscrutable are the mysteries of Providence and limited the powers of man, hence " Let us all honour," as the great Victorian thinker Carlyle says, " unto the Empire of Silence ! "

HIRALAL M. DESAI.

Bombay

THE USES OF RELATIONSHIP.

IF any text were essential to an exposition of the uses of relationship, such text might be suitably extracted from an utterance recorded as spoken by the Secretary of State for the Colonies in the course of an interview with a correspondent of *The New York Times* during mid-February of the present year. He declared on that occasion, "The war will have changed all our relations." That assertion is no doubt accurate. The declaration is definite and it is undeniable. The words employed composed a prophecy certain of fulfilment, inspired by a deep cognition of circumstances and a far-seeing faculty for probing into possibilities.

Histories must be recompiled, maps re-constructed, geography re-modelled. These things, and more, are apparent; they furnish *prima facie* evidence of inevitable translations and transformations. The recorder of events, besides taking these obvious and important happenings into his scheme, will not, if his intention be in anywise exhaustive, rest content without dwelling also upon the spiritual outlook. He must, perforce, tabulate political and economic phases of the position as well. He must, too, dive into the wide ocean of human relationship and discover, if he may, the new movement of that relationship as affected and impelled by the stupendous doings of

day! Such an upheaval of the waters of life as we are breathlessly beholding is unlikely ever to recur.

The horror and the hope of it all are alike unique. Rulers of races, inspired to all appearance by vast and varied interests, have involved themselves, or, rather, have become involved, in the coils of a colossal and sanguinary struggle—hence the horror.

Over and above Powers and Dominions, the Umpire of the Universes lives and leads. His unerring hand holds all reins; His compelling voice, even if scarcely heard by the combatants because of the close clamour of their battle-fields, commands each movement and controls the whole, —hence the hope.

Religion and philosophy are at one in faith of this control which is not only paramount but penetrating, and pregnant with eternal beneficent bounty. It has many names in many nations, yet that which exists is one, although wise men call it variously.

“ There lives a Master in the hearts of men,
Maketh their deeds, by subtle pulling-strings,
Dance to what tune He will. With all thy soul
Trust Him, and take Him for thy succour, Prince !
So—only so, Arjuna !— shall thou gain
By grace of Him—the uttermost repose ”

The Song Celestial.

Our own Shakespeare—for surely all the Empire can acclaim and acclaim him, while all the world is celebrating him reverently in 1916—penned the same theme :—

“ There’s a divinity doth shape our ends,
Rough-hew them how we may.”

One remembers, too, the delightful and uplifting poem “ Pippa Passes,” in which Robert Browning proclaims

the sons and daughters of men to be "God's puppets," a theory explanatory of the final fact that "all's right with the world"

It is well and wise that, within the very noise and noisomeness of warfare, we should, in our innermost selves, be possessed of an illimitable strength and grace that cannot fail. It is for us to hold fast to an abiding belief in supreme goodness and benediction, nestling in the recesses of man's soul. Two considerations, therefore, stand before us, firmly, steadfastly the unity of humanity and the sovereign direction of human affairs. The former of these two implies the intimate and inseparable relationship concerning whose uses we are immediately interested. The latter endorses that implication by its standard. —One Father of all and one comprehensive kinship.

A modern religionist and reformer hailing from Persia, notwithstanding much suffering which he has undergone, and is still undergoing, asserts emphatically, "All men are of one family. The world should be one home." The Source is One. There is One Parent of all, Who is All in all.

External differences may be multitudinous, but heart-beats strike the universal note. All men, in common, experience hunger and thirst, share sorrow and joy, endure depression, rejoice in aspiration. Various in degree, according to the measure of their evolution, the pulses of the peoples are impelled by the same *motif*.

Each individual, however insignificant, however eminent or magnificent, is close-knit in inviolable relationship with the rest.

At a luncheon given to Russian journalists by representatives of the Imperial Press, the Chairman, Mr. A. G. Gardiner, referred to unity as reflected in their visitors.

visible through many phases of thought, many sharp divisions of opinion in regard to internal affairs. M. Vladimir Narokov responding, showed how relationship existed not only by alliance in war, but in friendliness, mutual esteem and mutual influence in peace. True, entirely and altogether true ; yet the war has its unanticipated but palpable part to play, for as M. Narokov concluded : " It is bound to urge Europe on the one side towards the East, and on the other side towards the Far West." The war will be the notablest moral and spiritual boundary-breaker on which the denizens of earth have gazed. Princes and peoples are fighting side by side. Priests of diverse faiths are with their followers worshipping together the one God. Rigidities of custom and of caste are blending, on this hand, into less stereotyped formation, and on that are meeting with more intelligent and sympathetic appreciation. The unknown is becoming familiar and in the human science it is only the unknown which is feared and, because of fear, discredited.

From Ajaccio in Corsica, a lady, serving in a hospital for wounded Serbians, writes : " I love my soldier boys more and more. They simply won't be dismissed. When they are better and discharged, they come back and back every day to brush my ward and fetch water, etc." One may well wonder in all honesty whether this lady, who renounced a home of luxury and troops of cultured companions to work in this way, could so have learned to love these stranger lads had she not, in single-hearted service, put into action the sense of help and healing, the subtlest and strongest of the uses of relationship.

Another lady-nurse at another hospital, in France, relates how a hundred and eighty soldiers of the Republic were suddenly billeted for a night in the huge dining-room, once the refectory of Cistercian monks and, later, a convent

chapel. Sisters and nurses and orderlies, all women delicately reared, vied with each other in warm welcome of the *poilu*. Only one single night, but on that one night "they sang in our honour for an hour before turning-in." That one night sufficed to evince and to establish relative utility and *camaraderie*. "While it was still black dark on a winter's morning, the hundred and eighty were roused from their straw and their slumber. They were fortified by coffee, hot and strong. Out they came, running through the doors of the lighted chapel and into the gloom of the cloisters where we were waiting to bid good-bye to our guests of a night. As each hurrying indistinct figure reached us, its pace slackened for a moment and a hand was thrust out which sought for our hands in the shadow. 'Merci, Au revoir' Not one of them forgot the little greeting."

"A stream of unknown, unrecognisable friends on their way to—Joffre knows where! Yet after all, the friendship, short as it was, might be considered eminently satisfactory; each party having made an excellent impression on the other. The one gave what little it had to give, and the other received it gratefully." British gentlewomen and French soldiers of the line, acknowledged, accepted relationship. Race, caste, religion, were smitten by the impact of a common cause, by the splendid sweetness of a mutual understanding.

To what fulness of extent the new impulse will direct the stream of relationship and its proportionate realisation, it is not for the present writer to predict. Signs, however, are clear and assuring to all but the persistently prejudiced, and these, too, are bound to bear witness to the light eventually.

London, among the multitude of its meetings, held one but a little while ago, which went far towards prov-

ing our position. Islam was in evidence, Jews, Parsis, Buddhists, Confucianists, were present. Old Catholics sent a representative, as also did Materialists. Hindus and Christians moved together in amicable converse. Spain, Russia, Italy, Egypt, Persia, Japan, each of these lands had sons or daughters there. Such gatherings are becoming familiar things. Perhaps—who knows?—the war, with all its horror and with all its hope, is destined to call men to worship at one shrine, to apprehend and comprehend the relationship that is their heritage.

"We may hope," writes Sir James Yoxall, M.P., "that a continual brotherhood is being formed by this great sacrifice." Faith is the substance of things hoped for, and, if hope be real, it will verify its reality by the labour which proves faith. Lessons of war and of peace urge work rather than words, action rather than conversation. The stage is set, the book committed to memory. Examples afforded by great actors of the past excite all that is admirable in competition and emulation. The world grows more aware of its present power, of its future fortune. It is at least, and at last, beginning to grasp something of the significance of the values of acceptance and renunciation. Acceptance implies the recognition of some elements of wisdom and goodness in each nation, each people, each unit. Renunciation, among many other worthy things, means the setting aside of race-antagonisms, prejudices, predispositions. It means the rejection of much that seems desirable, even adorable. It means that "possession" of goods or of conventions does not lead far upon the Perfect Way. Accept the truth in this religion and in that; the philosophic basis of all religions and all creeds. Accept the utility and wholesomeness of unfamiliar customs. Accept, what is perhaps still more difficult, the possibility of utility and wholesomeness in matters which may appear

to be perverse in politics and in uneven economies. Renounce emphasis on "I" and "My"; for, indeed, "I" cannot—since it is human to err—be always in the right; nor can "My" view of things general, or particular, be in every iota accurate.

"Strength," said an eminent Hindu monk, "must come through education," and it is to education that we must look for the root, the branches, bloom and fruit of the uses of relationship. Education on each side and all sides; education which will not insist on one view only, but will equally insist on a practical intimacy with other stand-points. Through kindly and acquiescent knowledge of one people and another many felicitous discoveries are proved practicable and practical. From the assimilation of hitherto untried, and therefore descried, methods of cuisine and clothing, great and good results accrue. Food first wondered at, then condemned if need be, or surprisingly appraised. Etiquette once laughed at or patronisingly smiled upon because its origin was not understood, meets with applause when studied at close quarters, and is, if not adopted, treated with comprehensive courtesy.

Dealing with the fascinating theme "Spiritual Communications in War Time," M. Maurice Maeterlinck handles his subject with a touch at once delicate and decisive. "It seems more and more certain that, as cells of one vast organism, we are connected with everything that exists by an infinitely intricate network of waves, vibrations, influences, currents and fluids. . . . Sometimes an exceptional circumstance suddenly reveals to us the existence of the infinite living network by the vibrations and undeniable operation of one of its threads." Such a circumstance unparalleled, gigantic, is with us in this war.

Conscious and sub-conscious action and reaction in its phases of wondrous possibilities.

Indian philosophy has, from time immemorial, recognised underlying forces of supreme value rooted in the very being of mankind, responding to movement of nature herself. Relationship of one to all and of all to one is the keynote of the motion of all and of the goal toward which all are wending. The West is learning the great lesson whose every chapter and every verse records the evolution of the apparent Many in the direction of an ultimate understanding union with the One. May we not indicate, as a famous finger-post on the way, the foundation-stone of the Hindu University at Benares? Therein, at all events, one marks that marble slab as an imperishable promise of "a central educational institution to preserve and promote the ancient civilisation and culture and to instruct youths in the sacred precepts of Hindu religion." Therein one witnesses the approaching extremity of "the bogey of religious intolerance," because "a deep belief in and reverence for one's own religion ought to foster a spirit of respect for the religious convictions of others," and because "signs are not wanting that the day is dawning when tolerance and good-will shall take the place of fanaticism and hatred."

More; therein one sees that the word "toleration" shall be replaced by the broader, more beautiful, really pious term "acceptance"; for the flowers of the earth vary in scent and in colour even as the stars of the firmament differ in glory; yet each blossom, as each star, accepts both positions as right and good in the colossal cosmos which comprehends what we catalogue as the little or the large.

Therein, too, one has to note that state-craft and management of affairs must fall in line also with religious and philosophic progress.

India will take her place proudly in the imperial march. Relationship, impressing its worth more and more upon the public mind, will compel a reciprocity that must sway, and be swayed, by impulses from East and West ; just as the various members of a family impel one another by ties of kinship, aided rather than retarded by differences in appearance and in temperament. Not only will India stand upon her own feet, but she will attain an altitude which cannot fail to affect the Empire for great and greatening good. She will enthrone herself amid her ancient splendours and her renaissance. She will strive for and reach the significance of that stupendous strength which comes to the individual and the people, the strength that arrives, through unflinching faith, at personal and collective belief in invulnerable relationship.

Great Britain knows something of her deep indebtedness to Hindustan and, as the days depart, she will know more and revere more. Illimitable patience and illimitable hope will create a solidarity of progress side by side.

ERIC HAMMOND.

London.

KASHMIR PAPIER MACHE INDUSTRY.

KASHMIR is a land where Nature is entirely gracious. Its fertile lands through which the broad-bosomed Jhelum and its numerous tributaries meander ; its mirror-like lakes reflecting the mountains clothed in various hues and shades and crested with snow ; its lovely sceneries of green woods and meadows , and its ideally healthy climate —these form subjects of songs rapturously sung by poets like Moore and Tollemache

Beautiful environments have the effect of making man beautiful and of polished taste, and this explains the fact that the inhabitants of the Happy Valley are intelligent and quick in appreciating Nature's finest sceneries which they reproduce with marvellous fidelity in their works of art.

Speaking of olden times, the simple life the Kashmiri lived left him in peace and plenty and enabled him to concentrate his whole soul on his work and kept his mind free and receptive to the voices of Nature and his own inspiration—the soul of Nature speaking to the soul of man. This cannot unfortunately be said of the Kashmiri of the present day whose artistic intellect, under the influence of modern craze for cheapness, and by the stress of living in these hard times, is somewhat dulled. His art-works show marked degeneration in respect of

technique, colour, lighting, and other qualities. He has lost the large conception of his ancestors, though he still retains the artistic skill and cunning inherited by him from his forefathers.

Papier mache is an art which Kashmir can claim as peculiarly its own. It was introduced, among many other arts, into Kashmir from Samargand by King Zainulabdin who reigned from 1323 to 1374 A.D. Possessed of broad and tolerant outlook and dominated with a desire to benefit mankind, he ruled with such equity and justice and did so much to improve the material prosperity of the people that one cannot fail to admire him. His benevolent rule demands special homage, inasmuch as he lived at a period when he had no worthy and enlightened contemporary to emulate. In the world around him he could have found little to help him. He was a potentate encouraged to be tyrannical and selfish by tradition and especially by the examples of his father, Sikander the iconoclast, the account of whose horrible deeds blacken many a page of the *Rajatarangini*. Zainulabdin was deservedly surnamed Bad Shah or Great king. In spite of six centuries having rolled by since he lived, his name is still remembered with genuine reverence and gratitude. Take the name of Bad Shah before a Kashmiri and at once he will, with a happy countenance, rhyme it with "Pad Shah."

The process of making *papier mache* is very elaborate. First, several layers of Kashmiri paper are pasted on the mould of a required article, or *vasal* as is called by the workmen, and then pulp made of Kashmiri scrap paper pounded and mixed with rice paste is laid to requisite thickness, and over it again is pasted Kashmiri paper, layer upon layer by the repeated slow process of drying and adding. After obtaining the correct shape, the mould is removed. Then the surface is made even by rubbing it with a file. After

that, it is wrapped round with thin cloth and covered with *gutch*. The *gutch* used must be from an old plastered wall of a room, which is ground fine and mixed with glue and water. The surface is then smoothed by rubbing it gently with a piece of hard burnt brick, called *Kurk* in 'Kashmiri. Over this is applied a stain, called *astar* by the workmen, which is prepared by rubbing together with water a kind of stone called *basvatar* which is found in a quarry at Manasbal. On this stain is applied *safeda kashgari* (white powder) mixed with glue and water, and over it the *zamin* or ground colour is applied. This colour may be gold, cochineal, ultra marine, white lead, verdigris, etc. When dry, the outlines are generally drawn with *zarda* or yellow colour, and the spaces delineated for floral work are stained with *astar* and white paint. Then the floral work in different colours is traced. The art lies here. It is an interesting sight to see an old artist, elaborating from memory, without the aid of any geometrical instruments, patterns of difficult artistic designs in rich and subdued colours. The opening work, called *rakha* or *partaz* by the workmen, is done with crimson or any other appropriate colour. If the floral work is to be done in gold or silver, then over the spaces left for such work is applied the *dor*, a preparation made of *zarda* mixed with glue and sugar, and over it are applied gold or silver leaves. The leaves stick to only those parts where the *dor* has been applied. The opening work on gold or silver is done with soot dissolved in water with glue, or with purple or crimson colours. When thoroughly set, the whole is varnished with *kahruba* (amber) or *sandirus* (copal) dissolved in linseed oil. It is then kept in the sun to dry. After it dries, the surface is rubbed with a wet grass rope and washed clean. After this, gold or silver leaves are dissolved in water with salt and glue, and with it further opening

work is done. Then the surface is polished by rubbing it with a piece of *yasham* stone (jade) which is imported from Khutan. Last of all, another coating of varnish is applied and it is dried in the sun.

The art of *papier mache* is pursued by only the Kashmiri Muhammadans of the Shia sect, there being only one Suni family pursuing this profession. There is only one man in the whole of Kashmir who can draw sketches of crests on *papier mache* work, which are so correctly drawn as to come up to the accuracy of photographs. This man is a Pandit, named Naran Muftsagar. He is about 80 years old and, having no son or a near relative, has not taught the mysteries of his art to anyone, with the selfish object of keeping the monopoly to himself. With his death therefore this branch of the art of *papier mache* will sustain a heavy blow, unless in the meantime the thought of his approaching death persuades him to give up his selfishness and teach his art to someone. There were many master artists in the past who carried the *papier mache* art to the highest pitch of excellence and the last one was Sayid Turab who died about 40 years ago.

The number of *papier mache* workmen is about 150. They earn decent sums of money, but assured of their readily paying labour, they at once spend all they get, not caring for the morrow. The consequence is that sometimes a workman finds no fuel in his house to cook his meal with, but, assured of his firm position in the labour market, he dismantles light-heartedly the timber wall of his house and uses it for the fuel, re-erecting it next day by selling the products of his skill. So his timber wall is like the model of his art, *viz.*, Nature, undergoing alternate destruction and construction. At present *papier mache* articles, valued at Rs. 15,000 are made annually. At one time goods valued at Rs. 10,000 were sold at Kabul, and Rs. 20,000

in France and other European countries. The articles in demand in Kabul were snuff boxes, pen cases (*qalamdāns*), and trays. The *qalamdāns* were of two kinds, *masnadi* (small) and *farshi* (large). Shields, bows and arrows with case, and combs were also made. Every Pandit in former times had a *qaalamdan* of his own which he carried in the girdle bound over his *pahiran* or garment round his loin or under his armpit wherever he went. These *qalamdāns* were exquisite works of art.

The Lamas of Lhasa at one time indented for a kind of table called *Saksha* on which were placed two books (*Fekru*) and nine pieces of wood. The table was beautifully worked in Chinese pattern in gold and red and green medallions.

Under the influence of the French shawl agents, other articles were made, such as boxes, vases and *surahis*. Shawls were sent to France in *papier mache* boxes which were separately sold there at high prices. Lacquered work was also used for the decoration of ceilings, and various other purposes such as palanquins, howdas, etc.

Rs. 500 were formerly collected as tax by the State from *papier mache* workmen in Srinagar, which tax was remitted by His Highness the late Maharaja Ranbir Singh in 1876. No workman of one firm could be employed by another without permission, lest he should divulge the art secrets of one to the other. Maharaja Ranbir Singh greatly patronised this industry and usually presented *papier mache* coffee sets to his European friends.

The articles usually made now are picture frames, screens, bedstead legs, tables, teapots, trays, vases and glove, handkerchief, card and stamp boxes, candle-sticks, writing sets and various other articles. The work is extended to floral decorations and illuminations of books, memorials, etc.

Papier mache work has greatly deteriorated of late. The articles formerly made were marked for colourings -- subdued, subtle and full of gradations of tone and shade. The preparation of a pigment required many days' hard labour of rubbing it in a pestle with mortar and then it became so permanent as to last an age undated, but now cheap aniline dyes and German gold dust mixed with glue and sugar and dissolved in water, and copal varnish with turpentine or spirit of wine are usually used which have no permanency. The best *qalamdars* are now seldom made, for there is no demand for them; the times have changed, inkstands, pens, penknives and scissors, which the *qalamdars* were meant to contain, being provided free by the State to all clerks on their office tables which often jumble up like kitchen pots and spoons, soiling both the kitchen and the cook. The present-day *qalamdan* is the black and ugly stylographic pen with an unreliable nib to boot.

In place of paper, wood is now used. *Papier mache* on imported card or straw millboards passes for real work made on pulp and Kashmiri paper. Silver or white lead on yellow paint, and over it a coating of the varnish made of *pyur* dissolved in linseed oil, passes for gold work. No pains are taken to prepare a proper *zamin*, and the designs and workmanship are very inferior and often hideous. The quaint shaped *surahs* or vases, the moulding of which is very difficult, are now seldom made. The old designs have given place to modern ill-conceived patterns. The new designs are iris, chenar, cherry blossom, tulip and hyacinth with a great display of colours but destitute of art. The intricate free-hand scrolls are no more seen. The colours are bad and the varnish is not properly applied. An old *papier mache* article would retain its colour for 50 years or more and was none the worse even if dipped in

water for days. It is a great pity that this beautiful art should be sacrificed for the sake of cheapness.

What, then, is to be done to stem the tide of this deterioration? The root cause of the deterioration of this and other works of true art is misunderstood utilitarianism and sordid avarice

People generally fill their houses with shoddy and showy abominations which serve simply to debase and degrade their art sense. If you want a picture frame, have one of the best workmanship or else have none. It is better to keep the room empty than have cheap showy goods which, instead of decorating, disfigure it. It is necessary to arouse among the people a true appreciation of art and beauty which is as much an essential factor of the mind as is the capacity to recognise that two and two make four. They must realise that man does not live by bread alone, and that art is no luxury but the common property of both the poorest and richest. It tends to elevate the mind and to create a dislike for all that is mean, dirty and sordid. The very presence of graceful things at home is an education for all, and life, even in poverty, becomes pleasant when clad in beauty. When this taste is fostered and this sense of appreciation of beauty is aroused and the dislike for tawdry and vulgar rubbish is engendered in the minds of the people, then and then alone there will be demand for the supply of works of real beauty and art, with the result that the artisan will receive the encouragement he deserves, and the beautiful past will expand and grow into a still more beautiful future. This will come about when education on æsthetic lines is imparted both in school and college and the interest of our boys is awakened to their country's treasures of art and to all that is beautiful and true. There can be no doubt that the æsthetic faculty is a part of divine nature

which lifts mankind above the brute creation. Education on such lines would also react in immensely relieving and brightening the often dry and uninteresting routine of school and college work. "Art is a moral and intellectual educative force," says Mr. E. B. Havell, a great authority on Oriental Arts. It would enable the boys to appreciate what culture really means.

Side by side with the education of the type recommended, there should be technical education imparted to those boys who cannot go higher than a secondary school, so that the arts and the accumulated skill and cunning of centuries in the manufacture of materials and wares which have commanded the admiration of the world may be preserved and improved. The Kashmiri has a great natural aptitude for ornamental designs which can be easily developed. He has the power within himself to carry on the great traditions of the past in the beauty and skill of his workmanship. What he now requires is the bringing of his eye, mind and brain into systematic and organic co-operation with his hand which can be accomplished by technical education. Such an education will vitalise and breathe a new life into the industrial arts which will be the source of immense material prosperity to the country.

His Highness the Maharaja, whose benevolent and glorious reign is distinguished for advancing the welfare of the country, has established a Technical Institute which is presided over by an expert, Mr. F. H. Andrews. They are really fortune-builders of the country who avail themselves of technical education offered to them—an education calculated to promote their power of thinking, observing and experimenting correctly. Having attained this power, they will work wonders in developing the industrial arts and crafts, so that this country, which

is a focus of attraction for seekers of health and lovers of natural beauty, will also be a centre of real interest to art lovers all the world over.

ANAND KOUL.

Srinagar.

RAINBOW LOVE.

Ah ! when thine eyes burnt into my dim soul,
 Unlit before by Love's unending flame,
 No vital spark showed where, beyond the goal,
 The prize was waiting for Love's power to claim.
 From lands beyond th' expanse of Ocean wide,
 Where gleam the stars each night, fierce suns each day,
 To the cold Northern shores of Albion's pride
 Tho' far apart from each, Love found a way.
 You spake to me in gentle Eastern tongue,
 That rocked my breast with passion uncontrolled ;
 For n'er before such words my senses wrung,
 For n'er had seen my Destiny foretold.
 —And then you left me, just as you had come,
 Silently, without sweet, or sad farewell ;
 I listened for your footfall near my home,
 I prayed in words I dare not breathe, or tell.
 And after years of stillness—long drawn hours ;
 Grown old at last. The saplings that I fed
 Outgrew my stature, and their leaves and flowers
 Now twine in stately grandeur o'er my head.

They tell me you have found the Shadow Land,
So I must linger on alone till Death
Comes gently forward with a beckoning hand,
To steal and hush my latest sigh, and breath.

And were we two on earth, though one in heart ?
Like rainbow's limbs that span the green woods' zone
Two separate lives—ah no ! though far apart
In the high heaven—' the Promise Bow ' is *one* ! *

CHARLOTTE M. SALWEY.

England.

* How often the lives of those born to influence each other are like the Arched Rainbow—planted far apart on the fair earth, but in reality springing from one centre which is in heaven. On earth they seem, and are wide separated—in Heaven they are *one*.

SHAKESPEARE AS A SCHOOL-LAD.*

(The Tercentenary Interpreted for Boys and Girls.)

THREE hundred years ago Shakespeare drew his last breath in the home he had earned for himself, a few paces from his old school, and no contemporary writer marked his passing away as an untimely event. The great bell of the Guild Chapel tolled for him—but the great voice of the world which acclaims him so loudly to-day, was then dumb. Thomas Carlyle writes of this silence in the following eloquent lines —

“ William Shakespeare, the beautifullest English
 “ soul this England confesses to have ever made,—the
 “ pink and flower of remembered Englishmen ; the
 “ greatest thing, it appears, that we have yet done and
 “ managed to produce in this world, --of him English
 “ history says— Nothing ! ”

It is a strange, but always notable fact that genius is very seldom recognised or honoured in life, but only after death. Nothing is easier than to praise the dead. They are in nobody's way of success. But a living person possessing rare mental qualities is, and must always be, in the way of smaller men. We are told in Holy Writ that ‘ a prophet is not without honour, save in his own country and in his own home.’ This is quite true of all

* It might be suggested that the article is suitable for being read aloud to boys and girls assembled in school.

remarkable personalities—and Shakespeare forms no exception to the rule. When he was a small boy at school, under the tuition of one Walter Roche, there was apparently no idea or suggestion that he was an exceptionally clever boy. He bore no marks about him of his future destiny. It would take a wiser man than any head-master ever was or ever will be, to say which of his pupils is likely to influence the world. I had the pleasure of addressing the boys in Shakespeare's old school at Stratford-on-Avon the other day. No one looking at them could hazard a guess as to the *one* who shall write his name large on the scroll of his country's history. He was there—no doubt he was there—though probably he doesn't know it himself,—not yet. But boys are all the “possibilities” of famous men. If we should go into a sculptor's studio and see lumps of clay occupying the space, we should not be able to tell which might be used for a statue of Apollo, or which for Hercules. It is the same thing with a school. Statues are not made there, but *men*—and no pains are spared in the making; but it is impossible to predict how they will turn out, when finished! In the case of Shakespeare, his first head-master, Mr. Roche, does not appear to have meditated with pardonable pride on the ability or progress of his pupil; nor have we any ground for imagining that Mr. Hunt, who succeeded Roche, ever patted William's remarkable head and said: ‘Well done!’ But it must not be supposed therefore that the masters of this school were unintelligent or poorly educated. They were always graduates in a university, and the town councillors took care to select the best they could get. Roche and Hunt were both Oxford men, and there can be no doubt that Shakespeare owed much of his first knowledge of the classics to their tuition. This school was at that period in no sense inferior to the greatest schools of England; and its head-

master was then paid double the salary of the head-master of Eton. The head-master of Eton had ten pounds a year; but the head-master of *this* school had twenty pounds, with the proviso that he was to have another twenty, 'if he could get it'. Whether he ever did, is another story! Pounds were a great deal more in Elizabethan days than they are now: therefore the post of head-master of Stratford-on-Avon Grammar School was fairly lucrative, and considered more desirable than that of Eton. The school was free to all the sons of Burgesses, so that Shakespeare's education cost nothing to his parents. In his time he would have met as companions here not only the boys of the town, but many of the sons of the county people. This should not be forgotten, as it throws a light on some of the poet's later friendships among young men of what is called 'quality'. Warwickshire 'quality' was a very particular thing of its own in those days (as of course it is now!), and an ancient writer named Becon (*not* Bacon), author of a book called *The Jewel of Joy*, which he dedicated to the Princess Elizabeth in 1549, speaks of it as "the most intellectual of English counties." Now, if it carried such a hall-mark of intellectuality sixteen years before Shakespeare was born, what must it, what *ought* it to be now, three hundred years after his death, and 'fed up' on him all that time! The mind almost staggers at the thought of such a store of ripened wit and wisdom! And 'by these presents' Warwickshire should be the very top and crown of the world in light and leading! At any rate we may suppose that if in 1549 it was "the most intellectual of English counties," then surely, when Shakespeare attended this school—probably about 1571—he had as good an education as any boy at any school in England.

To an imaginative mind books are the bread of life. Shakespeare must have devoured any and every book that

came in his way. The love of reading is in itself an education, and his plays prove how much and how closely he studied the literature of his time. But, though he was destined for an immortal heritage of fame second to none, I do not suppose he showed the least sign of any such future distinction when at this school. Personally speaking, I think he must have been very much like other boys, up to all sorts of mischief, and that if he were a boy again now, we should not be able to pick him out as a genius. If we could do so, I'm afraid it would rather go against him, as he might be tiresome and hardly a boy at all. I like to believe that he was probably what is called 'a handful,' brimming over with health and high spirits, full of 'vim' and vitality. I am quite sure he was not an apathetic or 'half alive' boy with only a dull sense of plod in his brain. He must have been alert and wide awake to everything he could see or hear or learn. But probably he was so little remarkable among his companions at school that if they noticed him at all, it might be only to 'rag' him on the personal subject of his expansive forehead and ask him if there was anything behind that big front door!

You may perhaps think it strange that I should choose to write on such a subject as "Shakespeare at School," when nothing is known of his school-days. But there is another School—far more important than this or any—which Shakespeare attended regularly, and where he became the most brilliant scholar the world has ever seen, carrying off all first honours—I mean the School of Nature. There he learned every lesson that was set before him, and certainly missed nothing.—It was his close and sympathetic observation of small things as well as great, and his power of seeing *beyond* the material object to its spiritual significance that gave him such keen clearness of thought and

mastery of language. It was not with a vague, casual or half attentive ear that he listened to the singing of the

“gentle lark, weary of rest,”

or watched the exquisite little bird

“from his moist cabinet mount up on high”;—

and it was not without the inner perception of the spiritual sweetness and suggestiveness of that simple flower, the violet, that he made poor crazed Ophelia say

“I would give you some violets, but *they* withered all when my father died!”

No writer of ancient or modern times was ever so *im*-personal as Shakespeare. We cannot imagine him ‘posing’ as a genius, or allowing himself to be ‘interviewed’ and turned into pounds, shillings and pence by the paragraphist and the camera-man. We cannot see in him any trace of that insufferable conceit, always coupled with inefficiency, which unfortunately spoils many of our latter-day dramatists and verse-writers, who are, all of them, as compared with Shakespeare, like midges dancing for a day in the beams of an eternal sun. It is instructive to remember that he, of whom as Carlyle tells us history says nothing, was no doubt often coldly passed by in these very streets of Stratford by his fellow-townsmen who, if their own records are to be accepted, made his residence among them as uncomfortable as they could. For, in those rigidly Puritan days he was probably considered rather ‘doubtful’ as an acquaintance, not being ‘in the county,’—*not* with ‘the landed gentry’—and making his money out of the wicked play-house. And a number of mean and petty annoyances were thrust upon him, for instance, whereas the Town Council fee for the performance of a play in the Guildhall there was formerly ten shillings, it was promptly raised to ten pounds as soon as Shakespeare settled in New Place. Here is plainly

shown a neighbourly desire to put every obstacle in the way of his work, as far as his own town was concerned. But if he was the man Ben Jonson 'loved, this side idolatry,' he would have been more sorry than hurt by these little 'slings and arrows of outrageous fortune', sorry that the town to which he had returned to spend the money he had earned among his native people should understand him so little.

The chief thing to be learned from the very scarce details of Shakespeare's life, is that he sank himself altogether in his work, and in this sense was always 'at school'—that is, always studying men and matters,—always gathering new material from the miracle of life. The secret of happiness is, to be thoroughly *alive*; to get a good grip on things both human and divine, and to express the full consciousness of this warm, inward vitality in both manner and speech. How quickly the heart leaps to the all-vital person! How surely we are repelled by the cold, half-frozen soul! Two boys may spend an afternoon boating on the river, and one, having no real vitality in him, will not be happy unless stimulated by the whirr and shriek of a gramophone, the other, with a clear brain, will be delighted with the mere aspect of natural beauty, and will revel in the reflections of the trees, the skies or the flowers, full of his own thoughts. It is needless to say which boy is likely to turn out the cleverest man. The one is thinking; the other is deliberately hindering himself from thought. Now, thought is the great motive force of the world. It was the power and clearness of his thought that made the fame of Shakespeare; thought which was not for himself but for all the world, in one grand, comprehensive view, as though he stood on some vast height, overlooking this planet just as we might overlook a field from the summit of a hill. He saw all Nature spread out before him and

Man *in* Nature ; and from this imperial attitude of vision he wrote the truths which we—three hundred years after his death—know to be still true. ‘ At school ’ he always remained on earth, till he passed to the higher education of worlds unseen—having glorified his country by his work, and left a name and fame to his people that shall be their pride till England itself is no more.

And now, in conclusion, I hardly dare say that I hope the fine old school may produce another Shakespeare, for I do not expect another Shakespeare will ever be forthcoming anywhere ! But I do think it possible and very probable that from among the Stratford boys of to-day may come more than one hero and more than one possible man of genius who will set his face against the curse of social hypocrisy, who will speak or write with the courage of his opinions ; who will use the noble English language plainly, sincerely and without slang, and who, above all things, will be such a lover of his country that he will cherish its honour and greatness far more than life or his own self-interest. We need such men ; men of the proud and dauntless Elizabethan spirit for whom England was the world ! If there is one among them to-day who is conscious of such a spirit, he can have no better encouragement than the words of that marvellous schoolboy of olden time .

“ To thine own self be true,
And it must follow, as the night the day,
Thou canst not then be false to any man ! ”

MARIE CORELLI.

England.

TWO CRIPPLED LIBERTIES.

THE suspension of controversies during the war is a counsel of perfection. At the present moment public men in India are girding their loins to fight for two liberties, which they think have been endangered by the action of a provincial Government and of the Secretary of State himself. One is the liberty of the press, and the other the liberty of suing the Government in a court of law. The press in India is practically as free as it is in England. In Lord Minto's time the publication of seditious literature became so serious a danger to the public peace that a special law was passed to bring printing presses under stricter control. Under this law a press may be asked to furnish security, and the Government is not bound to explain the reason to the person from whom the security is demanded. The Local Government may declare the security to be forfeited if in its opinion the press is used for the purpose of printing or publishing "any newspaper, book, or other document, containing any words, signs or visible representations which are likely or may have a tendency directly or indirectly, whether by inference, suggestion, allusion, metaphor, implication, or otherwise, to bring into hatred or contempt the Government." If the press is to be continued, a fresh deposit of security may be demanded, and if in the opinion of the Local Government the offence is repeated, the press as well as the security

may be declared forfeited. In both these cases the reasons for the declaration must be recorded, and the aggrieved printer may appeal to the High Court. The language of the section is so wide that a High Court can seldom interfere with an order of forfeiture, but anyhow the reasons must be explained. Sir Lawrence Jenkins, as Chief Justice of the Calcutta High Court, has observed that the language of the section is "as wide as human ingenuity can make it." I rather think that there is more pedantry than ingenuity in it. A high authority has remarked that the Anglo-Indian codes are refreshingly free from that pedantic verbiage which load the sections of English statutes. The draftsman, who was not content to say "directly or indirectly," but added "whether by inference, suggestion, allusion, metaphor, implication, or otherwise," was no doubt an able man, an intellectual giant, but when a legislator or a statesman by his ability makes people exclaim how tyrannous it is to use one's strength like a giant, he defeats his own purpose. Less elaborate language would have served the object in view equally well, without causing unnecessary alarm and without deserving the strictures of the Chief Justice of Calcutta. Those strictures strengthened the hands of the agitators against the new law. They had public support in India, and they tried to enlist public sympathy in England. But the British public does not minutely scrutinise the language of an Act; it wants to know in a broad, general way, how Indians behave and whether they have any substantial grievances as honest, loyal citizens. Anarchism had made itself conspicuous, sedition was producing unpleasant and startling results, and if a special law was directed against disloyal or mischievous printers, who would take the trouble to examine its precise wording? The agitation failed. Its moving spirit was a Mahomedan journalist, and he has

not fared better after his return from England than before he carried his mission to that fountain-head of authority and influence.

The present agitation is started by an English lady, well known in England as well as in India. When Mrs. Besant became owner of the *New India* press, she was not asked to furnish security : a few weeks ago she was. It appears she had been warned that objectionable sentiments were being disseminated by her paper or other publications. When the security was demanded, she was not informed, and it was not necessary under the Act to inform her, whether in the opinion of the Local Government she had persisted in publishing what had been objected to, or had been guilty of some other offence. She has furnished the security and started the agitation. Other journalists of smaller note had been similarly dealt with before her, but the public did not bestir itself on their behalf—at least not to the same extent. Personalities, like circumstances, alter cases, and now that a prominent figure has been marked down, public meetings have protested against the Press Act generally, and against the demand of security from Mrs. Besant especially, and at the time of writing, it appears a deputation to H. E. the Viceroy has been organised. By the time these lines appear in print, other developments may be expected, but they are not likely to affect the validity of my comments. Mrs. Besant has not indeed been “punished” in the technical sense, and the Act does not require reasons to be recorded, because the demand for security is not in the nature of punishment : it could have been demanded from her at the very outset before her press had published anything at all. But the withdrawal of an exemption, which need not have been granted, was casting a reflection on her conduct : the loss of reputation for sobriety of judgment and innocency of

teaching is to her a more serious injury than the transfer of a couple of thousands from her purse to some other place. Apart from this aspect of what in truth is a punishment, a record of reasons in such cases serves as a piece of guidance to the public. What is more, it serves, from the Government's own point of view, to arrest at its very inception an agitation which must compromise more reputations than one when it is allowed to grow. Sir S. Subrahmanya Aiyer, a devoted follower of the Theosophic leader, remarked at the Madras protest meeting that Mrs. Besant had given offence by her Home Rule campaign. But that was a mere conjecture. Others have guessed that the reins had been tightened because her paper had published sentiments like 'taxation without representation is robbery,' 'the Indian administration is the most expensive alien administration in the world,' 'people are dying for want of food,' 'the Anglo-Indian administration is based on money-grabbing and pleasure-hunting proclivities,' and the like. I have not read these sentences in her paper, and the context of each may modify the impression produced upon the mind by the detached extract. The first sentiment quoted is familiar enough to schoolboys who read English history, and the second will not sound strange in the ears of those who have read Mr. Dadabhai Naoroji's writings. I am not concerned to suggest what Mrs. Besant's offence may have been, if any at all. I wish to point out how the public are left to make their own surmises, and that is a policy hurtful alike to the journalist and to the Government. It has been said that if Mrs. Besant had asked the Magistrate why the order of exemption had been cancelled, he would have shown her the papers. But when once she was treated like a guilty person, it was not her interest to give the Magistrate a chance of establishing his good faith: it became an

obvious part of her strategy to expose the defects in the law and the hardships to which the executive practice gives rise. A change in the law or practice is obviously necessary : it may take a long time to change the law, but the Government of India may issue instructions to the Local Governments that just as reasons are recorded for exempting a person from the general rule of demanding a security, the reasons for cancelling the exemption also may not only be recorded, but communicated to such person. The alternative of not granting an exemption in any case would be a much harsher measure and open to the objection that the executive thwarts the policy of the legislature

The circumstances in which the right to sue the Government has come under discussion are rather peculiar. It is one of the Crown's prerogatives in England not to be sued in the municipal courts. That prerogative did not belong to the East India Company, and as Sir C. P. Ilbert points out, it is not claimed by the Colonial Governments. When the Government of India was transferred to the Crown, the Company's liability to be sued was transferred to the Secretary of State in Council by an Act of 1858, and the Government of India and the Local Governments were prohibited from passing any law inconsistent with that Act of Parliament. In 1912, or rather in a litigation which terminated in that year, it was discovered that the Burma Legislative Council had passed an Act barring suits against Government in respect of rights over land. The Chief Court of Rangoon held that such prohibition was *ultra vires* and the Privy Council confirmed the decision. It appears that similar provisions, inconsistent with the Act of Parliament of 1858 and the Indian Councils Act, have been enacted in other provinces as well, in ignorance or under a mistaken view of the law.

of the Indian constitution, and the question is what is the remedy. The Secretary of State seems to have taken a hint from certain words in the Privy Council's judgment and considered the easiest remedy to be a change of law by Parliament. A repeal of all the unauthorised sections in India, or a validation of the past errors by Parliament, would be other ways of getting out of the difficulty. Though the Secretary of State has asked for a new law extending the authority of the Indian Councils so as to exempt the Government from liability to be sued, his real intention may be to validate the past errors and to issue instructions not to repeat them in future. He does not seem to have any intention of taking away from the people permanently a right which they have enjoyed since the days of the Company. He wants merely a way out of the difficulty caused by the legal advisers and legislators who misinterpreted or overlooked the Acts of Parliament. That the executive Governments should have tried to evade the liability to be sued and the delay and expense of litigation, is not surprising, but that the legal advisers should have overlooked or misappreciated the limitation of the powers of the Indian legislatures, is really strange. The Government is exempted from so many liabilities, in imitation of the prerogatives of the Crown in England, that they seem to have got into the habit of thinking that all those prerogatives might be secured by legislation here. Even the Privy Council tacitly admitted the validity of an unauthorised Indian law in an earlier Bombay case, but in the Burma case it was explained that the point had not been raised in that litigation and was hence overlooked. The East India Company was a trading corporation and was also a body with sovereign rights. Hence in some cases it was liable to be sued and in others not. It must be somewhat irksome to lawyers to investigate ancient history

and to decide in what cases the Government, which does no trading now, may and in what cases it may not be sued. It may be conducive to simplicity and certainty if the law is changed as proposed by the Secretary of State, and if each possible proposal for exemption in future is decided by him on its merits, trusting that in our expanded legislative councils the rights of the subjects will not be further encroached upon. But it may be objected that the non-official element in the legislative councils is not sufficiently strong to protect the right which is so effectually safeguarded by the existing Acts of Parliament. If in a criminal case the issue between the Crown and the prisoner is decided by a court of law, there is really no reason why civil disputes between the Government and the subject should not be similarly submitted to the judgment of the law courts, and the tendency to take away the jurisdiction of the courts does not indicate a constitutional frame of mind and sets a bad example to the people who are expected to cherish a profound respect for the law and the constitution.

A LAWYER.

Bombay.

PESSIMISM AND OPTIMISM

USUALLY after some great catastrophe such as an earthquake, a volcanic eruption or the loss of an ocean liner a shallow controversy springs up in the newspapers as to the intentions of Providence in the matter. Those who wish to "vindicate the ways of God to man" dub themselves "optimists" while they denounce their opponents under what they deem the opprobrious epithet of 'pessimists'. Such a debate springs up among literary men after the earthquake of Lisbon in 1755, memorable as having given occasion to Voltaire's *Candide*—his famous satire on optimism.

Equally loose and popular had been Pope's treatment of the subject in his *Essay on Man*, in which occurs the extravagantly optimistic line "Whatever is, is right."

To find the subject thoroughly discussed from a philosophic standpoint we have to go to Germany. There a doughty champion stands forth on each side of the question—Schopenhauer the upholder of Pessimism and Nietzsche, of Optimism.

Schopenhauer developed his doctrines in his great work, *The World as Will and Idea*. For our present purpose we need only consider the bearing of his philosophy on the question of pessimism or optimism. Schopenhauer himself regarded this as a fundamental question and classified religions not as monotheistic or polytheistic but as pessimistic or optimistic.

The most essential thing in our human composition the German philosopher takes to be the Will. The will is really the character, the essential man. We hold a man responsible only for what he does voluntarily. We do not blame him for deficiencies

of intellect ; we say he cannot help them, but we blame him for moral delinquencies. This will we have in common with the world. The whole world is the offspring of the will to live. From these premises Schopenhauer deduces the misery of the individual. For the will of the individual can never be fully gratified ; the more he wills, the less can he satisfy his will. It is different with Nature. Nature has the right to be optimistic, because her energy and productiveness are inexhaustible. No matter how many men, animals or plants are destroyed, she can produce more. Life with her is a joyous revel. In Schopenhauer's view the individual is sacrificed in this world to the interests of the species and of the general life of the world. No provision is made for the happiness of the individual.

Schopenhauer thus comes to the conclusion that happiness or peace of mind can only be attained by ceasing to will. In this he approaches Buddhism, as he also does in his doctrine of the world as Idea, for like the Buddhists he looks upon the world, as we know it, as illusion or as the product of our own minds. It is a sort of veil before our eyes, hiding from us the real, genuine existence. His view of life also approaches Christianity on the mystic side. For he regards the will as essentially evil, and as the world is the expression of the will it must have begun in sin, just as the Bible teaches by the allegory of the Garden of Eden.

Thus our philosopher regards life as an evil—an evil from which we can only be delivered by subduing our wills. If we cease to will, we cannot be made unhappy by the failure of our wishes. Christianity, and especially the Christian mystics, teach the same lesson. We are to subdue our wills and submit them to the will of God. As Tennyson sings :

“ Our wills are ours to make them Thine.”

Thus Schopenhauer's pessimism, whether we agree with it or not, cannot be called irreligious.

As for means of escape from the evil of life, Schopenhauer's remedy is not quite the same as that of the Christian saints. He admires them but does not follow their methods. His means of relief is to be found in the other aspect of the world—the world as Idea.

We are happiest, in his view, when we forget the will for a time, and calmly contemplate either a beautiful natural object or a beautiful work of art ; or still better, perhaps, hear a beautiful

piece of music. The will side of our being is then quiescent ; our consciousness is simply that of a Knower or Perceiver. The pure relation of subject and object exists. The great beauty and benefit of art is that it calms the will to live, and for the time at least sends it to sleep. So long as you are contemplating, with pure interest in the thing itself, any work of art, you cannot for the moment dream of deriving any benefit from it as a means of promoting everyday life. For the moment you are an immortal being, removed from all temporal cares. That is the great relief and blessing of art. Hence the saying, esteemed a paradox in England : " All art is quite useless."

So much for pessimism. We turn now to optimism. After Schopenhauer came Nietzsche. Schopenhauer died in 1860, and Nietzsche was born in 1844. At first an ardent follower of his great predecessor, he afterwards revolted from Pessimism, and raised the flag of triumphant Optimism. He preached the joy of life and accused the Christians, Buddhists and Schopenhauerians of being miserable cowards. " All these people," he says, " are afraid of life, afraid of pain."

Rejecting them all, he fell back on the Greek view of life, and instead of the mere will to live, asserted the will to Power, the desire to dominate and exploit others, as instinctive in man.

Nietzsche was not a systematic philosopher like Schopenhauer. He proceeds by flashes of insight ; his words are often striking and illuminating, but he is more of a poet or seer than a philosopher. In fact, he deprecated reasoning and argumentation, holding that " opinions, with all their proving, refuting, and intellectual masquerade, are merely symptoms of altered taste, and are certainly not what they are still so often claimed to be, the causes of the altered taste." Of course it often happens that we choose an opinion first and try to find reasons for it afterwards and the arguments we use to other people are often not at all those which have convinced ourselves. So Nietzsche, in the case of any opinion, would inquire, not what arguments have convinced the holders of that opinion, but what is the state of their minds. What is their psychology, which induces them to hold such an opinion. Thus if people preach what are called Christian virtues, such as forbearance, long-suffering, pity, mercy, forgiveness, etc., he would say, probably, such people have been oppressed and down-trodden ; as in reality the early Christians

were. On the other hand, if people exalt the virtues of active courage, audacity, power of governing both oneself and others, leadership, ambition, etc., he would say probably such people are aristocrats or great nobles, such as the Greeks and Romans were who held such views of life. If he were asked, "But which is the true view to take?" he would answer, "That is a matter of taste, but my taste is with the aristocrats."

Notwithstanding the great differences between these two great thinkers and their opposite tendencies, the germ of Nietzsche is to be found in Schopenhauer. That germ is the joy of Nature which Schopenhauer admits, quoting the Latin saying, *Natura non contristatur*, "Nature does not mourn." Nor does the race mourn; the race spirit laughs and flourishes; it is only the individual that mourns. It is upon this text that Nietzsche founds his optimism. He would say: Do not follow Schopenhauer's advice or that of the Buddhists, or of the Christian saints; turn not away from human life to contemplate what you call eternal things, but identify yourself with the human race and with the life of Nature, and in that you will find joy and happiness. All our endeavours should be devoted to benefiting and advancing the human race, in developing to the highest point such a natural aristocracy of intellect and culture as we happen to possess, and in perhaps evolving at a long distant date the Superman.

Thus the two views of life are sharply contrasted. The advantage of taking two men of such clearly defined antagonistic views as these two German philosophers is that we bring into sharp relief the best that can be said both for Pessimism and Optimism. What shall we say, then, to these conflicting views as here presented?

Perhaps no individual life is really worth living in itself, but individual lives may be justified along two distinct lines. Either on the religious line that this life is but one incident in a long spiritual career, or on the Nietzschean line that each individual life must be referred to the race life, and that the race life is worth living.

There is something majestic about the life of a race, the handing down of the torch of life, and this applies to the meanest race of animals or plants as well as to man. When we think of the one particular race (or rather innumerable races) of birds, and reflect on the countless succession of individuals which has flowed

on through the ages, we cannot help evolving in our consciousness the conception of a Vogel-Geist (or Bird-Spirit)—an apotheosis of the race, a general consciousness, a race memory, which presides over everything connected with the production and increase of birds. And the same, of course, applies to other races.

The race, then, has a right to be joyful, and Nietzsche would counsel us to identify ourselves with it—to forget our home in spiritual spheres if we ever had one and concentrate our attention on this life and this world. Instead of aiming at the salvation or progress and development of our own souls, he would recommend us to think only of the onward march of the human race. Whether we finally decide that Nietzsche or Schopenhauer is right, seems to depend on the twist we are able to give our minds. For we are challenged by a double allegiance. The solution of the question depends on how we finally envisage life. Can we frankly deliver ourselves up to the spell of the race and identify ourselves with it, or does an unsubduable suspicion haunt us that we are in the power of an enchantress like the companions of Ulysses in the cave of Circe? Or is not a compromise possible with Nietzsche? May we not frankly and fully play the game so long as we are on this earth, recognising our duties and our allegiance to the race as we recognise our duties on the football-field or the battle-field, and yet never forget that life, like football and even like battles, is but a passing game, and that we have another infinitely wider and more glorious being elsewhere?

Is a person a pessimist who finds external events and the people he happens to associate with almost uniformly disagreeable, but at the same time finds a constant source of comfort and happiness within? Such a person may be very happy, he is an optimist as regards the eternal universe because he carries his own happiness within him, and nothing can deprive him of it, yet he finds his actual tangible surroundings mainly disagreeable. Nietzsche himself found the world an extremely uncomfortable place. Probably indeed, he was the most unhappy man of modern times—the most pathetic of optimists.

Perhaps the best solution of the question would be a sort of personal pessimism combined with race optimism. If, as Edmund Burke said, one cannot frame an indictment against a nation, how can one frame an indictment against the world, or against the that enormous force which is the world? So that even

what I call personal pessimism is to be qualified thus: We are only pessimistic in so far as we do not expect to derive happiness from the world. But even then we are not unhappy; we look for happiness in ourselves. As Victor Hugo said to some despairing person who came to him in deep distress, "Have you not your own soul?"

Schopenhauer himself was not unhappy; he seems to have enjoyed his life very well. But Browning, although the most optimistic of poets, writes:

"I must say—or choke in silence—Howsoever came my fate,
Sorrow did and joy did nowise—life well weighed—preponderate."

Happiness or contentment on a certain low level is easy. All the brutes are probably, as a rule, happy, so long as they are free from physical pain. That is because they are close to Nature and in harmony with her. It is a sort of condemnation of the world, however, that the more highly developed, either intellectually or morally, a man becomes, the more painful does the world become to him.

Finally, a sort of reconciliation may be reached of Nietzsche and Schopenhauer with each other and even with Christianity. For all the three agree that a selfish individual happiness is not possible. All agree ultimately that he who would save his life shall lose it: and he who loses it shall find it. For Nietzsche does not teach a selfish happiness, but the joy of living for the race, especially for the cream of the race, his select body of aristocrats. Patriotism, public spirit, self-sacrifice for comrades—all these are virtues for Nietzsche, as they were for the Greeks and Romans. Thus all finally teach self-sacrifice. Nietzsche, self-sacrifice for one's country or one's race; Schopenhauer, for the sake of one's final peace of mind; and Christianity, for the sake of ecstatic union with God. From self-sacrifice alone can happiness come, and that is why the present war, with all its horrors, has brought no little joy to many; because they have found a worthy cause in which to sacrifice their lives.

WALTER J. BAYLIS.

England.

INDIAN MOTHERHOOD.

A PSYCHOLOGICAL NARRATIVE.

“WHERE is your papa, my boy,” asked the postman of the little urchin who was a very picture of reluctance when thus drawn away from his marbles.

“Papa is gone to foreign shores.”

“And where is your mamma, my boy?”

“Mamma dear is at home.”

And ‘mamma dear’ was a fragile, pale-looking woman whose whole aspect bespoke of faded beauty. She was the relic and reminiscence, the shadow and echo, of past health and bloom and joy; the pale vestige of roseate tints, the dull fire of the eyes that could yet dart a gleam now and again, the delicacy of limbs and the refinement of her carriage—all these spoke the same tale.

“And what is your mother’s name?” continued the postman.

“Dhanavanti,” was the answer in hasty accents.

The letter was addressed to Dhanavanti and delivered to her. She took it up—and her hands trembled as if she were seized with a paroxysm of rapture. Her eyes shone with ecstasy and they spoke the tale of a great agitation within. It was a familiar hand that had written that epistle; the fragrance of familiarity was emanating in tender gusts. It was a loving hand that had written the ‘D’ with such a pretty curve, and the ‘a’ and ‘v’

with such lingering fondness. What a long train of pleasing reminiscences, and a flood of the things said, felt, and done that started up in a panorama of loving array ! She was lost in a reverie.

And the letter was unopened ; it lay shivering in her trembling fingers. The ecstasy of suspense was intense. She would have her fill of the bliss before she ran head-long to meet the untoward tidings that the contents might convey.

What loving, lingering delay before she opened the letter ! But she did open it at last. Was this a dream ? No, her lord was really coming ; she would see him early on the morrow—himself in the flesh—folded and hugged in these her arms.

“ And mamma dear, how excited you look and how lovely. Why ? ”

“ Yes, my darling, for papa is coming.”

“ When, when will he come ? What shall he bring for me ? Will he fetch me new marbles, for mine are so old ? What shall I show him ? Shall I take him to see the new kittens in the backyard ? May I read out to him the whole length of my A B C ? ” And the torrent of questions at last ceased.

Growing calmer he asked, “ Why were you sad all these days ? Was it because papa was away ? ”

“ Yes,” said the mother, but the confession was too much for her present feelings—a medley of prospective delight and past disappointment. She snatched the little child in a frantic effusion of tenderness and kissed it again and again while her tears trickled down her face. The whole picture was suggestive of melting affection.

“ Why do you weep ? Father will be bringing sweets and toys in countless number ; he will carry me on his shoulders, and—” in the midst of what promised to be a

peroration he was drawn away by the voice of his friend Dandu and by the click of marbles striking against marbles.

And the mother was left alone—alone to herself—alone with her rapt thoughts. Was not such solitude most welcome to her, when she could blush unseen and weep copious tears unnoticed, and when she could indulge in a free play and expression to all the shifting emotions?

It was mid-day, and four and twenty hours must elapse ere her suspense could be over. For four and twenty hours must she wait and wait—a very picture of the agony of suspense.

Six—the clock struck the hour, and the western sun gleaming yellow and gleaming large, threw a golden shower of dewy light over the home-returning kine, and the slow-drudging shepherd. The expectant calves yelled with all their little might and the watch-dogs barked furiously to silence their impatient bellowings. And there was nothing of nature but told of the close of day and the repose of toil.

Yet the mother was musing, and she knew not that it was so late in the day. The little boy too returned home and his noise it was that brought the reverie-engrossed mother back to herself. Was it a mere phantasy that the child's voice rang in her ears like the accents of her husband?

She started up.

And the boy was her passion and pastime for the next hour and more. She sat down to comb his hair and dress it into a knot, to wash the cherubim face and impress a dark-dyed orb on the fair expanse of his forehead. As the evening mellowed into twilight, and as the twilight deepened into dark, the mother took up the silver bowl, mixed milk and rice in it and taking the boy to

her waist, proceeded to the verandah to feed him there in the full gaze of the moonlit heavens.

The child was then, and only then, the most perverse of creatures. He would insist on the mother's coaxing and cajoling him for every tiny mouthful that he ate. He would stipulate the narration of a never-ending story as the condition for his being fed. And the dog that stood by wagging his tail must have his feed too. He would even cry for the moon and must needs have it.

If the child was resourceful in teasing his mother, equally was she resourceful in the thousand ways and one by which she coaxed him out of his obstinacy. The expedient that she usefully employed was to take advantage of the child's love for his papa and mamma. He would comply with the mother's plaint for a tiny mouthful for the sake of his dear, dear mother, another one for his auntie's sake, and yet a third for the sake of the father that would return home on the morrow.

The feeding ordeal being over, and the washing completed, she clothed him in a light jacket, put on his head the pretty little woollen cap that she herself had woven, and laid him gently on the downy cushions in the pretty canopied cradle. She would keep on singing a low lullaby, only now and again relieving it by a petulant ejaculation, "Sleep, my naughty dear, do sleep now." For the child would now and again shoot up his head from the pillow, and it was long before his eyes closed in peaceful slumber.

Such was by custom the mother's nightly programme, and the same was repeated on the present night.

Onward from six, when she was aroused from her pensiveness, she had been thrillingly absorbed in administering comforts and necessities to the little

darling. No sooner did she get free from the delightful occupation than the old thoughts began to revive with a sudden gush and in resistless iteration. The letter—and the event of her husband's return to her—this was the refrain, ever-recurrent, of her musings. Between her child and her husband her world was exhausted. Beyond them her concerns were but few and on them she doted with an affection that, in its exclusiveness, savoured strongly of selfishness. To a mother her child is a hero; and in her esteem her husband as easily surpasseth all the other members of his kind. Her love is adoration, as unbounded as it is exclusive.

And as Dhanavanti proceeded to the dining-hall, she knew not in any clear fashion whither she was going and whom else she crossed on the way. Her mind was busy elsewhere. Dhanavanti was doing what she did in a purely automatic way; she ate automatically and then went out of the dining-hall into her bed-chamber. There she lay on her bed, ever tossing to and fro in the frenzy of excitement. She rose up from her bed and hurrying to the side of her child, stood gazing at the vision of 'the sleeping beauty.' She gathered the tender weight in her arms, carried it to her own couch, and clasping it on her breast, lay down to sleep. And with the gentle contact at last the restless mother lay softly in a quiet slumber.

But oft in the night would she mutter tender words, now of affectionate greeting, and now of gentle upbraiding for delay; oft would she call out her 'nada' in soft accents. And once as she started up from her sleep, her eyes wandered about the room earnestly to find her lover, and, disappointed, they rested on the child's angelic face, which brightened her up in a glowing cheer. Nestling the child closer to her breast, she again lay down to sleep.

The village bell struck the half-hour after five. The morning air was rent with the musical warble of birds, as each to each announced the dawn of day—it was fragrant with a sudden permeation of the dew-besprinkled 'parijata' flower. Everything told of freshness and youth; of the keen delight of universal life. And Dhana-vanti, as she rose up with the shrill, trumpet announcement of the cock, shared all the freshness of the morning life. She felt alike rejuvenated—her lord was coming, and what more could make her heart bound in greater jubilation?

Her morning ablutions finished, she combed her hair into a long flowing plaited shape, and wore, half-hid and half-visible, a sweet-scented champaka flower—the flower above all others that was dear to her husband; she went down to bathe, and thereafter put on the black saree with the lace spots—the one which her lord liked best to see her in. She stuck up in her hair the little brooch shaped like a dove, and precious in its antiquity—the jewel that had been in her husband's family for generations, and given her as his wedding gift.

Dhanavanti, who used to be indifferent about her habiliment and personal appearance, became suddenly fastidious, tidy and prim. Why—was she anxious to conquer her lord, who was already hers, by her personal charms? She went down to the mirror and gazed long and deep at the reflexion. Was she really lovely—as lovely as when young, as young as when he married her? Would he still like her and love her with all the former fervour? She questioned the glass—and what it answered, she alone knew. She questioned her child who had just got out of his long sleep, and he exclaimed how charming she looked. Her vanity was indeed gratified.

It was eight—three more hours left of the long, long suspense. She busied herself to prepare dinner for

her home-returning lord; she ran hither and thither to keep the house in order ready to receive him. And in flitting from one occupation to another in a restless excitement, the three hours quickly passed away.

From the corner of the street was heard the rattling of wheels and the jingling of bells. Dhanavanti rushed to the front door— but it was only an empty waggon. There was again a repetition of similar sounds—and yet the cart passed their house. She was evincing symptoms of impatience— would he disappoint her after all? No, there was the carriage halting at the door, her husband had jumped out of the carriage, and the boy had rushed forth to him and clung to his knees. The father looked into the little face; wondered how chubby the cheeks had grown, and how sparkling those eyes. He took the child in his arms and hugging it close to his chest, advanced towards the house and was soon face to face with his wife. What were her first emotions, and what were his as they saw each other after such a long time? There was a long, ardent, mutual gaze and as by a silent sympathy of mutual understanding, both went into the room.

And we will leave them to themselves without invading their privacy any more.

FROM WAR TO PEACE.

A STORY.

ON the time-worn terrace walls which make a broad walk round an old chateau, on the borders of France and Belgium, a young man and girl wander together. His height is over six feet, and his fair hair and general aspect betoken English birth; the girl's dark hair and eyes and rosy complexion and small slim figure, might speak of her united French and English extraction to a keen observer.

As they sit together on the broad parapet, he leans over and plucks a lovely Gloire de Dijon rose from a creeper which almost smothered the ancient armorial bearings carved on the front of it, kisses it first, and then hands it to her, and as she places it in the bodice of her white dress, seizing both her hands in his he exclaims, "Marie, Marie, you cannot be so cruel. You cannot send me away like this! Even if Mr. Surtees is ill, he can have a nurse; besides, there's old Babette and Pierre, and I've got all ready for you. I never thought you'd put me off for a man who is no earthly relation to you after all! When my uncle left me Castleburnie and all belonging to it so unexpectedly, I sold out to settle down there by his wish on the estate. Look how lonely I shall be in that great barrack of a place without you!"

"I can't help it, *mon ami*, you know I can't," Marie Roscoe answers passionately, "besides, dear, if *mon oncle* be no relative, do I not owe him the more gratitude for all he has done for me and mine? For, when my father was killed in the Boer War, and my young mother died a few days after, didn't he make my old grand-père happy by buying this old chateau from him, and so making his last days comfortable, when everything had been so mismanaged by Renaud his steward? It would have had to be sold

to a stranger. And then begging us to live here with him to the end of my grandfather's days. Ah! Hugh, you don't know what a glad day it was for grandpère, when he met me near the gateway and asked if he might sketch the chateau and me, and we found him later a little studio in it. The old Curé often quotes that the best Book of all says that grandpère, not being forgetful to entertain strangers, found 'the angel unawares' in uncle George, dear old man."

"Ah, well, Marie," Hugh said, tugging at his moustache impatiently, "that's all very well. You've done a jolly lot for the old fellow since then, and now I want you to think about me."

"Don't I?" she said, tears rising to her eyes and her lip quivering, "Moin, noon and night more than I *ought*, perhaps," she added drawing up her head proudly, a flush of hot colour spreading from cheek to brow, "but I can't do what you ask for all that, *mon ami*—I *can't* leave uncle George, old, and blind and paralysed, to hied help alone. You must wait a little longer, dear."

"But I will *not*—I declare I wont, so that's certain! You must choose between us this very day, Marie. I will *not* wait any longer."

"Then if you care as little as *that*, Hugh," she replied with a proud quiver of her lips, and flashing eyes shining through unshed tears, "this *must* be my answer," and she drew off a pearl ring from her finger and laid it on the hand he almost involuntarily stretched out for it, and turning, ran to meet a neat-looking girl in a white *bonne* cap, who came down towards the terrace evidently in hot haste.

"The master rings, Mademoiselle," she said and running lightly in at the open door, mistress and maid disappeared into the house, leaving Hugh alone. Then throwing another rose he had gathered angrily down on the grass, and scattering all its petals as it fell—to be collected and treasured, withered as they were, by a weeping girl afterwards—Hugh sprang over the terrace wall, and stalked out of the old garden quickly, switching off the heads of the unoffending flowers as he passed with the riding whip he carried. In his tearing rage and fury he wiped off what he thought was a drop of rain from the palm of the hand which held the ring, but he realized after, amidst agonies of regret and remorse, that it was a tear from Marie Roscoe's gentle eyes. Going to the village

hostel at the foot of the hill on which Chateau Marie stood, where he had left some of his luggage a few hours before, he impatiently demanded the things from the landlord, crossed the Channel, and landed in Dover a few hours after.

Unhappy Hugh ! Had he only lingered a very short time later, instead of rushing off to catch the next return boat to England, how different had been his lot, and how much might have been spared poor Marie !

For, on running upstairs in answer to his bell, she had found the dear old artist, George Surtees, (who had been as a father to her since the day he unexpectedly stumbled on the picturesque old gateway of the chateau in one of his painting tours, and met the child, Marie, at the same time,) laid on the floor unconscious. And though he rallied and lived a few weeks, it was only to commend her to the care of the Father of the fatherless, with words of loving blessing which made her more than ever glad she had not listened to Hugh's pleadings and consented to leaving him at once ; besides she never doubted her hitherto devoted lover's ultimate return to ask her forgiveness.

And Marie was doubly glad that Mr. Surtees never knew of Hugh's hasty visit, and the breaking off of their engagement, for the night before he died, as she leant over him to raise his head, he murmured, " The Lord will bless thee, my child, for your goodness to me," and as she answered quickly, " No, no, it is *you—you*—who have been so good to me, darling uncle," he added with a smile, " Ah well, I'm glad you think so—I meant the Chateau Marie to be yours, when I added your name to it, and the old Curé and Paul Murray will be good to you, and there is Hugh too, I leave you to him—I wish I could have seen him again, tell him—I've left a letter in my desk for him—you'll find—" he said feebly.

And happy in that belief, the old man sank to sleep to awaken to a brighter than any earthly dawning—away from this world so full of war and tumults, to where such as he " rest from their labours " in peace.

They laid him beside Marie's grandfather (the old Marquis D'Estrees, the last owner of the chateau of the male line) in the little cemetery near by, the only mourner being Marie Roscoe, besides Pierre, Babette, his servants, and the villagers, as he had no living relatives.

The Rev. Paul Murray, a young English curate, whose delicacy had made his physician order him to take a chaplaincy in sunny France, and whose ministrations had been such a source of comfort to her uncle, and since, to herself in her sorrow, read the simple service.

The old Roman Catholic Curé of the village, whom Marie had loved from childhood, joined the group at the graveside, being sincerely sorry for the loss of the good old Englishman, whose simple piety he believed in, in spite of its errors in his eyes.

And though Mr. Surtees' letter was sent to him by the French notary, Hugh Vyvian had been met by tidings which stirred his blood as it did the hearts of many thousands beside his, on his arrival in England the awe-inspiring news of the declaration of war between England and Germany!

Also, hearing from a man at his club, once a fellow-officer, he had a chance of re-joining his old regiment with a Captain's commission, he took it, telegraphed to the servants at Castleburnie all necessary orders and sailed at once for France and Belgium.

* * * * *

A few weeks later, again, on the terrace of the old chateau, is Marie Roscoe.

Her face looks paler than when we last saw her, and its pallor is perhaps enhanced by the mourning dress she wears, as she gazes sadly on the distant view of sea and sky lying beyond the small village, and the little ancient wayside chapel, the bell now chiming for vespers, and out over the surrounding marshes and the ocean line stretching beyond Dunkirk and towards the English shores, with dreamy eyes and thoughts far away.

And she knows not as her glances wander over the silver line of the Yser that Hugh Vyvian is fighting desperately in one of the Allies' trenches, not far from that same river now changing from silvery white to blood red with the lurid colours of the sun setting in the West.

As she hears the distant boom of the guns, she knows lovers and friends, widows and orphans, will have cause to weep afresh, and she shivers with fear and foreboding! But though heart-rending news has reached her solitude of the horrors of the war, she has heard nothing as yet from Hugh

Vyvian, no answer has come yet to the notary, through whom Mr. Sutces' last letter was sent to him, and she has no idea that Hugh has re-joined his regiment.

Her sad musings are interrupted by Babette, her old servant, crossing the garden followed by a tiny woman in the dress of a nursing Sister, whom she recognises as Antoinette Legard, the sister 'of the village cure who has joined a branch of the Red Cross Society of the Allies.

"Ah! *ma petite*" she exclaims cheerily, taking both Marie's hands in hers, "thou art sad and lonely, but I have brought thee work--the work you want. Can you go with me the day after to-morrow to help with some nursing at a French and English ambulance, or will it be too much for thee *chérie*? Thou art not yet strong, I know, and thy heart hath been wrung with many sorrows of late for one so young, but *le Bon Jesu* will help thee my poor stricken lamb, and in blessing others thou shalt thyself be blessed."

"Ah, yes Sister Antoinette it is so, I will go with you."

"But not alone! *ma fille* not alone!" old Babette interrupted almost fiercely, "I go with thee somehow if I tramp barefoot. I promised thine uncle I would stick to thee and I go with thee where thou goest for weal or woe."

"True, true," Sister Antoinette replied soothingly. "We will find thee work, Babette, too. Thou canst cook and wash and do many things for the *poor* soldiers, canst thou not?"

"I can do that, and more but I must be near to look after my poor shorn lamb, too."

"The good God looks after the shorn lamb, doesn't He, Babette," Sister Antoinette said with reproach in her gentle voice. "Where is thy faith, woman?"

"Yes, yes, but our faith hath had some hard knocks lately, as Mr. Murray says, as well as Père Joseph, Sister; we all agree in that, Catholics and Protestants alike I think, and Babette thinks more for me than herself; don't you, dear old nurse? We will go together certainly," Marie said soothingly.

"Yes, yes," the woman answered, tears running down her cheeks, withered like a russet apple. "It seems hard the young should suffer always, though the old must," and dropping a respectful curtesy to the Sister and her young mistress, Babette went into the chateau to prepare the evening meal. "Faithful

old woman," ejaculated the Sister as she looked towards her retreating form, "thou art well off to have such a friend left, dear child, and now let me tell thee my plans for thee. I suppose thou hast no news from England?"

"None! but to-night my heart tells me, as it has oft before, that Hugh is within reach of those guns! Look!" pointing to the ruby clouds and their crimson reflection in the river below with a shiver of horror, "does not it look like an omen of blood and evil, Sister?"

"*Non, non! ma pauvre enfant* not so! 'Tis but a reflection of God's glory and love from the sky to earth, for does He not reign and sit above the water floods'?"

"Yes, Miss Roscoe," a deep voice replied, "Sister Antoinette is right! You must not let even your sorrows destroy your faith." And Marie turned to greet Paul Murray, the English Chaplain, who had often spent the greater part of his week ends at the "Chateau Marie," by Mr. Surtees' invitation and whom she looked upon as a friend of her own too. Then the three together discussed Sister Antoinette's plan which, briefly told, was this—that Marie should join her in ambulance work at the nearest place to the fighting line to which they would be sent, and dismissing her superstitious presentiments as cowardly and faithless, Marie gladly agreed to it.

But the news never reached her of Hugh's nearness, nor of the vessel which should have conveyed Mr. George Surtees' letter and his other English ones forwarded from Castleburnie to him, being sunk by the enemy.

When Sister Antoinette departed, leaving Paul and Marie alone, though he talked in a soothing and comforting strain to the lonely young girl, his own heart was sore as he thought of the old chateau being deserted by Marie Roscoe, for he only realised fully to-night how much of its brightness she had made for him since he had first met her in one of the cottages, and afterwards in the English church in the village below, when he cycled from the nearest town for a service every Sunday, and Marie played the small organ. They parted at the foot of the terrace, and Paul meeting the old Curé in the village street mingled his regrets with his at the thought of little Marie's departure.

And good old Père Joseph, reading his secret at Evening Mass, put up a fervent wish akin to a prayer—that the young

Anglican priest might have the desire of his heart and make little Marie happy too.

And though Marie had not confided her trouble to him as one of his own flock might have done, he guessed it from Hugh Vyvian's absence, and his gentle heart swelled with hot indignation at her wrongs.

A few days later, Marie and Sister Antoinette departed for their work, and Babette with them, leaving only old Pierre and his son, who acted as gardener, in charge of the chateau.

* * * *

Night in the trenches! Bitterly cold and drenched to the skin are their brave defenders—*inches deep in mire and icy water, yet still keeping up a cheerfulness which speaks of their love of their country, and their faith in the cause for which they fight. Warm hearts in cold weary bodies, brave in defence of right, bold to protect the weak from the tyranny of the strong.*

Amongst them is Hugh Vyvian, worn thin and haggard, a shadow of the well-groomed and well-set-up young fellow who stood by Marie Roscoe on the terrace of the Chateau Marie, and as the clash of arms and the roar of guns din into his ears, *why is it that through all he seems to hear Marie's gentle pleading voice, and a splash on his hand of rain recalls nothing so vividly as the tear-drops on her cheeks when he cruelly left her?*

And no news has reached him from the Chateau Marie, the letter sent him by Mr. Surtees' notary being sunk with the vessel, and one of enquiry he sent to the Reverend Paul Murray being returned to him months later after its many travels, unopened, and when the hand it was meant for was cold in death.

But Hugh was destined to meet with a familiar form this bitterly cold night. As half-smothered in water and slimy mud he crouches behind the earthworks, extended near him lies a dying young French officer, whose breath comes in gasping sobs gradually growing fainter, and side by side, the living and the dead, maimed and sound, Belgian, Indian—Allies—friends of the Empire, of many nations and climes, alike await in darkness the attacks of their common enemy.

And thus waiting, Hugh's misery has become intolerable; not for himself but for Marie, whose gentle heart he feels he must have wrung most cruelly by his mad temper, and whose fate

since he does not know, and he exclaims aloud, in an agony of remorse and shame, "Oh forgive me—in mercy forgive me!"

Then from the black shadows in the trench near him a man who had approached silently and unseen rose upright from his kneeling posture beside the dying Frenchman, and a gleam of light fell on his face as he said "There is forgiveness with Thee that Thou mayst be feared" and turning Hugh recognised Paul Murray, the English chaplain he had often met at Chateau Marie.

With a whispered, yet eager cry of "Murray—'Vyvian,'" the two men clasped hands in the darkness. Hugh exclaiming all reserve laid aside in that supreme moment "Thank God, there is—I've sought and found it but I want *earthly* forgiveness too. Where is she? Tell me!"

"At the chateau where I—" Paul answered quickly. Then an awful screaming roar! Volumes of soil and dust and fire! A terrible explosion! And Captain Vyvian saw Paul Murray's agonised dying face as he was flung into the air! And then himself held down by tons of earth realised no more excepting the blinding scorching agony mercifully relieved by total unconsciousness!

When next he woke up he heard a voice with what he realised later as a Scotch accent saying in softened tones "Ah, poor laddie, he's roused up" and another voice in a gruffer tone replying, "The poor chiel is awake give him a drink, and a cup was held to his lips and as he drank and tried to make an effort with one feeble hand to push away a bandage which covered his forehead and eye the first voice said with a tremor of emotion he realised even through the mist enveloping his brain, "Never mind! Never mind! You shall have it off later! Lie still, dear laddie" Yes sleep a bit again, the man's voice replied, as Dr McDougall covered up the weak hand again, with a softness and gentleness out of place with the stern rugged-looking Scotch features.

Then, again, Hugh Vyvian lapsed into slumber, or unconsciousness, and when next he woke as he tried to raise his hand to remove the bandage which he imagined *alone* obscured his sight, a small hand put it lightly under cover and a soft English voice—in a slight French intonation said close to his ear of which the ringing of the guns had partially dulled the sound—"Ah, *mon ami*,

you must not please, yet—later perhaps—” and with a groan Hugh fell back, realising his weakness, but not as Nurse Lisette beside him did, that he was blind !

Still within the sound of the guns and in the temporary hospital of the Allies, once a French convent, Nurse Lisette passes on in her night duty until she reaches the bedside of Hugh Vyvian and hears him murmuring feebly as if half in delirium, “ There is forgiveness Père Francois said yesterday, and Paul said it too, but there is none for me, Nurse, is there ? ” As she gently adjusted a bandage which had slipped from his face and exposed it more fully to view than usual, she started at first sight ; but the stubbly beard which covered his usually clean-shaven chin altered Hugh Vyvian so much, and his thick hoarse feverish tones and covered-up eyes made him look so unrecognisable, that Nurse Lisette, better known to us as Marie Lisette D’Estrees Roscoe, took no more notice of him !

Besides, the name hung on a card above his bed was Captain Henri Villette, and the fluent French, she had rarely heard him use before, and other circumstances to be explained later, misled her and others.

“ Is there forgiveness *do you think ?* ” he reiterated feverishly as he turned his blinded eyes to her, and Marie guessed the wistful appeal in them by the tones of his voice.

“ Oh, yes indeed, there is forgiveness for all who seek it, Captain,” she answered. “ You mean this, don’t you ? Père Francois told you so, didn’t he yesterday ? We all believe it too, Protestants and Catholics alike.” Listen ! ” and she repeated in soft tones so as not to disturb the sleepers near—“ Out of the depths have I cried unto Thee O Lord. There is forgiveness with Thee that Thou mayst be feared My soul waiteth for the Lord more than they that watch for the morning—for with the Lord is mercy and plenteous redemption.”

“ Now then, you *must* sleep, *mon ami*, and I must watch for the morning.”

“ No ! no, I can’t sleep, Nurse Your voice recalls someone I once knew, but she is dead. I’m sure she is dead. They said everything was in ruins and all gone—and I was cruel—cruel and I can never ask her to forgive me.”

"But she has, indeed—she has forgiven you!"

"Has she—did you know her?" he said eagerly, and he groped about with one weak hand and caught hers in his feeble fingers, "Ah Mademoiselle, did you?"

"No! no! how could I? But I am a woman, and women are made like that," and there were tears in her voice and eyes, as she added in French, "I know, I am sure."

He lay back exhausted for a moment, then she said firmly yet soothingly: "Now you must obey orders and drink this, ~~on~~ Nurse Mackenzie will scold me." Hugh obeyed, and sinking back on his pillows soon slept, while Marie sat beside him studying his face in the dim light with eager questioning eyes, and many conflicting emotions struggling in her heart—pity, doubt, fear, and a dawning hope which she crushed down as too wild and impossible to be realised, as she gazed for a few moments before on to the other wounded men in the ward.

Men who babbled on in sleep or delirium in many languages from East and West, North and South, tropical and frozen climates, dark and fair, all suffering in one Cause—a pathetic heart-stirring sight, effacing, for the time being, all else, and in ministering consolation for their woes, Nurse Lisette forgot her own, and "with a heart at leisure from itself to soothe and sympathise," went softly on her rounds.

Though the idea haunted her, she could not share the burden of it with Sister Antoinette or old Babette who were at work in distant cloisters of the hoary old building. It drove all sleep from her eyes during the time of rest allowed her after her night vigil.

And strangely enough a letter arrived the next morning of much importance to Hugh Vyvian, but which puzzled very much Dr. McDougall and Nurse Mackenzie, the Matron of his ward.

But to Nurse Lisette's joy, as Dr. McDougall came out of the Sister's room after a consultation about it, seeing her standing in the corridor outside awaiting orders, and perhaps reading the wistful pleading on her pale face, a smile lighted up his rugged countenance as he turned to Sister Mackenzie and said:

"Let her come with me, she's a nice little thing, but doesn't know much yet!" And thus bidden, Nurse Lisette, in future known to us as Marie Roscoe, went on through the ward with Dr.

When they reached Hugh Vyvian's bedside, the Doctor suddenly turned round and said, "Fetch me some water." When she returned in trembling haste, hoping and dreading—hope that her wild dream might be realised and prove true,—dread that her suspense should end in bitter disappointment,—alternately struggling within her heart, she determined to question the Physician and learn more. Hugh's bandages had been removed for the first time since she had seen him, and she ran forward with an eagerness which upset the water over Dr. McDougall's feet and caused him to exclaim impatiently (for the Scotchman's good manners were not always his strong point): "Look out, woman, what ails ye? If ye're going to faint, be off with ye—"

"No, No!" she implored, "Let me stay—but his name—tell me his name."

"Villette, of course! Can't ye read? Capt. Henri Villette, but he looks more like English a long way!" and noticing her emotion, "Do ye ken him, eh?"

Then to his surprise Hugh answered, "I am English"; and as Marie went round to the other side on which he was not so deaf, he caught the tones of her voice and gasped out: "Whose voice is that? Tell me! Tell me!"

Then throwing off all control, and a good quantity more of the water over the Doctor's boots, Marie ran round to the other side of the bed again and flung her arms round his neck, exclaiming: "Oh! Hugh! Hugh! don't you know me? Don't you know me?" And drawing his poor wounded head on to her shoulder, she wiped away the tears which poured from his poor blind eyes, as he exclaimed: "Then there *is* forgiveness—Ah! Marie, Marie! Thank God! Thank God!!"

And Dr. McDougall, after blowing his nose very violently two or three times on a huge red handkerchief, turned round to Nurse Mackenzie who had just joined them—seeing something unusual had happened—saying angrily, "Take her away! Take her away, woman! He'll be blinder than ever after this tantivy, and I never could abide love scenes."

"Ye're not likely to be troubled with them yerself. No fear, Doctor!" Nurse Mackenzie quickly responded with a laugh, though tears were in her eyes too. "Your vera boots and your hair—as little as ye have of it!—are a disgrace to ye for need of a brush! Now Nurse Lisette, stand off; ye're not fit to fash just

now. Yes ! yes you can sit by if he wants you, dearie. He never looked like aught but English, though he spoke French like one of 'em, to be sure."

But Hugh did not fulfil the Doctor's fears—he was not "blinder than ever," for in spite of the physician's opinion, the tears he had shed seemed to have washed out some poison from his injured eyes, and they began from that time to recover—joy and thankfulness being very powerful medicines too.

Later, Dr. McDougall explained that the night before a message had come from Hugh Vyvian's solicitors, who had been making enquiries, not being satisfied that the body buried as Captain Vyvian's was his, so had it exhumed, and it had been identified by relatives as that of Captain Henri Villette, whose papers had been found on Hugh to whom he had given them when dying, and whom he recollected as being the same French officer to whom poor Paul Murray was ministering, when the bursting of a shell killed both in the trench close to him, and they heard later both were laid to rest in one grave ; the same initials 'H.V.' on Hugh's belongings confirmed the mistake too. And in spite of his avowed dislike of love scenes, Dr. McDougall followed Nurse Mackenzie into her little sitting-room one day after saying farewell to Marie and Hugh Vyvian who had been quietly married by an English Chaplain in a little church near by, and were going by easy stages to England, and said in the broad Scotch he always relapsed into in moments of emotion, and with a little of his usual gruffness, but, with a comical twinkle in his shrewd old eyes, as he drew with some trouble a new hair brush from his pocket, "Take it, woman ! ye can brush my hair with it if ye can find any to brush !" rubbing his bald pate somewhat ruefully as he caught his reflection in a small looking-glass hanging on the wall. "As for my boots, I've brushed 'em up mysel' ye'll see. What do ye say, Janet ? You are kind I know, and my bark's worse than my bite, ye ken."

What Janet's answer was need not be chronicled, but there was another wedding at the English Church a few days later, and Dr. McDougall's boots were very bright for the occasion, and he wore a flower in his coat.

And Mrs. McDougall declared, and her testimony was upheld by the young Nurse, with evident wish to please, who also wrote up of the wedding to Marie Vyvian, that her Doctor had

grown sleeker and fatter since, and his boots were shining examples to beholders, "though she did *not* corroborate his wife's statement that since it was more brushed, Dr. McDougall had gained an extra lock or two."

* * * * *

Standing by an old time-worn stone sundial in front of the ancient ivy-clad castellated mansion "Castleburnie" (built centuries ago by a Vyvian), surrounded by several dogs of different kinds, and enjoying the fresh spring breeze, is Hugh Vyvian, though as yet his sight is somewhat dim and only the delighted barking of the dogs causes him to turn round to greet his wife's appearance smilingly.

For both sight and hearing, though much better than Dr. McDougall ever hoped for, are still defective, and he bears scars on his handsome face which are more admired by Marie though they cost her many a pang when she sees them, than his good looks. And it is with very thankful hearts, this lovely day, both husband and wife realise the calm beauties of peaceful England, and for Hugh, now Major Vyvian, it is quite impossible to take up his soldier's career again.

They are alone now, for it is after an early breakfast time, and happy in each other's love and the fresh brightness of the spring-tide. They go off with the joyous barking of dogs for a stroll in the woods now carpeted with violets and primroses and unfolding fronds of fern leaves and greenery, and made musical with the songs of birds in the budding branches.

But though they are happiest thus—they do not enclose themselves in "a dual selfishness."

For the rustics in the Devonshire lanes are getting used to what at first seemed strange visitors in their eyes.

As dotted over sunny lanes, or sheltered in bosky dells in the Castleburnie woods may be seen the dark complexioned Indian soldier, maimed for the cause of our Empire, his form now shrunk—en by suffering, of the once stalwart Canadian, or the slighter but active Frenchman or Belgian, or even an occasional Russian, all alike welcomed!

For one wing of the large old family mansion has been set apart for the gallant defenders of the common Cause, who have suffered in their fight for God and Country against an unscrupulous and bitter enemy.

Hugh often yearns to be in the thick of the conflict again. But Marie, as she slips her little hand into his, says soothingly, "Never mind, dear, see," pointing to a building rising near, and the peaceful groups of wounded warriors now come out into the sunshine, "Your work is here, and others cannot do it", and so husband's and wife's gratitude is already taking a very useful form in the new wing for the blind and deaf (made so by the war chiefly) in the Cottage Hospital near by.

And though a lovely picture by a refugee Belgian artist, eventually added in a recess at one end of it, excites much remark—the subject being a wounded soldier on his knees with the bandage pushed back from his eyes, pointing to a lovely sunrise over the hill—outsiders cannot quite fully enter into the meaning of the words inscribed beneath it, though the husband and wife can, for they are these

"There is forgiveness with Thee"

And this morning as they sit on a rustic seat, gazing out over a wide expanse of hill, and vale, and glimmering blue sea together under a pink May tree just bursting forth into blossom, Marie again administers consolation and sympathy, and adds tenderly as she feels the clasp on the hand she has slipped into his, tighten, "You have had your share and given your sacrifice in the conflict, dearest, and others cannot do your work now here. And the victories won *without* garments steeped in blood are the most Christ-like after all, are they not, mon Père?" she asked, turning to greet an old battered-looking man in a French priest's dress, who had come quietly limping over the grass towards them with one stump of an arm only left, and a large scar across his cheek, whom we recognise as the old village Curé—Père Joseph.

For to their joy, after the shelling of the village by the enemy, he had been rescued from the ruins of his little wayside Chapel by old Pierre, who had escaped from the cellars of Chateau Marie, and, after being hidden for months by the French and Belgian peasants, both had landed amongst a batch of refugees, and been sent to Castleburnie, the only address they knew in England, and now their home as well as old Babette's.

"Ah! yes, *mes enfants*," the Curé answered fervently, "and peace *must* come soon—*very* soon! Do we not *all*, Catholic and Protestant, Eastern and Western alike, pray for the blessing of peace?"

This was his constant cry, and few of the cottagers at Castleburnie, amongst whom the kind old Curé wandered at will, though at times they had hot arguments with him about his Popery, ever doubted his simple prayers would be answered and bring some blessing asked for, though they would, perchance, shake their heads when he had passed on, at the thought it might be after he himself "rested from his labours," an exile in an English grave. Neither did Hugh and Marie contradict him or suggest one faithless doubt as they drew the dear old man to a seat beside them where they sat surrounded by the dogs who loved him too, and let him prattle gently on of their return to sunny France, when the one remaining turret of the chateau should be restored, and he still make his home with them there, his cottage being habitable no more, alas!

A favourite happy vision he seemed quite sure would come true, and strong in his simple faith in God's infinite love and mercy, he did not realise how many painful steps might have to be taken on the path from "rude War to gentle Peace."

And though neither husband nor wife felt as strong in their faith and hope as to its nearness as he, their charity kept them from enlightening him.

And presently they left him to dream on placidly in the shade, and went to join their suffering guests on the lawn "to make more sunshine in a sunny place," as one gallant Irish Corporal (who had lately amused himself with a book of poetical quotations he had found) said, and when Marie scolded him, as he would try to rise and salute them, in spite of his stump of a leg and one hand, added with a twinkle in his eyes, as he looked at her husband—

"Oh! woman, in our hours of ease,
"Uncertain, coy, and hard to please,
"When pain and anguish wring the brow,
"A ministering Angel, thou!"

"It's true, isn't it, Major?"

"Is it, Marie?" Hugh asked with a laugh, turning to his wife.

"I'm afraid it is sometimes, Corporal," she answered with a smile, but Hugh read her thoughts better than the man did, though she laughed merrily when his chum in his old regiment

and once a neighbour, said, giving the Corporal a nudge on his good arm, "It is with thee, Pat, old man, thy old Bridget's a terror when, her tongue is let loose."

"But her hand's as soft as silk when she touches these"—pointing to his maimed limbs, Pat answered loyally.

Then they wandered off together to join another group of invalids further away, and when they were alone under the shadow of the trees, she paused and said softly, "I was too proud and hasty, dearest."

"No! no!" he answered, "it was my fault—entirely my fault! Besides there is forgiveness, and much more than I ever *can* deserve already! For to-day I can see with my own eyes you are wearing my favourite colour," touching some delicately tinted blush roses she had fastened in her bodice, "and that your dear face is more lovely than ever I imagined it!"

"Oh! I know you are a flatterer, Hugh," she said with a happy laugh, "but do you mean—do you *actually* mean you can see my face, and the colour of your roses?" she asked, clasping his arm tightly, a lovely glow suffusing her cheeks and lighting up her eyes at his words.

"Yes, yes! I can, darling; really *clearly* to-day," and he stooped down and drew her towards him kissing tenderly her eager smiling mouth.

"Oh! thank God" she said,— "thank God"—and echoing her words fervently Hugh again placed her hand on his arm.

Then they went together to carry on the sunshine of love and peace in their grateful hearts to others!

HARRIET E. COOPER.

England.

THE MONTH.

AFTER waiting for two years the British navy found an opportunity to show its superiority in warfare only last month. Until then its efficiency was measured by the success of the blockade. In the battle off Jutland the navy lost 3 battle cruisers, 2 cruisers, 6 destroyers, and 6 more were not accounted for. The Kaiser is said to have exulted in the achievement, and in England, too, the news appears to have created at first some disappointment. The enemy's losses, however, consisted of 4 battleships, 2 battle cruisers, 4 cruisers, 20 destroyers, and 5 submarines, and 5 more battleships were damaged. The retreat of the German navy saved further losses. According to Mr. Balfour the result of the battle has been "to strengthen our blockade, to dissipate the German dream of an invasion of Britain, and to confirm our command of the sea." Since the battle of Trafalgar the British navy, it is said, has not covered itself with more glory than in this action. Yet it was not a full trial of strength. Why the Germans offered battle at all, is not clear. Various conjectures have been made in England. One is of special interest to us in India, namely, that some of the cruisers wanted to escape from the North Sea so as to destroy more of British commerce and add to the havoc caused by the submarines. None seems to have escaped so far, and no second "Emden" will threaten the vicinity of India.

The net result of the enormous expenditure of shells at Verdun and in its neighbourhood was the capture of Fort Vaux by the enemy, and at Ypres the advance of a few yards at certain points. Successes and reverses alternate so quickly that they are scarcely worth recording the loss of men is all that will have an effect on the duration and issue of the war. The prediction in Germany that Verdun will be another Warsaw has so far been falsified, and the sacrifice in men has already been staggering. Meanwhile, the Russians have taken the offensive in the east and reached the Transylvania passes. It seems that the guns supplied to them by Japan are the best in the world, and the Austrian retreat was inevitable. Nevertheless it has apparently surprised the Russians themselves the past history of the war prepares one for a turn of the tide at any moment, and they have explained that they care less for the territory traversed or occupied than for the reduction of the enemy's man-power. From this point of view the number of prisoners captured is gratifying. The Austrian offensive on the Italian front has been vigorous, and perhaps one of the results of the Russian advance, when the German troops are engaged at Verdun and Ypres, will be a substantial relief to the Italians in the near future.

The pressure of the Austrian offensive is probably keenly felt in Italy. The Salandra ministry has been displaced, not because the nation does not support the war policy, but because the war is not carried on with sufficient earnestness. That, at any rate, is the version which the Allies have reasons to believe. Greece appears to be coming more and more under the influence of the Germans and Bulgarians. Eastern Macedonia is practically occupied by them and the riots against the party headed by Venizelos can scarcely be explained away as the work of

irresponsible rowdies at a time like the present. In Mesopotamia and other Turkish provinces, nothing worthy of note took place during the month, except that the Sheriff of Mecca has revolted

THE jubilations over the battle of Jutland were marred by the death of Lord Kitchener a few days afterwards, "while under the care of the fleet," as Admiral Jellicoe expressed it. He had embarked from the north of Scotland on a mission to Russia. His ship struck a mine

**Lord
Kitchener's
Death.**

and the weather was so stormy that only a few survivors were left to tell the tale. One of them heard the captain asking him to come into his boat, but what happened afterwards is not known. News-makers in Indian bazaars have guessed that there was also gold in the ship which Russia badly needed, but the loss of the War Minister, the best man that Mr. Asquith could get, is itself a serious misfortune. His administration did not indeed cause universal satisfaction. The work of his office at the particular juncture was evidently too much for one man: the demands on the army and its resources were so heavy and so much had been left undone in the past that a separate Minister for Munitions had to be appointed when the enemy's superiority in munitions was discovered, and then the air service had to be better organised. Lord Kitchener was at first of opinion that compulsory recruitment would be unnecessary, but events compelled him to change that view. A few days before his tragic end an M. P. had proposed in the House of Commons a reduction of his salary, which was the traditional way of raising a debate on his administration. Mr. Asquith defended him and maintained that the nation's indebtedness to him was immeasurable, though it could not be said that he had committed no,

mistakes.* His services in South Africa, India, and Egypt had already placed him in the front ranks of the benefactors of the Empire, and though he had critics in all these places, as all strong-minded men, who must have their own way, do generally have, the force of his personality was everywhere felt. India knew him as an apostle of efficiency combined with economy, and a section of the press was prepared to welcome him as Viceroy—Europeans in the hope that he would sternly put down sedition and anarchism, and Indians in the hope that he would follow a policy opposed to that of Lord Curzon, with whom he had quarrelled. To public opinion he was not impervious, and he would probably have attained a good deal of popularity in India, but in view of the very temper which he had shown in the controversy with Lord Curzon, few have regretted that His Majesty's ministers did not adopt the unusual and somewhat hazardous experiment of putting a soldier at the head of the Government of India.

THOUGH Lord Kitchener's mission to Russia failed, every attempt seems to be made to maintain
 Unity and the Allies. the closest touch and sympathy between the two nations. At the beginning of the war it was apprehended by some that the Allies might not work in harmony and that they might quarrel about responsibility for mishaps and evade their tasks. Events have dispelled such fears. In the beginning mutual consultation was perhaps less common than might have been desirable, but after the discussion to which operations in southern Turkey gave rise, the Allies work under a common plan, and war councils have established harmony and mutual confidence. Besides consultation and co-operation between statesmen and generals, it seems to be considered desirable that the soldiers of one

country should see something of the good points of their brethren of another country and fight shoulder to shoulder. It was reported some time ago that Russian units had landed at Marseilles, and it is now reported that a British unit was welcomed at Archangel and an armed British motor had created a sensation at Moscow. It was said at one time that a Japanese General was coming to Russia to take a leading part on the Eastern front. That interesting conjecture does not seem to have been verified. Colonials fight by the side of soldiers from the mother country; coloured troops fight by the side of white troops. Carrying the principle a step further, it is desirable that Russians should fight on the Western front and the British on the Eastern front. The feeling that the Allies are engaged in a common cause and that they all do their best must permeate all ranks of the army.

WHEN the Chinese monarchy collapsed almost at the very touch of the republicans, it was believed **Yuan-shi-kai** in other countries that if one man had popularised the republican movement more than another, it was Sun-yat-sen. But Yuan-shi-kai was a more influential and experienced administrator, and he was elected President of the Republic. Was the whole of China really republican at heart, and were the people sufficiently public-spirited to insist upon the reality of the new form of government, or did they revolt against the imperial dynasty because it was foreign and unpopular? Subsequent events seem to show that the real sentiment was against the particular dynasty, than against the monarchical form of government. No other aspirant to the highest office in the realm could oust the first President, and latterly a party of politicians proposed that he should be the Emperor. He was an emperor in

fact, and he seems to have been shrewd enough to prefer the substance to the risk of clutching at the shadow. His death has solved the Chinese puzzle for the present, for he has left behind him no other patriot or administrator of sufficiently commanding ability and influence to attempt a constitutional feat which he had not achieved

At the beginning of the war the President of the United States had to appear impartial—he spoke of the probability of a person in his position being privileged to arbitrate between the Governments at war in Europe, and he carefully refrained from expressing any opinion on the rights and wrongs which were brought to his notice by Belgium and others. Latterly in the interests of his own countrymen he had to protest directly against German methods of submarine warfare. Now that he has to contest the President's seat as against another candidate, who is credited with pro-German proclivities, he is obliged to speak more freely on the great issues at stake in the European war, and on two points at least he has spoken with sufficient explicitness. He seems to be of the same opinion as Mr. Asquith, that no military power should hereafter be in a position to menace the independence of any civilised State, however small, with impunity; and secondly, no foreign Government should be able to profit by setting citizens against citizens in America. The time has come to speak plainly. His rival has not defined his attitude towards Germany, but his candidature has been supported by electors of German descent, and President Wilson has had enough of trouble in dealing with the conspiracies and secret machinations of the friends of Germany, high and low, in the States. The contest is therefore of more than ordinary interest to the world at large. Unfortunately the attitude towards the

European war and the international questions affected by that war will not be the main plank in the platform of the rival candidates. The Mexican question remains unsettled. General Carranza, at whose instance the troops of the United States appear to have entered the country, insists upon their withdrawal. President Wilson seems determined to prevent future political gambling by adventurers in the neighbouring State. His right to interfere may give rise to a difference of opinion, but from the Mexican point of view why was such interference sought or welcomed by one of the adventurers at all, if it be exclusively the look-out of the Mexicans themselves to have a good and stable government or no government ?

SIR S. SINHA advocated in his presidential address at the last Congress that Indians of every class should be admitted into the army. The

**Indians in
the Army.**

war has created a great demand for soldiers and has offered a splendid opportunity to gratify the ambition of the classes that seek military glory. If these classes make their voices heard, they can be identified and their wishes may be granted. The Brahmans of Maharashtra form a well-known class ; they have made a large portion of the history of the country ; their exclusion from the army has been represented as a grievance ; and it may be easily decided to give them a chance of proving their military fitness. A recent Press Note announces that the formation of a company of Dekhani and Kokanastha Brahmans has been sanctioned. It is now for the community to come forward and supply the necessary men. Taking the grievances of provinces, as distinguished from communities, it appears that the inhabitants of Bihar and Orissa will be drawn upon for a few soldiers. At the time of writing we have not noticed if companies of Bengalis have been

sanctioned. But they are understood to have put forward certain definite proposals when H. E. Lord Chelmsford visited Calcutta, and the removal of the so-called "ban" against them as a class must be only a question of time, and perhaps of due precautions lest the anarchists should steal their weapons or otherwise tamper with the loyalists. Enlistment in the army is not a question of mere physique, nor mere loyalty either. The Moplahs and the Coorgs are not wanting in physique : companies of those two classes were formed, but it appears that the experiment did not yield complete satisfaction. An ex-member of the Secretary of State's Council has advocated in England the formation of a Territorial Force consisting of Indians. A Viceroy of military experience must be able to decide questions of this sort satisfactorily.

ONE may be of service to the Empire during war time in various ways. Some idea of services rendered by Indian Chiefs may be obtained from the last annual report of the Bhavnagar State. Men of the Imperial Service Regiment have gone to Egypt and the Persian Gulf, and H. H. the Maharaja's cousin, Rana Shri Krishnachandra Kalubha, was on active service in France. His Highness subscribed to the British War Loan, and contributed handsomely to the War Relief Funds. The State Railway workshop was placed at the disposal of the Imperial Government for the manufacture of munitions, and railway materials were supplied for use in connection with the war. A large contribution was made in aid of the Motor Ambulance Fleet that was to be presented by all the Chiefs of Kathiawad, and a large tent was given for the purposes of a field hospital. Her Highness the Maharani's interest in requirements of the situation was equally keen. She was contributing to the Women's Branch of the War

Relief Fund, Her Highness started a weekly magazine entitled *British and Hindi Vikram* for the purpose of spreading correct information regarding the war, and Harikathas or religious recitals were arranged for the purpose of popularising the incidents of the war. A well-equipped war hospital has been established at Bhavnagar, and at the time of discharge from it each soldier is presented with a medal as a memento of his stay therein. To the families of Indian soldiers on service abroad, Indian medicines prepared in His Highness' private dispensary at the palace are offered free : advertisements are published in the newspapers and it appears that many applications for the gift have been received, and cures reported. It is well known that almost every Chief is striving to make himself and his State as useful as possible, and the particulars we have quoted convey some idea of the variety of services rendered to the Empire.

* * * * *

UNDER the Defence of India Act a rule has recently been passed that when the Governor-General in Council or any other authority empowered by him in that behalf, is of opinion that a certain building can be utilised in connection with the treatment of the sick or wounded of His Majesty's naval or land forces, he may order the occupier or other person in charge of the building to place it at the disposal of Government. Compensation will be paid to the person as fixed by "the arbitration of a person having expert knowledge of matters such as that in dispute, to be nominated in this behalf by the Governor-General in Council." The procedure is fair and suited to the emergency. It is provided that the arbitrator's decision shall be final, which seems to mean that the person dispossessed cannot sue the Government in a Court of Law if he is not satisfied with the compensation.

granted to him. Now, in view of the agitation against the curtailment of the right to sue the Government, the question arises whether clauses of this sort are valid. It is said that clauses similar to that declared invalid by the Privy Council in an Act of the Burma Legislature are found in various Acts passed in other provinces as well, and they must all be invalid. How do they differ from the rule under the Defence of India Act? Are they not all passed in connection with something to be done for a public purpose? In the Burma case, land was required by Government, and in Bombay it has been held that the supply of a residence to an official is a public purpose. To accommodate sick or wounded soldiers must certainly be a public purpose. Can the several kinds of cases be distinguished? If not, is it desirable to allow suits in all such cases or prohibit them in all alike, providing only a remedy like the decision of an arbitrator appointed by Government, as in the rule quoted?

THE Government of India has decided to pay 4 per cent interest on the fresh loan issued this year. When the same rate was offered last year, it was predicted by some that the Government would be unable to raise further loans without paying 5 per cent. Sir William Meyer attached no weight to the vaticination, and we shall shortly know whether he was not right so far at least as this year's loan is concerned. Besides borrowing the Government is enforcing economy in all directions. The usual complaint about the Government's zeal for economy is that it affects only the poor clerks and other humble public servants and works and measures of public utility, but not the emoluments of the officers who are in receipt of fat salaries. In the Bombay Legislative Council last month one intrepid member criticised the excessive charges on account of the Governor's tours and ~~Mr~~ his criticism at the very top. "It seems

that these charges are higher in Bombay than in other provinces. His Excellency, in replying, said that the tours were so conducive to the public interest that if funds permitted he would travel more. But why other Governments spend less is not clear. Another critic complained that in education the expenditure on the directorate and inspectorate showed no signs of diminution, while building grants had been stopped or curtailed, and nothing was done to improve the lot of schoolmasters who were sometimes so poor that during the marriage season they took leave and served as cooks and waiters. One wonders whether a newspaper would not have been asked to furnish security if it had represented Anglo-Indian administration to be so selfish and unsympathetic. The honourable members, however, said nothing new or original : they merely voiced the well-known popular sentiments regarding what is called economy. It must be mentioned that the new income-tax rules do not affect the poorer clerks, but only the recipients of high salaries.

A PRIVILEGE once promised cannot be easily denied or withdrawn. Though Lord Morley was not **Communal** or in favour of granting special representation **Representa** to Mahomedans, in addition to the privilege **tion.** of a member of their community to be returned by the general electorate, Lord Minto yielded to the request of the community, and now to abolish the special elections for the legislative councils would be almost as impossible as to cancel the permanent settlement of land revenue in Bengal or elsewhere. The principle is being extended to municipalities. In the legislative council of the United Provinces, Hindu and Mahomedan members agreed to a ' compromise,' the effect of which was the sanction of special electorates under the new Municipalities Act. Public meetings were held by Hindus protesting against the measure, and by

Musalmans requesting H. E. the Viceroy to give his assent to the Act of the local legislature. It appears that His Excellency has given his assent to have withheld it, apart from other considerations, would have been inconsistent with the policy, advocated more earnestly by non-officials than by officials, of recognising provincial autonomy. Perhaps the best solution of the difficulty is to give special representation to every community in addition to the right of competition at the general elections.

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WE doubt if even a fraction of the Parsi community is conscious of the severity of the loss it has sustained by the death of Mr. Cowasji Edulji Khambatta last month. And yet the late Mr. Khambatta was one of whom any community, however advanced, might well be proud. Born nearly ninety years ago, Mr. Khambatta made his mark in Bombay as a journalist when other well-known writers of the period were still in their teens. He belonged to the generation of giants, like the late Messrs. Bengalee, Nowroji Furdoonji, K. R. Cama and others, who made their influence felt in Bombay in the eighties; but though a giant himself, he was the gentlest of the lot and too shy by nature to care for popular applause. Born with a craving for journalism, Mr. Khambatta wielded a facile pen almost from his school-days, and a writer in a contemporary has done well in chronicling his early literary efforts. But it is strange that though he has mentioned most of the papers that existed in Bombay in those days whti which Mr. Khambatta was connected, he has omitted to make reference to a paper to the columns of which the deceased took special pride in contributing, we mean the *Indian Spectator*. Mr. Khambatta's connection with this paper was life-long; he continued to for it even after Mr. Malabari's death. He had a

great regard for the latter and considered it a privilege to be associated with his literary activities. It is interesting to recall here the fact that it was the late Mr. Khambatta who invested Mr. Malabari with the happy title of "The Pilgrim Reformer" a title with which the latter will ever be known to posterity. Probably the last bit of journalistic work that Mr. Khambatta did, was a thoughtful little paragraph he wrote about the Parsi controversy in a recent issue of EAST & WEST, for which also he had an article in view on "The Samaritan Policy of the British Raj" but which he was unable to complete. A few weeks before his death he had shown to this writer the few opening lines of that article which he was most anxious to finish. But failing eye-sight and weakening health denied him the realisation of his fond hope. So great was his reputation as a journalist that when, years ago, he contributed a series of articles on some burning question of the day in the *Indian Spectator*, Lord Ripon inquired who the writer was, and when Mr. Khambatta's identity was revealed, we believe the then Viceroy gave him the honour of an interview and complimented him on his extremely cogent arguments and perfect mastery of the English language. Indeed, Mr. Khambatta carried this perfection to such a pitch that many people thought the articles he contributed to the various papers could not have been written but by an Englishman.

Had Mr. Khambatta chosen to adopt journalism as a profession, he would have made a name second to none in India. But his qualifications were better suited to a commercial career, and as far back as 1859 he went to Hong Kong as representative of a well-known Parsi firm there. Having won his laurels in China, he was sent to England where he remained for three years, winning the good opinion of his masters by his business

acumen and great industry. There is no doubt that his scholarship helped him materially in his commercial career. Soon after his return from London, in 1863, Mr. Khambatta was put in charge of a new banking concern, where his financial abilities had full play. Unfortunately, however, the Royal Bank of India could not withstand the crash that followed in the wake of the share mania of 1863—64, and it came to grief early in its career. Mr. Khambatta thereafter took to journalism again for a short time, and his contributions to *Native Opinion* and *Rast Goftar*—two well-known organs of Indian public opinion in those days—attracted considerable attention. But his life's work was yet to be, and curiously enough, it lay in the province of Bengal. For in 1870 Mr. Khambatta was sent to Calcutta as manager of the Port Canning Land and Investment Company, a company started in Bombay with the object of reclaiming the Sunderbunds and converting them into a big Zemindari. We have no space to record at length the invaluable services Mr. Khambatta rendered to this company during his 30 years' tenure. Suffice it to say that the shares of the company, which fetched less than Rs. 200 in 1872 are to-day worth Rs. 700. This is an achievement of which any man may well be proud, and Mr. Khambatta was justly proud of it. The modern Port Canning may be fittingly regarded as his memorial. This great but modest spirit needs no other. Only one person knew how terribly hard he had to work in the beginning, at the sacrifice of his own health—and that was Mr. Khambatta himself. For he had a constitutional dread of beating his own drum or exaggerating his own work. He loved to work quietly and with the consciousness of having his duties well-performed, never complaining, never despairing. Though he took no active part in the public life of Calcutta, he was

reckoned as a force which conduced to the greatest good of the greatest number. Mr. Khambatta continued to contribute to some of the leading papers, notably to his favourite *Spectator*. That was the solace of a strenuous life which experienced many vicissitudes. Misfortunes visited him in battalions, but he bore them all with wonderful fortitude. Once living like a Prince, he was obliged to live more modestly in the winter of his life, but never a complaint escaped his lips. True, mists gathered thick at the recollection of halcyon days, and his eyes often grew dim, but they soon regained their lustre at the thought of those who had to live a meaner life, and who were more unfortunate than he.

Mr. Khambatta settled down in Bombay about a decade ago, but Bombay recognised him not. Bengal also forgot him and his services soon, so that this good man, who deserved well of both, was not taken notice of by either. Mr. Khambatta had known enough of the ingratitude of the world to feel this lack of recognition. He lived very quietly in a little-known corner of Tardeo, working as long as he could, resting when he could work no more. How many people knew that that modest cottage in Chikalwadi enshrined a life that was worth honouring? Very few indeed. Mr. Khambatta lived not on Malabar Hill, he owned no motor or a house, he moved not in society. Then, why should society take notice of such a nonentity? It had its concerts and conferences to attend to, it had its honours and titles to scramble for, it had its tinsel gods to worship. So society and Mr. Khambatta lived their lives apart—and we leave our readers to say which led the better life. Our octogenarian friend was perfectly happy in the friendship of the few, perhaps half a dozen, who knew him and appreciated his true worth. Nothing pleased him more than the occasional visits of these few. They brought him papers to read

and he was most grateful. A voracious reader all his life, he indulged in this pastime almost to the last until his eyesight somewhat failed him. But he threw not away those papers. He kept them all in a bundle, and when a respectable packet was formed, he sent it to the War Hospital. His wrinkled face glowed with pride when he told this writer about his war-gift. True, it was not much of a gift, but no son of the Empire was more anxious to serve it in these critical days than dear old Cowasji Edulji Khambatta.

And now that he is gone, how will the community, of which he was an ornament, cherish his memory? We suppose the large majority of his co-religionists have heard of the man only after he is dead, and learnt about his invaluable services from the obituary notices. So much the worse for a community that is supposed to be the most enlightened in India. Luckily, however, Mr. Khambatta contrived to raise a memorial unto himself while he was yet alive, for, as we have remarked above, he was one of the Makers of Port Canning of to-day. And it is well that such an innately modest man dies obscurely, for his leaderless community will not make haste to call a memorial meeting in his honour, nor will there be any unseemly wrangle as to whether the acknowledged head of the community or the Trustees of the Parsi Panchayet should have the right to summon such a meeting. So let this faithful servant lie in peace! But we hope the younger generation will glean some lessons from such an exemplary life like his—a life spent in the service of the community and of the Empire in general—and follow in the footsteps of a man who would have adorned the headship of the community.

Published at Caxton House, Frere Rd., Bombay, by G. W. & A. E. Claridge, for the Proprietor

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EAST & WEST.

Vol. XV

AUGUST, 1916

No. 178.

ANCIENT EGYPT

THE story of the birth of Asia is both interesting and romantic. When our Earth first released itself from the embrace of the Sun and began to cool its body in the ocean of æther, it was a luminous globe of fire. Then the revolving ball, gradually freezing, began to condense on its surface. This caused the appearance of the old continents of Angora and Gondwana, the first-born twins of the world. There is evidence that much of the north and east of Asia have been land since the Palæozoic era, and it has been proved that the peninsula of India has never been beneath the sea since the carboniferous period. It was a portion of a great land mass which extended across the Indian Ocean, and was at one time united with South Africa. The greatest part of Western Asia was covered by the sea during the later stages of the cretaceous period, but a considerable part of the region was probably dry in the *jurassic* times. It was after the Eocene period that the Himalayas arose out of the depths of the sea. The formation of this and other great mountain chains united the two continents in physical marriage and the two becoming one, turned into Asia. Now Asia is bounded on the north by the Arctic Ocean, on the east by the Pacific, on the south by the Indian and

on the west by the Red Sea, the Levant, the Archipelago, the Black Sea, the Caspian Sea, the Ural River and the Ural Mountains. It extends from the equator to far within the Arctic Circle, and from 30° to 180° east longitude. Its length from the Dardanelles to the peninsula of Corea along the 40th parallel is nearly 6,000 miles, its breadth from Cape Seve'ro to Cape Romania is 5,400 miles, and its area is 17,500,000 square miles.

Asia is probably the cradle of man. When in the later glacial period Europe was swept over by ice and even the woolly rhinoceros and the mammoth were retreating towards the south, mankind first appeared in the sunny region of the south of Asia. Here lived those of our early progenitors who knew nothing of the laws of person, property or connubium, and who shared the shade of the mighty primeval trees in common with the beasts. But however much we may conjecture about the evolution of primitive man we can never arrive at the real truth, as nature, like Sybil, destroys her own books. All we know is that at the dawn of history the coldest zone, where the year is divided into one day and one night, was yet unvisited by man; central and southern Europe was ruled by an aristocratic government of the beasts of prey; and in the temperate and bright eastern hemisphere alone were found races of mankind with brown or red-brown or yellowish skins and life-warm bodies. Those living in North Africa were the children of Noah by his son Ham. They were known as Semites. Those who were spread over Asia were classed as Mongolians. Two other groups were known, put together as Caucasian and afterwards separately as Semites and Indo-European or Aryan. The Semites were also the children of Noah by his son Shem. The equatorial kingdom of the Sun was inhabited by a race with black skins. The roots of all civilization are

in hunger and sexual love. The region of south-western Asia is roughly demarked by five seas—Mediterranean, Black, Caspian, Persian and Red, and the land is nearly cut through by their arms. Accordingly, it was almost inevitable that civilization should arise out of barbarism precisely in this region, where water was plentiful and nature bountiful. Agriculture, the invention of woman, soon transformed this tract into a garden in which first the mighty tree of civilization grew wild and luxuriant.

Thus the fair valley of the Nile was the Chosen Land. What a change ! Men were no more savages. The love of woman, expressed in the formation of families, had softened the human race. They ceased from wandering and allied themselves to a single land. The price of their passion was their freedom. The dream-life of star-gazing and oriental reverie was given up, for they were now called upon to preserve and defend the fabric of the New State they had evolved out of the State of Nature. The duties of peace were taken up by women, those of war by men. But inequality is inherent in the nature of social man. Soon mind established its supremacy and the aristocracy of thought became the aristocracy of power. The soldier priests became the intellectual caste of Ancient Egypt.

The fire of time leaves nothing but a few ashes of the facts of history. Therefore before proceeding with an account of these people, let me strike a note of warning. Men lie but circumstances do not. The history of Ancient Egypt was first told to Europe by the Greek historian Herodotos. Herodotos' account of the Egyptians is nothing but a tissue of lies. Thus the very fountain head of the history of Ancient Egypt was poisoned. No doubt afterwards Manetho, Harporkration, Theopompes Strabo, Cicero, and Josephos challenged him, but

in spite of this he could never have been silenced had not the mute monuments of antiquity given irrefutable circumstantial evidence against him and told the suppressed truth.

Forty-five centuries before Christ the first king of history was crowned. In the city of Memphis the foundation of the first metropolis of the world was laid. The kingdom consisted of three estates—the Monarch, the Army and the Church. The king was called the Sun. He was the source of the light, of religion and law. Though the kingly office was a Caesar-papacy, the Pharaoh was no autocrat. He was controlled by a parliament of priests. The Egyptian constitution rested on the principle of the "rule of law." The Egyptian priests, civil servants and military officials could not claim the extraordinary jurisdiction of an ecclesiastical or administrative court that could override the law of general application. The judges not only could not be punished or controlled by the king, but they had to take an oath that they would disobey the monarch and the parliament if they were ordered to do anything contrary to law. The Pharaoh never died. He was a "corporation soul" and lived for ever. The Pharaoh could do no wrong. His ministers and advisers were responsible for all his acts, and in case of giving him injurious counsel had to face the law. The prerogative of mercy was exercised by the Pharaoh. It was the duty of every citizen to prevent a breach of the peace. Though there was a system of conscription, the soldiers could not carry arms except on duty, and private citizens could not carry them at all. The belligerents were to be treated with consideration. Civil laws were so made and administered as equally to benefit the rich and the poor. Thousands of their legal documents, which used to be filed in the public archives, have been preserved to the

present day. Their rules of admitting parole and documentary evidence were reasonable. In their personal law marriage was a civil contract solemnized by religious ceremony. Polygamy was permitted but seldom practised. The king was an exception. He had as many queens as there were political alliances with neighbouring rulers or nobles. As no family was regarded complete without children, adoption was allowed. Their criminal law was humane. When a pregnant woman was condemned to death, the sentence was respited till the birth of the child. In some periods capital punishment was forbidden. Those who are conversant with law know well that what is legally right is not always morally so. But the Egyptians believed that where law failed, it was the duty of the community to express its approbation or reprobation. So long as a man lived, he was the master of his rights given to him by law. But when he laid down his legal personality in death, they called him before the moral court of the community to receive the judgment of the nation. The voice of the people is the voice of God. The coffin was brought before a jury of 42 elders. If no condemning voice was raised, the barge-man sailed away with the coffin to the other side of the lake, where stood the House of the Dead. But if the voice of the orphan, widow, poor or the oppressed was heard in accusation and the charge was proved, burial was denied in consecrated ground. He was like a suicide to whom the Church denies its salvation.

Egypt was once temporarily occupied by the Bedouins of the Arabian Peninsula known as Hykos or Shepherd Kings, and the Pharaoh and his court were obliged to flee till they found an asylum in the land called Æthiopia. But the Bedouins felt themselves suffocated in the wide halls and the stately mansions of Memphis. The desert was their fatherland and the camp was their home. They kept

themselves aloof from the Egyptians who always cherished an idea of revolution in their minds. At length a descendant of the Pharaoh marched upon them and forced them back to the desert whence they had emerged. The period after restoration represents the zenith of the glory of Egypt. Now the Egyptians did not remain in the valley of the Nile. As the monuments tell us, their armies overran Asia to the shores of the Euxine and the Caspian Sea, and their ships touched the sandy mouth of the Indus. We find still extant many representations of the Pharaoh's triumph—his car drawn by the captive kings.

But what were these people of the mysterious sacred land of Egypt like? The scholars of our time are burning the midnight oil bent over their old time-worn papyri. The explorers of our day have also visited and revisited the antiquities of their country. But both have only fulfilled the sad prediction of the old Egyptian philosopher. "O Egypt! Egypt! there shall remain of thee but vague stories which posterity will refuse to believe. The gods shall ascend into the heavens and thou left a widowed desert." Where reason cannot go, let imagination helped by reason be our guide. Let imagination take us back across the ages. Remember, nothing dies. Everything sleeps. Let us call back from sleep the dead cities of the Pharaoh-land. Look how they arise in the mist of past time. Now they appear like distant passing shadows. Now they assume relief and look like approaching phantoms. Now they are here full of men, full of life, formed and real. We call ourselves living. We call them dead. The dead and the living are face to face. There are no dead. The swallows are flying over the Nile beating the water with the movements of their wings which touch its surface as a bat touches a circle. There are large lotus flowers which these birds seem to be in love. The sun shines

bright and warm and the whole day is an endless afternoon. The crocodiles lie on the muddy banks basking in the sun. Near the newly-built Sphinxes and the Pyramids there are stately castles and kingly palaces. Their architecture which has been inspired by the shape of the palm-trees and various plants of the country is free from all convention, yet perfect. True art knows no repetition. In these buildings uniformity has been studiously avoided. The eye can never get so familiar with their design as to like them the less for it in time. On a huge crag-platform, which is as smooth as burnished brass, stands a lofty mansion with its head buried in the clouds. The river flows silently by its side and is covered with gilded gondolas of fabulous shapes that glide over its waters still more silently. The barge-man rests on his oars as he goes down the river and sings the wailing song of despaired love, hearing which even the large red disc of the setting sun trembles as his boat. I am borne down the Nile and then wheel round a broad canal cut from the main river, which flows through the garden of the mansion. The sun has set and the clear dark blue sky is studded with stars. Passing under the low and drooping branches of the overhanging trees which are laden with large, deep-coloured, voluptuous flowers that touch my cheeks, I come upon the entrance of the garden, and leaving my boat, start for the pavilion to which its soft subdued light is inviting me to come. Life and death seem alternately to possess the stillness of the night. In the garden the soft-eyed gazelles are roaming like the spirits of the night and the Indian peacock's shrill is repeatedly heard impatiently calling to his mate. Half-way to the pavilion is a yellow-stone tank full of gold fish and blue water-lilies in which a fountain plays in the centre. We pass through a vineyard to reach the portals of the

mansion. The branches are trained over trellis-work and form beautiful bowers in which translucent red and green bunches of grapes are hanging full of the juice of the vine. A host of servants who are wearing wigs and false beards come to receive me. They take off my sandals, give me rose-water to wash my hands and present me with bouquets of jasmine flowers and roses. The smooth-faced boy-musicians tune their instruments and the soft murmur of the lutes and the half-human voices of the lyres produce a mysterious music which attempts to rob me of my senses. In the hall a band of agile ballad girls is dancing, draped in lighter drapery than that which covers the taut-lithe bodies of the Russian dancers of to-day. The room is full of furniture of Indian mahogany, Syrian deal and cedar from the heights of Lebanon. The decorations are of precious stones, gold and silver, ivory and ebony. In the corners stand statues of stone and bronze representing the Pharaohs and from the walls are hanging paintings portraying subjects of historical and religious character. Incense is burning on an altar in the centre where a mummy is placed in a coffin. I sit to dine with the grandees and the ladies of the court. There are hoary-headed ministers and aged matrons. There are youths of Egypt and maidens fair. The wine cup is passing round and I raise the drink to my lips. The wine of Egypt brings a wakening to me and suddenly I emerge out of my passive sensuous reverie.

All that I have, now far away seems banished
And real grown, what long ago had vanished.

—Goethe.

civilization of Egypt was a civilization of art.
art is the symbol of Egyptian life. The European

art of to-day is a reappearance of the Greek art. The present European artists follow in the footsteps of Phidias and Polygnotos. Their Neo-Greek art, like the Greek, is based upon the two fundamental ideas of external truth and objective beauty. The sole function of the modern European artist is to mirror Nature and Life. The Europeans, when they judge the art of the Egyptians, generally fall into two errors. They think Greek art to be a thing self-created. They also think that as the Egyptian art does not conform to the Greek and their own it is less perfect. The fact is, as the Egyptian priest Saus had said to Solon, that the Greeks are but children before the Egyptians. Thebes was the academy of Greece. The Egyptians gave the Greeks their pythagorean, epicurian and stoic philosophies. They taught them to think, to laugh and to grieve. Solon learnt the science of jurisprudence from them. They gave the Greeks their laws. Even the great Plato came as a pilgrim to their holy land. As in other subjects so in art, the Greeks learnt their alphabet from the Egyptians. The nearer we go to the fountain head of Greek art, the more we find the Greeks trying to copy them. Even in its most original form, the Greek art is not free from their deep influence. But why then did the Greeks give up their Egyptian models? It was because, like the modern Europeans, the Greeks were unable to enter into the spirit of the Egyptian art. They were only counterfeiters and were soon tired of mere imitation. The Egyptian art is an idealistic spiritual art inspired by the Egyptian religion. The Egyptians symbolised and expressed *Immortality*. They did not study nature for poetry but for philosophy. Their life was not of the body but of the soul. It is therefore that the Sphinx of Gizeh is of a colossal size and has the body of a lion and the head of a man or woman. Its height from the base to

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the top of the head is about 70 feet and the length of the body about 150 feet. It transcends nature and it defies time. In the Egyptian statues we find that, whether the subject sits, stands or kneels, the body and head always face directly forward, the hair of the heads of women and the beards of men is shown only in outline and the sculptor never attains to freedom in posing. On the other hand, in bas-reliefs, we find that the figures are almost invariably in profile. The body is not in correct proportion and the different parts are sometimes mismatched. So it is in the relief of Seti, the most noble bas-relief ever produced. In my opinion all these shortcomings (?) have resulted from no lack of artistic sense, but from the fact that the artist works with the idea of attaining physical immortality. He works in huge rocks and tries to cut the solid block as little as possible. He avoids details as time destroys them. He shuts his eyes even if his works appear to be not true to nature. He says to himself, "Even like me let my work be immortal." This is the reason why the Egyptian artist has always chosen pink granite and yellow stone and has never worked in marble though marble was cheap in the markets of Egypt. And has he not succeeded? The monuments of Egyptian art stand and will stand for ever. They shall outlive time. They are immortal.

Even looked upon from the realistic view-point, the Egyptian statues of Ra Hotep and Nefert (Bolak Museum) are as beautiful as Apollo and Venus of the Greeks. The cross-legged Scribe (Paris, Louvre) reminds me of the Gyani Buddha, although the latter is a greater and nobler work. Again, what could excel the life-like realism of the Shekh-ul-Balad (British Museum)? Professor Maspero says about the great
 ix: "The art which conceived and carved this

prodigious statue was a finished art, which had attained self-mastery and was sure of its effects."

A Japanese art critic, Mr. Okakura, writes that in the domain of art-philosophy all Asia is one. This explains the identity of the feeling that inspires the ancient Egyptian and our own Hindu art. Mr. Havell, speaking of the pre-Græco-Roman-Gandhara art, has thus explained the meaning and significance of ancient Indian art: "Indian art was conceived when that wonderful intuition flashed upon the Indian mind that the soul of man is eternal and one with the supreme Soul of the Lord and cause of all things."

It will not be out of place here to mention that modern Europe has now begun to feel the fetters of the rigid traditions of the Italian Renaissance. Many European artists of to-day have no shame in confessing that they are looking for new ideas to the East. The English Realist has turned his attention towards China and Japan, but the Continental Impressionist has gone to Egypt, Assyria and India in quest of new sources of inspiration. The German modern art, though the Germans may not acknowledge this, owes its greatness to a very large extent to ideas freely borrowed from ancient Egypt and Assyria. The Voelker Schlachtdenkmal at Leipzig is one of the most representative expressions of modern Egypto-Assyrian-German art. It is incontestably one of the greatest masterpieces of modern times.

Like all the nations believing in immortality, the Egyptians were enamoured of the occult sciences of astrology, alchemy and magic, and saw nothing incongruous in establishing an inter-relationship between the laws of the real world and the supposed laws of their imaginary world. We know that astrology can throw no light on the future, alchemy cannot transmute bronze into gold, and magic

cannot defeat the purposes of nature. What is it then that can sustain the belief of nations in cherishing such pure illusions? I think it is a sub-conscious attempt to escape from the monotony of life. It is an effort of imagination to triumph over reason. It is the rehearsing of supernatural power and the copying of immortality. It is the mimicking of the attributes of God. This alone can explain the sorcery, demonology and witchcraft of ancient Egypt. Amulets to be worn by the living and to be put over the dead were so common that their different names are difficult to recount. The amulet of the heart was a protection against a demon who stole away the hearts of men. The amulet of the buckle was a representation of the belt of Isis and protected the wearer in the underworld. The amulet of the vulture was placed on the neck of the dead on the funeral day to cause Isis the divine-mother, to be a protection for the deceased. The amulet of the soul, a human-faced bird, was intended to enable the soul to unite with the body. The amulet Sam meant union, and referred to animal pleasure. Besides amulets they made use of wax and other figures. One of the earliest examples of their use is related in the *Western Papyrus*. When King Neb-ka went on a visit to one of his chiefs, the wife of the latter fell violently in love with one of the soldiers of the King's train. The lady invited the soldier through her hire-woman and had her wish of him. But the matter was made known to the chief by his steward. The chief thereupon took out some scented wax from a precious ebony box, made a model of a crocodile out of it and said to the steward: "When the man cometh to the river to bathe, throw this figure after him." The next day the soldier came to the river, the steward threw the wax crocodile after him which at once turned into a living crocodile, seized upon the man and dragged him into the water. Oil and

unguents were used for transformation. A woman, who undressing herself completely, rubbed her whole body with a certain magic oil, could change herself into a night raven. But all this notwithstanding, superstition did no more form part of the life of ancient Egypt than it did of ancient Greece. White and black magic is not unknown in the East to-day, and even in Europe animal magnetism and spiritism are playing a rôle. Doctors of Science display childish belief in mesmeric lethargy, hypnotic catalepsy, suggested somnambulism, ecstatic trance, pathological emotions, hallucinations and dreams.

The Egyptians were a religious people. The general European opinion that the Egyptian religion was barbaric animistic and therapeutic, only shows the ignorance or prejudice of its professors. The Egyptian religion was no coarse pantheism. On the other hand, the Egyptians had arrived at a defined notion of the unity of God. As the Hymn of the Nile tells us, they knew that "God can not be figured in stone. He cannot be seen in sculptured images, neither offerings can be made to Him; and He cannot come forth from His secret place where He dwelleth unknown." Their God is self-existent, immortal, invisible, eternal and unknowable. It is very instructive to note that the following epithets, a few of the many collected by Dr. Brugsch from texts of all periods, bear a close resemblance to verses of the same nature in the Old Testament:—

"God is one and alone and none other existeth with Him."

"God is the eternal one. He shall endure to all eternity."

"God is a mystery unto His creatures. No man hath been able to seek out His likeness, to know His form."

"God is life, and through Him only man liveth."

"God knoweth him that knoweth Him. He rewardeth him that serveth Him and He protecteth him that followeth Him."

But we also know that the Egyptians regarded the sky to be a cow, with the stars and the sun across her body. They believed in a sun-god with the body of a man and the head of a hawk. They had a goddess of war with the head of a lioness, and a goddess of protection, a woman wearing the crowns of the Upper and the Lower Egypt. Maat was the goddess of truth, and who has not heard the name of Isis? There were besides gods of inferior ranks, including the sacred animals. Petronius is right when he says that the country was so thickly populated with divinities that it was easier to find a god than a man. How is this contradiction in the very bosom of the Egyptian religion to be explained? How are such ideas to be reconciled with monotheism? The key to this problem is that all the gods, great and small, are nothing more than emblems and signs. The Almighty is one, but His manifestations are many, in which He reveals Himself. It is not the incomprehensible Divinity Himself, but some of His comprehensible qualities which the Egyptians have symbolized in the form of gods. Thus, the religion of the Egyptians, despite some of its insolvable anomalies and inscrutable mysteries, represents a strict monotheism in the garb of pantheism, and is reconcilable with the most exalted idea of God.

The Egyptians believed in immortality. They regarded man to be a combination of body, life and soul. Soul is imperishable, as Isis says in her lamentations: "Heaven hath thy Soul and earth thy body." They believed that the soul is transferred to heaven where it sails in the barque of the sun-god to see the Infinite Beatitude. Herodotus tells us that "like birds, the dead fly up to

heaven, they go like hawks, their feathers are like geese, they rush like cranes, they kiss the heavens like falcons, and leap to it like grass-hoppers. They fly away from you, you men, and are no more on earth." They believed that happiness or misery in the world to come depends upon the deeds done in this body. They believed that the good shall be rewarded and the wicked punished. The prayer of the Dead runs thus : " Praise be to thee great, God..... I have committed no sins against mankind.....I have not caused any to weep.....I have not occasioned griefI have not defraudedI have not liedI have not committed adultery.....I have given bread to the hungry and clothes to the naked..... I was a father to the orphan and a husband to the widowDeliver me, protect me."

To-day the temple of Egypt lies in ruins with the passing away of the Egyptian civilization, the world has lost the original work of man, accomplished by the unaided hands of the dwellers on the Nile. All those who have since taken their place have been only imitators, great or insignificant.

ABDUR RAHMAN SEOHARVI.

Moradabad.

STRAY RECOLLECTIONS OF A TRIP TO INDIA.

[It gives us great pleasure to publish these interesting reminiscences of a trip to India by Madame Menant, widow of the famous French Judge and Oriental scholar, Joachime Menant. It will be remembered that Madame Menant visited these shores with her talented daughter, Mdle. Delphine, nearly sixteen years ago, but though such a long period has elapsed and this charming writer has entered upon her eighty-sixth year, she seems to possess an ever-green memory, for she writes of the incidents of her trip with wonderful accuracy, hardly making a mistake as regards names of persons, or places, or dates. That these two French ladies thoroughly enjoyed their visit to India is evidenced by these recollections which may be regarded as a thanks-offering to all those kind friends who helped in making their trip an unqualified success. Madame Menant's impressions are intensely interesting and many of her observations are quite original. For instance, her statement that it was during their visit to Sanjan that they expressed a wish for a memorial to be erected there, in commemoration of the landing of the Persian fugitives, will be read with peculiar interest to-day when a puerile attempt is being made in certain quarters to discredit the memorial that is under construction at Sanjan. This racy

account will interest the Parsi community the most, for the affection, almost reverence, in which the Menants regard the Parsis and their ancient religion, is traditional. Few, indeed, know the great debt under which Middle Menant has laid this community by her historical researches which have gained for her a European reputation. It may be added that Madame Menant jotted down these recollections at Senlis, in a peaceful little orchard just behind the chapel, almost under the shadow of the present war. For hardly had the ink dried when they had to flee to Paris where they have ever since stayed, sharing their country's woes and privations, but never doubting that their country will win. May their wish be realised soon! *Ed*, E. & W.]

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“ Ed altre disse ma non t’ho à mente ”

DANTE.

I WANT to jot down, before they fade out of memory, a few recollections of my trip to India, especially those connected with my respected friend, Mr. Malabari, who is associated with most of them, and certainly with the dearest and pleasantest. But first, I must speak of our long and faithful friendship and say how it sprung up. One word more. people may be surprised at my writing in English, for certainly my colloquial is very poor; still my knowledge of the language itself is perhaps better, and above all, I have near me a dear one to whom I may hand over the pen whenever I feel at a loss to explain myself.

A small blue book, the charming autobiography published by Mr. Dayaram Gidumal, was the starting point of our mutual friendship. Darmesteter presented it to my husband, and it was immediately decided that

my daughter should translate it, some day, into French—a plan which was put into execution later on. My husband was at once attracted by the personality of Mr. Malabari, inasmuch as at that time my daughter was beginning to study the history of the Parsi community and the social and political movements of modern India, in which our good friend has occupied such a prominent place, and he was struck, not only by the fame and success of the reformer and publicist, but also by the elevation of his thoughts and his admirable views on the Zoroastrian religion. And here also it may seem strange that a scholar, who had been wholly engrossed for more than fifty years in researches on Assyrian epigraphy and history, had leisure enough to bestow his attention on a quite different branch of study. It must be remembered, however, that the inscriptions of ancient Persia are written in cuneiform characters, and thus were implied in his sphere of studies. How could he have remained indifferent to the fate of the descendants of the subjects of Cyrus and Darius, whose names are inscribed on the rocks of Behistun or the marbles of Persepolis—those brave refugees of Gujarat? In this way he was drawn towards the Parsi community. Again, there was also a very old feeling lurking in the inmost recesses of his heart, his early interest in the religion of ancient Iran, awakened when he was studying law. At that time he had become an assiduous student of the lectures of that highly-gifted Orientalist Professor Charma, and had even published the series of his "Leçon" on Oriental philosophy, an attempt which testifies to the vast erudition of a young man of 22. The enraptured youth had seen by turns the development of the religious systems of Egypt, China, India and Persia; but it was this last which captivated him and made upon a lasting impression. When he wrote his small

volume on Zoroaster, it was neither in a scientific spirit nor from a publisher's vulgar standpoint, but merely to gratify his inclination towards views so very congenial to his own, which he rejoiced were still entertained by the depositories of the tenets of the great sage. He had followed, of course, the Parsi tradition according to Anquetil's works, and he stuck to it in spite of the divergencies of the European scholars on the age, native place and scenes of ministry of the Prophet of Iran. Therefore it was with an intense joy that I received Mr. Malabari's first visit in 1896, soon followed by his stay among us in 1897-98. Both soon became good friends, and they arranged that in case my daughter and myself were ever to visit India, it would be under the auspices of Mr. Malabari, who promised to take every care of us. Never was a promise more faithfully kept and fulfilled!

Our voyage was destined to be a consolation tour; a complete change could alone assuage the pain caused by the loss of a dear husband and the upheaval in our ideal life. The preparation and bustle of the departure did us good and drew us away from our sad thoughts. It was in the hottest days of October that, at dawn, our good vessel "Annam" dropped anchor in the beautiful harbour of Bombay, and we met on Ballard Pier our friend, who, true to his word, had come to meet us (1900). Henceforth his Bandora home became our headquarters where we could come back whenever we liked, either to take rest or to plan new excursions.

The first impression was truly dazzling, mixed with an immense fatigue, soon conjured up by the attraction of the novelty. The heat in the Red Sea having greatly impaired our health, our kind host, in order to recruit our strength, decided to take us immediately to Mahableshwar. The day after we landed, we started for the

Dekhan. What a charm there was in this first glimpse of the sunny scenery of the Ghats, that succession of deep and wooded valleys, and the threatening rocks which surged to our admiring eyes on leaving Kalyan—a unique lifting of the curtain on India! After sunset began the initiation to our new life by the nocturnal journey from Wathar in the *terra incognita* of the district of Satara.

Wrapped up in furs and ensconced in our comfortable phaeton, tired and sleepy, we lost by degrees the notion of time and place. From the pace of the horses and the shrieking of the men only, we could feel that we had left the plains and were beginning the great ascent. At day-break with a grey and melancholy dawn creeping in, we woke up in the heart of the mountains, where we crossed on the road cut in the rocks, long lines of ryots, who had travelled the whole night with their families and flocks. By degrees appeared the majestic Indian sun, warming and rejoicing the whole of nature, and when we reached Panhagani it was in truth a hot and glorious morning! The air was light, so fresh that it was for us a relief to breathe freely, and our European eye felt a singular charm in wandering from the majestic view of the admirable Kistna valley to the high fences of bamboos or the hedges embalmed with blooming honey-suckle and sweet-briar. At last Mahabaleshwar emerged from the huge mass of green foliage, and we swiftly rolled on to our house, "Pancher Villa," situated in a deep part of the forest far from the noise and bustle of the station. How can I describe the splendid picture offered to our admiration?

Our host had selected one of the most beautiful spots on the tableland. The terrace on which our bungalow stood, like an old "burg" of the Rhine, commanded the valley; on both sides clusters of trees framed a scene

of matchless beauty ; woody and verdant ridges were emerging from a luminous vapour, by turns blue, rosy or violet, according to the whimsical run of the clouds on the sky, lighting or leaving in the shade the summits of the hoary rocks heaped up before us in the distance ; while just opposite, in full sun, stood Pratapghad, the dark fortress of the Mahratta hero Sivaji. Such was the place where, in a charming rustic bungalow, we were to spend a whole fortnight of seclusion and peace.

There I was allowed to make my first acquaintance with India—the gentle population and the majestic scenery of the Ghats. I avoided, as much as possible, to mix with society people which my recent weeds, according to our French custom, entirely forbid. And my European life was gradually disappearing, thus preparing in my memory a blank sheet ready to receive new impressions. That preparation is, in my humble opinion, extremely favourable for any traveller who wants honestly to understand India. I have no need to insist upon the hours of idleness spent in the forest, our trips to the so well known and admired points, the springs of the holy rivers and the revered temples. . . . I left my daughter to study the place and its ancient people, the aborigines, and put aside books and gazetteers ; having come to enjoy, I had my fill. Nature was enough for me.

People may boast of the famous Mahableshtar season. October has as much charm, perhaps more ; at least, I felt so. The forest, after the monsoon, puts on a splendid garb ; the streams are so abundant, the water-falls so grand ! Who would not be struck by the beautiful contrast of the red wounds of the trenches cut in the sward or the bluish haze hanging on the valleys and the emerald green of the meadows ?

I do not regret the dark days of the "Elephant

storms" during which we were almost separated from the world. I like the souvenir of those nights, when, though surrounded by the howling tempest and awed by the shrieks of wild beasts and birds of prey, we enjoyed the feeling of complete security, warm and safe under the small and lightly built shed. Nature seemed to be in distress then, but the grandeur of the physical phenomena was magnificent.

When I left "Paricheher Villa," on a sunny morning, and saw by degrees the Kistna Valley and the rocky range disappearing, I bade adieu with an aching heart to the green outlines of the beautiful tableland supposed to have been discovered by Lodwick. My only regret was that I had not found the place such as Lady Falkland had described it. Alas! civilization will continue to make progress which must mar the loveliness of the spot.

But, thank God, my age forbids me to say *au revoir*.

GUJARAT.

Our trip to Gujarat, the garden of India, as it is called, lasted nearly six weeks. It is rather unusual for the European to loiter so near Bombay and explore the Northern Konkan, where he is not allured by the grand sights so highly praised in official guides and by universal fame. Yet for centuries the Hindus, Mohammedans, Mahrattas and Portuguese have fought on its plains deadly fights and ruled it by turns. There also the races are mixed in a more marked degree than in any other part of India. The result is that the remains of these different civilizations, though rare, are still captivating; a Hindu temple, a Mohammedan mosque or a Portuguese fort add charm of the scenery, and the aboriginal element zest to the mingling of so many types.

Generally, the traveller hurries on to Odeypore and the ancient cities of Delhi, Agra and Lahore right up to the Khyber Pass and casts a glance, if possible, at the big Jamrud Fort. The train carries him swiftly across the fertile country rich in fields and picturesquely adorned with clusters of palm-tree, and he stops neither at Surat, the old city of our European factories, formerly the emporium of trade in the East, nor at Baroda, the heart of Gujarat ; yet if the tourist is a man of taste and fashion, he will condescend to be the State guest at the Kamati Bagh out of respect for the Gaekwar, and perhaps also out of curiosity for its brilliant court ; but he will not probably think of the Rajput Dabhoi nor of the grim fortress of Varagad. Broach is totally disregarded, and Ahmedabad, in spite of its glorious remains of the Mohammedan epoch, scarcely less. But we neglected none of those historical associations and relicts of the past. As regards modern Gujarat, we took with us the excellent book of our host, *Gujarat and the Gujaratis*, whose descriptions of the country and its people we had so often read at the fire-side of our Paris home, and the faithfulness and accuracy of which we were soon to verify.

Yet our chief aim was to visit the first settlement of the Parsis along the coast. After having met the Bombay Parsis, we wanted to make the acquaintance of those who had remained faithful to the first avocations of their ancestors, the sturdy husbandman and toddy-drawers, the same our European travellers of the seventeenth century met with, and who have continued to lead the pure life adopted by their ancestors on their arrival from Persia.

We left Bandora on the 18th December, early in the morning, with the dear family of our kind host who was unable to join us then, and settled at Umbargaon in the

Collector's bungalow. The contrast was great indeed, the first impression quite different from what we had felt so deeply during our trip to the Ghats and the somewhat exciting life of Bombay.

Our humble home stood just in the middle of the *maidan*; our young friends were Mr B. I's guests in his big house opposite. We were so near the sea that we could hear its murmur at the high tide when the waves gently expired on the sand. The beach became our evening resort. . . . A depressing silence usually reigns in the Indian villages, except in the morning, when the ryots go to the fields, and at night, when men and beasts return home. During the day time, it is only broken by the laments of the women attending funerals. The corpse was laid in a pit dug in the sand on the seashore with a small quantity of wood and covered with red rags, if I am not mistaken, so that the half burnt bones might be swept away by the tide and carried to the high sea. Who will ever be able to depict the melancholy aspect of that immense beach when there flickered at the close of the day the sinister flame so soon extinguished by the waves washing the sand!

It was somewhere here that the small flotilla which carried the brave little band of Parsi fugitives from Persia, had cast anchor years ago, there had landed their Dastoor sent to the Indian prince, the good Jadi Rana, to obtain permission to settle on his territory. The pilgrimage to the site of their old city of Saajan was the first item inscribed on our programme; but it was to take place only when our host would be able to join us. Meanwhile, we made the best of our stay, and greatly enjoyed the rural life of this charming little place. In the morning we did some shopping, visiting the artizans who carry on the local industries, which gave us a real insight into native life. We had even

the privilege of seeing the home of some respectable officials, Brahmins by caste, who introduced us to the ladies of their family, quiet and demure-looking little persons, bedecked with jewels and wrapped up in gaudy *saris*.

Thanks to our friends, Messrs. B. I. and A. D., we could explore the country in the white-roofed *ghadas* (bullock-carts). I do not know if *ghadas* are much in request by European travellers, but I can certify that this rustic mode of conveyance, if not the swiftest, is at least one which allows one to give oneself up to "reverie," and after all it is not absolutely uncomfortable if the cushions are soft and the bullocks well yoked. Perhaps there is too much jolting - I quite agree with that, for we have experienced it! Now the wheels were sinking into deep ruts, then crushing small palm-trees, or carrying us into the stony bed of a dried-up stream. Yet, and in spite of all these inconveniences, I cannot speak of Mr. A. D.'s *ghadu* and beautiful pair of oxen, nor of the young *dubla* driver, without a sweet regret for ever associated with our gipsy life in Gujarat. Such was the carriage in which we paid our visits to the Parsi villages, all of them more or less important, generally provided with the two indispensable elements of a regular Parsi settlement, the Fire-temple located among the modest houses, and far away in the fields the dreary Tower of Silence. We saw the men at work, tapping palm-trees, the women having discarded the lovely *sari* and wearing silk pyjamas, their heads wrapped up in the white old-fashioned *mathabana*, (a white linen covering for the head), accomplishing their daily avocations, handy and intelligent, and conscious of their religious duties. Now and then we were invited to partake of their simple fare; at other times, we sat at the plentiful table of wealthy landowners. How charming those fraternal parties in the hospitable house of Mr. A. D.

and our return home in the glory of a moonlit night ! Once we had the whim to change our itinerary ; instead of following the usual track in the downs, we planned to cross a small creek and roll on the smooth sands. But, alas ! we forgot how punctual the tide is and we lingered there so long that dusk overtook us, and the sea, fast running up, soon surrounded us on all sides. Oh ! those waves, so soft, so treacherous and swift ! Suddenly we perceived that the outlines of the land were no more visible ; our bullocks were already getting out of their depth, and the trail of the *ghadas*, following the silvery track of our own, was enveloped in a sort of luminous weird haze. The young *dubla* driver's face, pale with fright, was far from comforting, in fact, our position was rather critical. But, thanks to our bullocks, excellent animals, surely guided by their instinct, in which we had put all hope of rescue, we were brought safely to the shore God be praised !

Of our excursions to the Parsi villages, I will note those to Deviar, the old and shady Portuguese *aldeia*, Jahn Bordi and its sanatorium, Nargol, the largest Parsi agglomeration in the Konkan, where my illustrious countryman, Anquetil Duperron, sick and forlorn, was entertained by the *patel* of the locality This last is worth recalling.

After our visit to the small fire-temple, paid of course at a respectful distance, we undertook the melancholy pilgrimage to the Tower of Silence in the fading twilight, a visit which has remained in my memory as a typical picture of Indian scenery I will borrow from our notebook its narrative " 2nd Dec Our drivers were obliged to spur on the bullocks, as it was growing late, and, accompanied by the people of the village, we hurried on among plantations of palm-trees. The silence was perfect, only broken now and then by the distant murmur of the waves expiring at the foot of the cliff which forms the point of

Nargol ; above our heads, small golden clouds were chasing each other on the tender greenish sky ; soon appeared the tower, huge and dark ; the customs and regulations compelled us to stop near the buildings used for the purifications ; but the priest having been warned, stood at the door of a chapel purposely left opened.

" The threshold was decorated with white flowers ; the lintel with fragrant garlands ; in the small recess burned the flame in a metal censer, that same flame supposed to warm the dead on the stony platform ! Whilst we were strangely moved by this affecting sight, the sun was fast setting behind the awful building, its lines sharply inscribed against the red sky, and yonder in the East, an old dilapidated tower was vanishing in the greyish shadow of the evening mist. By degrees the stars appeared, and it was quite dark when we crossed the river. All the doors in our village were shut ; no one was to be seen in the streets, except straggling buffaloes lazily coming back from the fields, and the only perceptible noises were those of the tomtoms from the ward of the Brahmins."

Now I pass on to our longed-for excursion to Sanjan. On Xmas eve, Mr. Malabari came to fulfil the promise made to my husband and guide us to the site of the first settlement of the Parsis. But before I open our note-book I cannot omit the memorable Xmas night spent on the shores of the Arabian Sea. It was the first time in my life that I had been separated from my community on such a day. How many pleasant Xmases I could recall from my childhood up to this one spent in a foreign land, our snowy Xmas nights and the joyous chimes of the august Norman Cathedral, those sweet chimes " which seem to call away the soul." (*The Indian Eye*.) Alone with my daughter, when midnight struck, we opened the door of our bungalow and threw an admiring, almost a worshipping,

glance at the starry sky ; assuredly we needed " no chimes to call away our souls " ; the majesty of the hour and the reminiscences it evoked sufficed for that. On such a lovely night a Child had brought a new light to the world, and the Wise Men had come from the East to worship the divine New Born in the humble manger cradle of Bethlehem, in accordance, some say, with a prophecy delivered by Zoroaster. In the New Testament apocrypha, we find a sweet reminiscence of that legend. It is said that the Magi received from the Blessed Virgin Mary the swaddling clothes of the Infant Christ as a gift, and on returning to their country made a line with which to worship and consume the clothes according to the religion, but the garments remained unseared in the flames and became a sacred relic. This relic is preserved in a Christian church at Urmiah, and in Egypt, it is said, one or two of the Magi are buried.

What a contrast, and how striking the meeting of the disciples of the two religions on the same Indian beach, the followers of the Magi and the worshippers of the Infant Christ ! And it was with an almost unknown enthusiasm there poured from our lips the divine *Venite adoremus* which, at that same hour, filled the whole Christendom. Can such nights be forgotten ? . . . Morn came, and with it the merry-making of our Parsi friends, faithful to the English customs, *i.e.*, exchange of wishes and presents, then the preparation for our expedition to Sanjan was made, the way by the river being selected.

Our little boats, each containing three persons and two aborigines, sailed swiftly on the clear stream bordered with trees and reeds, whence flocks of storks were taking their flight. The weather was lovely, the air pure and invigorating ; in the distance, outlines of mountains emerged from the morning haze. We reached quickly

the landing place, from whence bullock-carts took us to the spot where once flourished the Parsi settlement. This place had scarcely tempted European travellers. In fact, there is little to be seen, simply an immense plain covered with heaps of rubbish, and here and there beautiful clusters of trees and the plain reed huts of the aborigines. An old brick Tower of Silence was for a long while the only one remaining of the nine others supposed to have existed there, and it has totally disappeared now, yet the site is pointed out to visitors as the circumference of the *bhandar*, or well, still marked by palm trees and shrubs. We must leave to our "savant" friend, Dr. J. J. Modi, the elucidation of the great historical question about the old poem relative to the arrival of the Persians in India, and the chief events which happened in the little community till the fifteenth century. A few names only have survived, that of Ardeslin, the gallant warrior who fought temporarily against the Mohammedans and lost his life in defending Sanjan, can be rightly considered the incarnation of the loyal devotion of the Parsi refugees to their Rajput friends. Though it has been India's fate to be submitted to foreign rule, the Parsis have still retained their love for their adopted land and will always side with her, whatever happens. My dear host had beautifully expressed that feeling years ago. "Apart," he says, "from political considerations, when I am reminded of the brotherly shelter offered by the good Jadav Rana to the care-worn exiles of Iran, the survivors of a heroic band who preferred death to the renunciation of their ancestral faith, I always feel that we, Parsis, cannot do too much to repay that ancient debt."

Perhaps, some day a pious Zoroastrian will think of this desolate place and erect on its dreary soil a memorial

to the landing of his ancestors. Such was the wish we expressed on that very same spot, on that bright Xmas afternoon. Fourteen years have elapsed, and it is nearly fulfilled ! God be praised !

The day after, we performed the pilgrimage to the great Udvada Fire-Temple, built by the Venerable Bai Motlibai Wadia, and made the acquaintance of the traditional *macchi*, the old-fashioned *palki* so well known by the pious Zoroastrian ladies, which carried us on the smooth metalled road to the village. A whole day spent in the company of members of the priestly class proved of deep interest to my daughter, totally absorbed in her historical avocations ; and while our friends, after having submitted to the customary purifications, were piously bringing their *macchi* to the Atash-Behram-Saheb, we rambled in the streets. After sunset we took our evening meal in the great hall of the big Dharmshala with the party of rural Parsis who had accompanied us, and slept with the ladies in the large dormitory annexed to it.

At dawn our little company broke up, and we bade adieu to our good and hospitable friends and took our solitary way northward, attended by a servant only.

(To be continued)

L. MENANT.

Senlis, France.

THE HOME RULE AGITATION.

THE Government of Bombay has forbidden the entry of Mrs. Besant into the presidency on the ground that she has acted, or is likely to act, in a manner prejudicial to the public safety. The powers given by the Defence of India Act have been exercised by different Governments in different ways against many individuals. In Bengal, 7 persons have been expelled from the province, 190 compulsorily domiciled, and 21 dealt with under Regulation 3 of 1818, while 12 have absconded. In that province anarchists commit dacoities and murder. Mrs. Besant is not known to go about with revolvers concealed in her gown : if she carries about any dangerous weapon, it must be her tongue. The precise nature of the activities which have created suspicion against her is not, at the time of writing, authoritatively explained to the public, but she asserts that her Home Rule campaign, latterly coupled with her agitation against the Press Act, must have caused uneasiness to the authorities. Mrs. Besant has less influence in Bombay than in Madras, but history has shown that Maharashtra contains more explosive material than the land of the Tamils. On the other hand, the leaders of the "moderate" party in Bombay do not approve of her politics. She was wild with the late Sir P. M. Mehta because he would not give her so much as an interview, while Dr. Dadabhai Naoroji had conditionally accepted

the **presidentship** of her Home Rule League. The efforts which she made in December last to commit the Congress to her politics are well known, and if few Congress leaders took part in the recent public meeting to protest against the Press Act and the manner in which it was worked, the reason practically was that they do not care to dance to her tune. Many Indians dislike the nature of her agitation and the time which she has chosen to carry it on.

Lord Morley described Indian "extremists" as impatient idealists. Mrs. Besant has their impatience, but it is doubtful whether Lord Morley would see much of their idealism about her teachings. The motto of the idealists was that "self-government is better than good government." They generously gave credit to the British Government for its good intentions and its superior administrative genius. But they pleaded, as a matter of justice and in accordance with the poet's ideal of a Parliament of Man and Federation of the World, that all nations must be placed on the same level, though some nations may not be able to govern themselves as well as others could govern them. Idealists of this type sooner or later come round to the actualities of the situation. Mr. B. C. Pal has recently admitted that he was in error when he overlooked two considerations, namely, that India, left to herself, cannot maintain her independence, and secondly, that Hindus and Mussulmans will not live amicably together when the British hand is withdrawn. The idealist cherishes a high standard of self-respect, at the same time he wants to be considered chivalrous and is ready to acknowledge all that he owes to the British nation. Mrs. Besant is an Englishwoman: in her it would be boastfulness to remind us of all the good that England has done to India. A person in her position would rather generously give away her own countrymen and speak of their "pleasure-

hunting proclivities." The fact is that it is incongruous for an Englishwoman to lead Indian nationalists, nor should they require her lead if they are worth their salt. What is the result of her leadership? The chivalric element in the idealism disappears, and its place is taken by petulance. The term "extremist" is now well-nigh forgotten, and it was never clearly defined. The champion of physical violence is nowadays an "anarchist," and Mrs. Besant does not fall under that category. If there be any violence about her methods, it must be sought in her language. If she has fallen under the displeasure of the Madras and the Bombay Governments, she must thank her tongue and her pen for it.

The National Congress has undertaken the mission of ventilating the grievances of the public, and it has also a goal of its own, but it does not demand Home Rule at present. The Nationalist wants to arrive at the goal more quickly, but he does not pretend that the people at large will necessarily be happier than now when that goal is reached. Mrs. Besant thought that she had sufficient ability and influence to bring about a reconciliation between the parties and could enlist a large measure of support in England for a combined scheme of reform. The result of her attempt to combine the two schools has been to produce a new type of Home Ruler, who is not content to say that "self-government is better than good government," but asserts that the present system is inconsistent with good government, and that self-government is the only guarantee of good government. A vernacular journal argued the other day as follows :—"The National Congress has for years pleaded for a reduction of the incidence of land tax and other reforms in land revenue administration, but in vain. It has for years complained of the oppressive working of the forest regulations, but to no good purpose."

It has for years recommended reforms in the Abkari administration so as to arrest the spread of intemperance, but without any satisfactory result. It has repeatedly asked for the separation of executive from judicial offices, for a more rapid extension of education, and for various other measures of good government, but the authorities turn a deaf ear to their prayers. The only remedy for this state of things is Home Rule. As long as the blood is not purified, when one boil is operated upon and cured, another will spring up elsewhere. Home Rule is the only way of purifying the system and nothing short of it will answer the needs of the situation." This new kind of nationalism, which professes to be more practical and realistic than the sentimental patriot who asked for justice to himself, but gratefully acknowledged the good done by others, is rapidly spreading, and it is to this sort of nationalism that Mrs. Besant appeals.

And think of the time she has chosen to stir up the less noble elements in the mind of India! There are Indian journals which indignantly repudiate the idea of claiming political concessions as a reward for the loyalty shown during the war. Loyalty merits praise when it is disinterested and when it is practised as a duty. When it is made the subject of a bargain, all idealism vanishes out of it, and it betrays coarse and hideous features. It may be Irish to take advantage of a nation's adversity. May Heaven forbid that it should be the Indian way of doing things! It reminds one of the rather indecent, but expressive, proverb about making love to a dancing girl when her house is on fire. Help to extinguish the flames if you can, but wait before you ask favours from her.

Home Rule for India is not a new idea, and the person who preaches it at the proper time and in the proper place is not necessarily considered a dangerous lunatic.

The connotation of Home Rule varies with the persons who put forward their own schemes of it. Even Sir Walter Lawrence has propounded a scheme of Home Rule, which consists in converting British India into a number of Native States under British protection, each State being obliged to carry on the government in accordance with the advice given by a Resident. Whether the scheme be practicable or not, no objection is raised to anyone putting it forward for what it is worth. The idea did not originate with Sir Walter, and its weak points are patent enough. In the first place the Resident's advice, unless it relates to the external relations of a State, can carry no weight inasmuch as he will lack experience of Indian administration, nor can he appeal to the experience of other European Civilians. Then again, if Europeans do not come into personal contact with the people at large in the districts and the larger towns, the next question that will be raised is why they should control Indian administration at all. Thirdly, the new States will have to be Republics and it will take a longer time to establish Republics in India than to grant the kind of Home Rule that some other theorists have suggested. All such schemes may, no doubt, be gradually worked out and modified from time to time in the light of experience. With the impatience of idealists, they would be leaps in the dark. When once a definite ideal is set up before the public and they are told to approach it only step by step, they have to ask themselves constantly what the next step is to be and when it is to be taken, and hence the impatience to shirk the labour and delay of the intermediate progress and to get at the ideal at once.

According to some advisers of Indians in England the step that is immediately possible is to provide for a majority of elected members in all legislative councils including the Imperial, and to institute elected councils

to advise district officers. These suggestions have been taken up in India and they are from time to time advanced in the press and from the platform. The activity in trying to secure recognition for them is intermittent. Mrs. Besant has said nothing that is essentially new: the difference between her and Indian political reformers of her persuasion is that she concentrates all her energy on a definite pursuit when an idea takes possession of her mind, and declares that the effort will not be slackened until the object is gained, while Indians give themselves intervals of rest and proceed leisurely. It is the same kind of difference that is said to exist between the British operative on the one hand and the Indian millhand on the other.

In southern India, where Mrs. Besant is treated more seriously than in other provinces, the non-Brahmans protest that in the present state of things Home Rule would be Brahman rule and a sham. In certain other provinces, where the Brahman is not supreme, the rivalry between Hindus and Musalmans is very acute. In the United Provinces, where special representation has been granted to the Mahomedan community in the municipalities, a dozen Hindu members of the Allahabad municipality resigned and left the council in a body the other day as a protest against the new legislation, for which, however, Hindu and Musalman members of the legislative council are alike largely responsible. If Home Rule means not merely an elected majority in the legislative councils, which settle large questions of policy but a substitution of Indian in the place of European or a mixed executive, so that patronage passes completely into Indian hands, it will be still less acceptable to the minorities and the backward influential classes. These difficulties are so obvious that Indians have other reasons to proceed at a leisurely pace, besides their constitutional sluggishness. And it

does not augur well for Indian Home Rule that at the very inception of the movement the future arbiters of the nation's destinies should require to be hustled by impatient and imperious European ladies. Anyhow, to take advantage of the present time of stress and anxiety to push forward the Home Rule propaganda, by creating dissatisfaction against the results of the existing system, is the least happy way of establishing the good faith of Indians who profess solicitude for the integrity of the Empire and a loyal desire to remain within it and to work for peace, prosperity and collective strength.

POETICUS'

A SONNET.

How white the mist lay on the sleeping corn,
 Ere light again divided Earth from Sky,
 Those powers creative whence all things are born,
 Whose soft embrace the waking winds espy
 And swiftly part. The clouds like frosted wine,—
 Round which the fulness of fair Summer hung
 The sweetness of the wheat and honey'd vine,
 They upward bear to greet the thirsty Sun :
 A world's libation !—quicken'd by his force,
 Stirr'd with his beams, now jewell'd in his fire,
 Which, as it swept the east in order'd course
 Reveal'd pale Death striking at Life's desire,—
 So Love flew far away where Angels trod
 To dwell within the mystery of God.

VIOLET DE MALORTIE

THE COST OF A WIDER VIEW.

FEW things in the world are more beautiful than a well-proportioned tree in the leafy month of June. Then it seems to have realised itself. There is life in every twig, and every leaf sings for very joy. The cattle rest in its cooling shade, and the birds sing in its branches. But long June days have an end, and when the nights begin to lengthen and the cold dews begin to crystallise, the leaves change their colour and assume a new splendour, russet and golden, the attractive beauty of ripeness. If the season be favourable, the golden leaves attain to a ripe old age and slowly pass away, and are gently lowered to earth in the arms of zephyrs. But if, as so often happens, there is war among the elements, they are ruthlessly plucked from their places ere they have lived out half their days and hurled hither and thither to fall no one knows where, far away from their home, to be floated down the turbid stream or trodden under the feet of the stranger. And thus long ere winter blows his shrill trumpet, the tree which looked so beautiful a month or two ago is stripped bare and stands naked and cold against the autumn sky.

And yet this bare, gaunt tree has a beauty all its own. And we are not left entirely without compensation for the loss of its leafy robe. One day in late summer I stood behind a study window, and looked out across

a lawn to a hedge in which was a beautiful tree in full and variegated foliage, made doubly beautiful by the slanting rays of the setting sun. Someone remarked on the beauty of the tree, and then asked: "Is there anything worth seeing beyond it, on the other side?" "Oh, yes," was the reply, "there is a lovely view of the distant hills, and of the setting sun when the days are short, but you cannot see it from here except in winter when all the leaves have fallen." Nearer to us was a lovely copper beech, to which our attention was next called. It was worth looking at indeed, but we were informed that it was doomed to be cut down and rooted out in order to make room for a new tennis court. All were truly and undisguisedly sorry that this fair product of the years should be cut down in its prime, long ere signs of old age had appeared, and indeed long ere the tree had reached perfection. But the inexorable and irrevocable order had been given and regrets were vain, so all agreed to say no more about it, but get as much pleasure as possible out of the tennis court that involved such an initial sacrifice of real joy.

Some weeks afterwards we looked out through that same window, upon a scene that still haunts the memory. Looking across the lawn and over the hedge we saw the open fields with browsing cattle, and away in the distance, miles and miles away, we beheld the purple peaks of the mountains, and then turning towards the right we got a glimpse of the sun sinking behind the shoulder of the nearer hills, and the silver crescent of the new moon sailing in a sea of amber. "What a splendid view," we exclaimed; "why, we never saw that before." "Oh, no," was the reply. "But you see most of the leaves have fallen off that tree in the hedge, and the copper beech has been removed since you were here, and now

we shall have that view every day. We were all so sorry when we heard the beech was to be cut down, but now when we see the view of field and sky and mountain it obscured, we are quite pleased it was cut down, and wonder why it was not removed long ago."

The summer leaves were lovely to behold, but they shut out the view beyond. The copper beech was a real treasure, but it narrowed the horizon and came between the eye and the distant prospect. Here was real beauty, but such beauty as hid a greater and far more gratifying than its own. And for the full enjoyment of the greater, the lesser had to be sacrificed. Rustling summer leaves and a lovely tree in the garden shut out the open fields, the distant mountains, and the wide expanse of heaven. The near obscured the far. The particular obliterated the universal. The garden hedge shut out the wide world beyond and even the sky above us.

Now have we not here a simple parable of life? We would it were always June with us, and not one tree would we allow the gardener to cut down, or even transplant. The autumn tints are lovely, and there is a charm in ripeness, but it whispers to us of decay and death and removal. For just as sure as tinted autumn follows verdant summer, so bare, gaunt winter follows hard upon autumn. We prize the leaves, the shade they cast, the music they make, the song in the branches, and we shudder at the very thought of fading leaves, and still more at leaves prematurely plucked from the tree. And as for uprooting one of our trees still in its prime, trees we planted not, nor pruned, nor watered, but whose beauty we have beheld and in whose shadow we have so often reclined—such a thought is utterly alien to us.

And yet, these whispering leaves, this fair product
it bears with all its beauty, may really come between

us and the wide horizon and the distant prospect, and it may be necessary for the Providence that watches over the development and growth of our spirits, to uproot a tree or strip one bare of its leaves in order to let us see the wider fields of life, the distant hills of the world outside and beyond our well-fenced garden, and above all to let more of Heaven's light shine upon us. Have we not indeed proved from personal experience that it is only when our trees have been stripped bare, only in the cold drear winter days that we have got a full clear view of the Heaven above us? Have we not indeed found also that our very affection for the fair tree in whose shadow we reclined, was to us in many respects a hindrance, and that we only looked out with a full clear view upon life when it was cut down or transplanted?

Do you feel that owing to the chilling frost of sorrow, the cold wind of adversity, the overwhelming storm of loss and disappointment, your trees have been stripped bare and stand gaunt and naked against a wintry sky? Do not repine. Do not stoop down to gather up and press and treasure these fallen leaves. Look up and beyond. See how the horizon is widened, see how much more of Heaven has come into view since the leaves fell. Is it not worth while for the sake of that distant view, and that piece of sky that will brighten your life, to lose the leaves for a season? It is only for a season, for new leaves will come and the tree will be clothed in verdant beauty once again; and more, not one fallen leaf will be uselessly destroyed "or cast as rubbish to the void." Or perhaps one of the fairest and most treasured trees of your garden has been removed from its place. You will miss it. You will miss its cooling shade on the hot days when you are weary. You will miss the music of its leaves, the songs in its branches. But look up. Do you

not see Heaven above, so much more of it revealed to you than formerly? Why, it seems that the whole space once occupied by the tree is now filled by the Heaven of which you were scarcely conscious. See how much sky has now been brought within your field of vision, how much sunshine into your heart. You have this also to comfort you, that that fair tree has not been destroyed. It has been transplanted, and, although removed from your garden,

“Will bloom to profit elsewhere”
in a clime where it shall not grow old and its leaf shall never wither

ROBERT H. BOYD.

Anand.

A SONNET.

Hark to the pulsing of our old world's heart,
Life in its myriad aspects surging on,
Up from primæval slime to perfect art,
Crushing the weak, and buffetting the strong;
Groans of the conquered, sobs of those in pain,
Enraptured sighs of happiness and bliss,
The ugliness of vice, and sordid gain,
Beauty of nature, and the lover's kiss
The chaos of God's world is as His Mind,
Unfathomable, wonderful, supreme,
In order stands disorder of mankind,
The perfect imperfection of His Scheme.
For this the work of man since worlds have stood
To crush down evil, and enthrone the Good.

TUKARAM.

WHILE Sivaji was laying the foundation of the Mahratta Kingdom, there lived at Maharastra two persons who did him yeoman's service towards the attainment of his object. Both of them were typical characters, and though belonging to two different castes, the one a Brahman and the other a Sudra, they acted quite in concert and tried their level best to co-operate with their lord and chief. These two with the latter represented three different forces, which if used against each other, would have proved disastrous to the country, but combined, as they were in the present case, quite harmoniously, their united action served to raise the Mahratta power to such a pitch that it proved a grave menace to the gigantic Mogul Empire. Sivaji was the impersonation of physical force : he was strong of hand but was not equally strong of head or heart. However, as luck would have it, his weakness in these two respects was made up, on the one hand, by Ramdas Swami, the great sage, and, on the other, by Tukaram, the great saint. The Swami was proud of his vast learning and wisdom, but with all his mental might he did not hesitate to hide his diminished head before the Sudra Tukaram, who represented the force of faith, and who, though revered by all from royalty downwards, made a virtue, not only of humility but also of forbearance. In fact, born as he was on nether Earth, Tukaram was well worthy of a much higher region and seemed to have had the foretaste of the pure and unalloyed bliss of the Highest Heaven. He was blessed with all the virtues that can grace humanity, and by so gracing it, made it look like divinity. The life of such an inspiring personality, however short and imperfect, cannot fail to be interesting and instructive.

Dehu is a small village on the banks of the Indram, a little river situate 16 miles to the north-west of the Mahratta capital, Poona. In this village there lived a Mahratta family bearing the strange outlandish name of 'Moray.' The Morays were by caste Sudras of the Kunbisect, and cultivators or rather traders by profession. But though its social status was anything but high, the Moray family bore a very good moral character in the eye of the public. In this family was born the subject of this Memoir who was destined to cut a remarkable figure later on in life. The exact year of Tukaram's birth is not known but there is ample evidence to show that this auspicious event took place somewhere in the eighties of the sixteenth century. Mahipati, a theological writer, who flourished in the middle of the eighteenth century and who is a recognised authority on the subject of the life of Tukaram in his *Bhakta Lilamrita* states that in his thirty-first year Tukaram fell into a serious scrape when half the term of his natural life had expired. Thus, according to him the great saint died in his sixty-second year. This being so, and taking into consideration the well-ascertained fact of his having died in 1571 Saka era, it follows that his birth took place in 1510 a date which exactly tallies with that given by the first Indian Civilian Mr. Satyendra Nath Tagore, in his interesting and entertaining work called *Bombai Chitra*.

Tukaram's family, as we have intimated above, had been remarkable for its honesty, purity and devotedness from a long time. A notable ancestor of Tukaram was Biswambhara. Though a trader by profession, this man never tried to acquire money by dishonesty or questionable dealings. He warmly welcomed *sadhus*, *sannyasis* and *athlies*, and entertained them with great care and attention. Even when engaged in domestic affairs he never forgot to sing songs in praise of Hari and make *Sankirtan* in the company of Vaishnabs and other devotees. It was a practice with the family to do regular worship to the good god Vithobi, whose temple lay at Pandharpur. This village stands on the Bhima river at about 12 miles from Dehu, the seat of the family. Though the temple stood at such a long distance, good old Pandharpur would on every *Ekadasi* day go thither on foot for the sake of devotion, without minding the toil and trouble

of the journey or the dread of robbers and highwaymen by whom the road was then infested. After he had done the pilgrimage sixteen times, the god taking pity on him appeared to him in a dream saying, "My son, I am highly pleased with your spirit of devotion. There is lying buried in a mango tope in Dehu a real image of Vithoba, which if you can get hold of and recover, there will be no necessity for your going all the way to Pandharpur for purposes of worship. You will find the god almost at your very door." Thus directed, Biswambhar made search and it was not long before he came by the image in the mango garden near his house, and building a little temple on the banks of the Indrani, at a short distance from Dehu, placed it there with the needful ceremonies and commenced worshipping it in due form.

In the Mahatma work styled *Pandharpur Mahatya* there is a very amusing story regarding the origin of the name Vithoba. A Brahman youth named Pundarika, so runs the story, bore a very bad character, and so far from taking care of his parents, ill-treated them in every possible way. Once upon a time in view of a religious occasion which was to take place soon, that wicked young man in the company of some neighbours set out on a pilgrimage to the holy city of Kasi. One day, a little before dusk, they arrived at a place not far from their destination, and, accordingly, put up at the hermitage of a *sadhu* there. At night Pundarika could not sleep owing to great heat, but the case was otherwise with his companions who were all enjoying sweet repose. While he was sitting by the side of the hermitage looking all round, he saw three female figures having each a jug full of water on their heads enter the *sadhu's* cottage and shortly after come out of it; but what was his surprise when he found that though their bodies were quite dark when they entered the hermitage, they were white and effulgent when they came out of it. Being thus taken unawares, he went up to the ladies and beseechingly asked them who they were and what was the cause of such a wonderful change in the colour of their bodies. The ladies acceding to his request, made as it was with becoming respect, replied:—"We are Ganga, Jamuna and Saraswati. The *sadhu* who resides in this hermitage is so very busily engaged in serving his old father and mother that

he cannot make time to go and bathe in our waters. So we of our own accord daily come here to accommodate him. As to the cause of the change in the colour of our bodies, it is this—that in the daytime owing to the vast numbers of sinful mortals bathing in our waters our bodies get soiled and polluted and become deep black; but coming in contact with this devotedly filial *sadhu*, we again recover our natural purity and grace.” On saying this the three figures disappeared all of a sudden much to the wonder and amazement of Pundarika. This strange circumstance brought about a great change in the young Brahman’s mind, who not deeming it necessary to go to Kasi for an object which might be attained at home, retraced his steps and arriving at his house, commenced to serve his parents in a manner which was the very reverse of what he had been doing before. A few days after, the good god Narayana, with the object of testing his filial piety, appeared before Pundarika when he was shampooing the feet of his old parents. The entrance of the god in all his glory did not, however, prevent him from continuing such filial services, for, as a matter of fact, without leaving what he was doing, he only gave a brick which lay by for Bhagaban to sit on. The latter taking his stand on that brick, stood on it for sometime; and then when Pundarika having done serving his parents to his heart’s content, appeared before the Divine Presence, the god who was much pleased with his conduct, asked him what boon he wished to have bestowed on him. Upon this, Pundarika said, “As thou art now standing before me, be so good as to remain in this posture for evermore, so that while doing my duty to my parents, I may also enjoy the pleasure of thy Holy Presence.” The god saying “Amen,” continued to stand where he was. In Mahrathi the word *bit* * signifies brick, and *ba* † expressing glory means, also, father or other sacred person. Thus, Vithoba means “god the Father standing on a brick.” ‡ Vittal is an *alias* of Vithoba. In consequence of the epiphany or manifestation of that great deity, Pandharpur has become a very noted place of Hindu pilgrimage in the Deccan.

* The Bengali word *bit* also means the same thing.

† *Ba* is the abbreviated form of the Bengali word *Baba*. It also signifies lustre when it is put for *Va* or *Abha*.

‡ *Vithal* is only the popular form of the name *Vithoba*. The god is also called *Pandurang* in consequence of the peculiar colour of his body.

Tukaram was the seventh in descent from Biswambhar aforesaid. He was the second of the three sons of Balhoba and Kanakāngee, both of whom were intensely pious and religious ; and as for the latter, it is said that she was fond of “ drinking the *amrita* of Bhajāná.” The elder brother of Tukaram was Saoji. A few years after Tukaram was born another son as well as a daughter. The parents were in a well-to-do condition, and when they became sufficiently old, they felt a strong desire to keep themselves aloof from all worldly concerns. Accordingly, they called upon the eldest to take charge of the family affairs ; but Saoji being religiously disposed, expressed his unwillingness to take over charge, whereupon Tukaram who was then only thirteen years of age was obliged to comply with his father’s request. But though quite young he managed matters so very well that he gave entire satisfaction to his parents. The trade which Balhoba was carrying on flourished in the hands of Tukaram, with the result that the latter gained the confidence of many wealthy traders.

While Tukaram was still in his teens he married Ruknabānga *alias* Rakhumai ; but as the girl was found to be very sickly and to have also contracted that fatal disease, asthma, he was compelled to marry again. Tukaram’s second wife was Abalangá, but she was commonly known as Jijibanga or Jijai. This woman was a regular terror ; but though hard of tongue and surly in manners, she was not wanting in love for her husband. The seventeenth year of his life proved a sore trial to Tukaram, for in that year he lost his parents one after the other. But before he had had time to forget, to a certain extent, this heavy loss, the death of his elder brother’s wife swelled the burden of his sorrows. Saoji was naturally indifferent to temporal affairs. This indifference was intensified by the loss of his parents, and when to this was added the death of his wife, he found himself entirely free from worldly concerns, and, accordingly, left home for good with a view to making pilgrimages to holy places and doing other religious acts. Tukaram was only eighteen years of age when he had to bear all this heavy burden of misfortune. But this was not all ; he also suffered loss in trade. No wonder that his mind which was cast in a spiritual mould was estranged from temporal affairs. The goddess of fortune is not merely fickle ; she is also

vain and jealous. When she found that Tukaram was not serving her as he used to do before, she was on the look-out for an opportunity to leave him. As a result of her grave displeasure Tukaram lost his credit—a thing which is justly called the soul of trade, and while, on the one hand, he found great difficulty in borrowing money for the purpose of conducting business, his debtors, on the other, taking advantage of the situation, showed the utmost remissness in paying off the debts which they owed him. In this way he got into troubles and his business suffered considerably.

Finding that he could not carry on trade on a large scale, he opened a grocery shop. But here, too, he could not achieve success, and it was not surprising that he did not, for so far from taking care of the shop, he left it to take care of itself. In fact, he was the very reverse of a man of business, and engaged as he constantly was in singing the praises of Hari, he through fear of not giving his customers goods and articles equivalent to their money, authorized them to take according to their will and pleasure. When such was the lax state of affairs, loss was almost inevitable. Tukaram then took to another business, but this, too, shared the same fate with the last. The fact is that while his body was in the business, his mind was away from it, being devoted to the contemplation of, and prayer to, Hari. He then took up the business of a pedlar and commenced selling paddy from village to village, placing the thing on the back of a bullock. It seemed that he was not destined for business of any kind, and the consequence was that whatever kind of business he took in hand, he failed absolutely. In this way he lost everything that he had on earth, not excepting even the ornaments of his wife, and thus he was reduced to very great straits, bordering on absolute bankruptcy. This time, however, his kinsmen readily came to his rescue, and some lending money and others standing surety, saved him from impending ruin. But true men of the world that they were, they all advised him to cease singing the praises of Hari night and day, for, said they, none had ever prospered in business who were given to doing such *bhajan*.

Tukaram had four pack bullocks which he had received as presents from his father-in-law. With these as conveyances he commenced buying and selling marketable goods from place to

place. But unfortunately for him, three of the bullocks ere long died on the way. Upon this, he returned home quite disappointed. But taking courage from despair he began doing business anew, and purchasing some chillies went to a distant village in Konkan to sell, where he opened a shop under the shade of a big branching peepul tree in front of a temple. Untaught by experience he resumed his old indiscreet habit of allowing his customers to take as much goods as they liked for their money. At last, he gave away all the remaining chillies to one who said that he had to feed some Brahmans at his house but had not the wherewithal to do so. Tukaram not only gave away the chillies, but also the receptacles which contained them. With the little money he had got together by sale of some chillies he started for home ; but on the way was cheated of all he had with him by a rogue who gave some counterfeit ornaments in exchange for them. Tukaram returned home empty-handed and was severely reprov'd by his wife for his folly and indiscretion. But as the latter bore him deep love and affection all the same, she could not bear the sight of her husband sitting idle at home. Daughter of a well-to-do *Banik* that she was, she had considerable credit in the place, and in exercise thereof she easily borrowed two hundred rupees for her husband. With this money Tukaram joined a number of his villagers and proceeded towards Balaghat, whither they were going for purposes of trade. This time he met with some success and made a profit of a fourth part on his capital. But meeting on the way home a poor Brahman arrested for debt, his heart, which was full of the milk of human kindness, was moved, and he gladly gave his all to release him. His neighbours and others, when he returned home, took him for a fool and madman and abused him right and left. As for his wife, Abalanga, she was awfully vexed, as she had every reason to be, and vented her spleen in all violence, only that she did not so far forget herself as to actually strike him. Thus domestic peace was gone for him. Over and above all this, there was great scarcity at Dehu and in its neighbourhood, so much so that food grains sold for two seers for the rupee. There was pain and misery all over the land. People began to eat leaves and wild fruits. By this time Tukaram's first wife, who had been ailing for a long time, had, to her great relief, paid the

debt of nature. This melancholy event was followed not long after by the death of his beloved son, Santhoji *alias* Santu. This was a severe blow to the loving father and it so greatly affected him that he became quite indifferent to all worldly concerns. He thought that it was all over with him so far as domestic affairs went, and that he had better retire to some secluded spot to spend the remaining years of his life. Thus, half the term of his natural life was passed, far more in woe than in weal.

Tukaram retired to a neighbouring hill called Bhambonath and commenced to do severe penance, the world forgetting though not by the world forgot. His neighbours made diligent search for him, not knowing where he had gone to, or what had become of him. At last his younger brother, Kanthai, traced him to his lonely retreat and found him there. Tukaram got down from the hill and came to the banks of the Indrani in Dehu. At that time there was still some money due to their deceased father. Tukaram said that the debt was not recoverable, but finding his brother to be of a different opinion, he conveyed to him his share of the debt, stating that he might realize it if he could, and appropriate to himself the whole money. As for himself, he told them that they need not trouble themselves about him, he having taken the vow of poverty and resolved to pass the rest of his days in prayers and meditations.

At a place six miles to the west of Dehu there was a nice little hill called Bhandar, and as it quite suited his purpose Tukaram made it his favourite resort. There he would spend the whole day in religious meditation, returning at dewy eve to Dehu, where he would pass the night in saying prayers and singing *Sankirtan* in the little temple of Vithoba built by his ancestor, Biswambhar. But though thus engaged day and night in spiritual matters, he did not altogether cease to be a householder. Near his hilly retreat there was a farm, the owner of which employed him to watch over the crops. But so far from looking after the farm with due care, he allowed the ravenous birds to eat up the crops without let or hindrance. A month after, when the farmer came to inspect his farm, what was his indignation when he found that it had become the favourite resort of voracious birds. He severely took to task the warder Tukaram, and then called in the "five worthies" of the village

who at once ordered the defaulter to pay the price of two *khandis* of crops, which was the measure of damage as declared by the farmer. But this estimate, arbitrary as it was, did not, on second thoughts, appear quite satisfactory to the arbitrators. Accordingly, a few days after, with a view to test the correctness of the farmer's estimate of the loss, they themselves repaired to the place and were quite struck at finding an altogether different state of things. Instead of the farm being devastated by birds, as reported to them by the farmer, they found it bumperful of crops, which, if reaped and gathered up, would amount to seventeen *khandis*. Upon this they directed the farmer to take only two *khandis*, leaving the rest for Tukaram, as the former could not justly have more than what he had himself declared as the measure of his loss. But Tukaram, who was a thoroughly honest and pious man, would not accept what was not his own. Accordingly, the crops were kept in deposit with a Brahman; and afterwards when they were sold, the money which was realised by the sale was, at the suggestion of Tukaram, spent in doing repairs to the temple of Vithoba at Dehu.

Love of created beings and reverence towards God are the two main characteristics of religion, properly so called. The relation between the two is so very close and deep that the one cannot be separated from the other. Tukaram knew this very well, and always tried to act up to it. Where people assembled for purposes of *Sankirtan*, he would sweep the ground clean, lest gravel hurt the feet of the assembled devotees; and in summer he would ply the *punkha* to lessen the discomfort of the audience. Not satisfied with doing these services, menial as they were, he would go down lower still and take charge of the foot-gears, whatever they might be, of those who came in and give them again to their respective owners when they came out; and if the night was dark, he would hold a light or lantern in his hand and show the devotees their way home. Again, if he saw any one weary of bearing a heavy load, he would take it over on his own shoulders, thereby giving him time to take needful rest; and if he met any traveller seeking shelter for the night, he would take him to his own house or conduct him to the village guest-house. Where there was no tank or well, he would go with a large jug of water on his head and distribute its contents among travellers and others who felt the pangs of thirst.

And to crown all, he would get together ghee, flour and sugar and put them in holes for ants to eat. While he thus spent the daytime in relieving the wants of others, at night he would be engaged in doing *puja* to Vithoba and giving vent to his devotional feelings by chanting prayers aloud. Such absolute aloofness from all worldly concerns on the part of her husband was more than Abalanga could bear, and no wonder that she now and then proved very hard upon him ; but Tukaram with exemplary patience bore it all in the best way he could, or made light of it.

In the months of Aśāṣ and Kartik Tukaram used to go to Pandharpur for purposes of worship of the great god there, singing praises of Hari all the way long. Once, while so going, he dreamed that Vithoba, taking with him Namdeva, appeared before him and said, " Tukaram, my devotee Namdeva could not compose all the *Avangas* which he had vowed to do ; you better supply the omission and make up the whole number. I offer you true knowledge of divine love, be engaged in effectuating the salvation of human beings by disseminating my 'gospel of grace' amongst them." After saying this, just as Vithoba with his companion disappeared, Tukaram awoke ; and taking his cue from what was revealed to him in the dream, resolved to compose songs. But here a difficulty arose. He was perfectly illiterate and knew not to read or to write. For such a one to compose songs was, humanly speaking, next to impossible. But Tukaram was not the man to be daunted by difficulties, however great. He began to learn his native tongue, Marathi, and in a comparatively short time acquired a fair knowledge of it. The first thing he set his heart to in the way of reading was the *Avangas* of the poet-saint Namdeva, whom he had been directed in a dream, as we have stated above, to take for his model. These sublime songs let him into the sweets of *Bhakti*, and he was literally charmed with them. Namdeva lived in the first half of the fourteenth century, dying in Saka 1256 (1328 A.D.). He was the first to teach *Bhakti* in Maharashtra. Mahipati and others take him to be an *Avatar* of Uddhapa. No work of his is extant save and except the *Avangas*, which, however, are countless. Namdeva, of whom many make Tukaram an *Avatar*, with Mukundaraj and Jnandeva are recognised as the original poets

of Maharashtra. Tukaram then studied Jñaneswar's *Exposition of the Gita* as well as his original divine work *Amritanubhava*. Jñaneswar was a contemporary of Namdeva and was pre-eminently a teacher of *Jñan* (wisdom) just as Namdeva was of *Bhakti* (devotion). Jñaneswar's *Tika* is honoured like *Bhagvata* itself, but with all its merits it is not easily understandable. To make it plainer Eknath Swami wrote a commentary on Jñaneswar's *Tika*. This intensely pious man and eminent writer flourished in the latter part of the sixteenth century. Tukaram studied his work with great care and attention and gained a deep insight into the abstruse teachings of the *Gita*. Like Tukaram, Eknath serves as a striking example of the utmost devotedness and love of all living beings. In this way Tukaram got new life, the "Satt" merging into the "Bhakta," to use the eloquent words of Mahipati. Being thus well equipped, Tukaram after the manner of his famous prototype began to compose divine songs which are popularly known as *Avangas*. These songs are not countable on one's fingers; indeed, they are simply innumerable. They breathe sweetly sublime sentiments and clearly show what a wonderfully good and great man their composer was. Regarding Namdeva and his follower Tukaram, Mahipati in his *Bhakta Lilamrita* says that Namdeva had resolved to compose one hundred crores of *Avangas*, but he did not live to compose more than ninety-four crores and forty-nine lakhs; and that to complete the number he, again, took birth here below in the person of Tukaram. It is said that in fulfilment of the uncompleted resolution of Namdeva, Tukaram had composed five crores, one lakh and forty-four thousand *Avangas*; but in reality not more than forty-six thousand are found as the composition of Tukaram. Most of these *Avangas* he composed in the temple of Vithoba at Dehu. There was also another retired spot fixed by him for such compositions, which is still pointed out to every traveller who comes on a visit to Dehu as Tukaram's *Asram*.

While learning his native tongue, Marathi, Tukaram had also picked up a little of Hindi, and with the aid thereof read the verses of Kabir, which are so very popular in the Upper Provinces, more especially in the Punjab. Kabir was of meaner origin than Tukaram and was like him perfectly illiterate. But both of them were inspired geniuses and

have largely added to the religious literature of India in the poetical sphere. They were kindred spirits and could compose songs *extempore* with the greatest ease. While studying Kabir's verses and imitating him by exercising his powers in that way, Tukaram wrote a work describing Krishna's *Balyalila* (Juvenile Sports) in nine hundred *sloka*s. This little work was based on the tenth *skanda* of the Bhagvata. It was said of a great man that his life resembled a poem. The same might be said of Tukaram. His life, too, resembled his own poetry—simple, sweet and sublime; and, therefore, it is no wonder that his songs and other poetical productions made such a deep impression on the minds of his readers and hearers. As a necessary consequence of the high merit of his poetical effusions, and of the correspondingly excellent character of his general conduct, public opinion, which is certainly a very potent force, veered round in his favour, and those who had before taken him for a fool and madman, were now greatly moved by his high moral merit and deep devotional spirit. In this way his fame and reputation rose higher and higher still. Pride or vanity he knew not; on the contrary, he grew more and more humble, forbearing and amiable. To compare great things with small, like Rajaishi Janaka, he now found that he would be able to do more good by remaining a householder than by leaving the world altogether.

(To be continued)

Bengal.

THE SNOWSTORM.

Now drops the sun behind a bar of lead,
 And all is still,
 A dimness dulls the sky where it was red
 Behind the hill,
 And fettered nature turns an ashen face,
 Straight heavenward to question her disgrace.

Mutely appealing to the sombre sky,
 Each rigid leaf
 And frosted bough, seems tempted to deny
 Its hard belief
 In timely solace from the drifting veil,
 That slow descends to tarry o'er the dale.

An hour of pulseless waiting, while demurs
 One fractious bird,
 High perched and ruffled in the solemn firs,
 Anon is heard
 A sighing wind that bids the songster cease,
 And softly passing breathes the breath of peace.

It comes in feathery guise, a frozen word
 To kiss the earth,
 And die in tearful sympathy, so blurred,
 So little worth,

That doubting, half th' impatient world receives
The fleeting gift with scorn, while half believes—

Believes in succour that is not denied ;
 The gift is dead,
And now a hundred live where it has died,
 Until a bed,
Soft as the bosom of a spotless bird,
Unto the shivering world is slow conferred.

Are these the cerements of earth's decease ?
 No velvet pall,
No liliated garniture, or coat of fleece,
 Could vie at all
With such embellishment, at once profound,
And yet so lightly laid to deck the ground.

Count it not tyranny, this ceaseless whirl
 Of dainty flakes,
That dancing deviate, that float and curl,
 Until it makes
The wondering vision quail before a sense
Of matchless purity, and wealth immense.

Too soon the sheet is spread, the world retires
 Perforce to sleep,
Though daylight dallies where the lambent fires
 Of Phœbus steep
The whitened woods with just a touch of shame,
At drowsy memories before the winter came.

Away with vain regrets ! the land is drear,
 And now begirt
Iron bands,—a dreadful trance is here,
 The air is " curt."

And still pursuing from a trackless height,
Come fairies flurried by the skirts of night

To find reunion in the cold embrace
 Of frozen love,
Each tutored well to fill a vacant place
 By wands above,
And all so fashioned that the wood and field
Are folded into one and gently sealed.

It is not indolence, it is not death,
 Beneath the snows,
Dear dormant buds are dreaming of a breath
 That spring bestows,
And Nature's heart is pulsing for the bliss
Of waking to the call of April's kiss.

Oh ! priceless peace, an answer so inspired,
 Is dumbly strong,
The quaking world is lulled, excused, embowered !
 And shadows long,
Steal quaintly o'er the coverlet to tell
Their pale and wond'ring Queen that all is well.

R. E. SALWEY.

England.

MULTUM IN PARVO.

A TALE OF INDIAN FOLK-LORE, OR OF HOW A BANIA ONCE
OVERREACHED THE GREAT GOD HANUMAN.

"We must speak by the card,
Or equivocation will undo us."

HAMLET.

Great Sheridan rejoiced to hear
How after many, and many a year,
On Time's wild billows heaved, and tossed,
When all had given them up for lost,
Was found all safe, and sound, and well,
The long lost tribe of Israel.
His heart within him leaped for joy,
As if he were once more a boy—
For he was sorely dunned, and pressed—
Had borrowed deep from all the rest.—
Unhappy man! for still proceeds
'Mong divers colors, castes, and creeds,
On Arctic, and Antarctic shores
From far Kamchatka to th' Azores,
From cold Alaska to Japan,
From Timbuctoo to Astrakan,
The distant islands of the seas,
Lapps, Papuans, Fijians, Caribbees,
Black, white, brown, yellow, tawny, red,
All facial angles, shapes of head,
From southern to the northern pole,
Each nook and cranny, ditch and hole,

The search unwearied.—Everywhere
 Is heard the cry—" 'Tis here "—" 'Tis there "—
 Or else—" 'Tis in the other place "—
 In vain they try to make a case—
 For Nature's self has stamped the Bania
 The very man, or else there's none here,
 The man of self-providing wealth,
 The true descendant of the twelfth.
 See how his thirsting soul is bent
 On lending out at cent. per cent.
 See how he sits from morn to night,
 Brooding o'er bag of shiners bright,
 Or where in deep, and dismal hole,
 His gold lies buried, and his soul.
 See how he spurns from off his door
 The blind, the halt, the maimed, the poor.
 See how he dines—a little rice—
 See how he keeps his eye on pice—
 If his is not the long lost race,
 At least it's fit to take its place.
 Now Har'das was a poor man,
 And lived far off in Hindustan ;
 And every day, for many years,
 His wife would get about his ears,
 And say things with her tongue in cheek,
 And horrid, horrid things would speak,
 And call him oft a lazy lout,
 And sometimes twcak him by the snout,
 And, sneering, curl, and pout her lips,
 And count upon her finger tips
 The names, with father's name, addition,
 Of all the men of wealth, and station,
 All monied men, and Banias all,
 Who rose to things from things once small,
 And drove about in motor cars,
 And some wore ribbons, some wore stars,
 And swaggered it, and lived in state,
 Some honorary magistrate ;
 And men ran to them by the score,
 And called them ' Huzoor,' ' Sahib,' and more

Their wives were fat, and all were pretty,
And galavanted through the city,
And round, and plump, a very marvel,
And girthed well below the navel—
While she, as poor as a churchmouse,
Must tramp, and skulk from house to house,
And hear them say—d'you call this life?—
“She is poor Haridas's wife.”

And Haridas was meek, and mild,
And took these home thrusts like a child ;
And every day, at board, or bed,
This was his custom'd daily bread.
But drops do pierce the stubborn flint,
And dhobies turn the shirt to lint,
And e'en the trampled worm will turn,
And cold at last like fire will burn,
The pot with constant drawing will crack,
Last straw doth break the camel's back ;
And Haridas at last decided,
No further to be jibed, and chided.
He made a little bundle up,
Took string, and took a drinking cup,
Provisions for a week, and day,
And then he went upon his way,
And went to seek his fortune out,
In land of promise in the South,
Left wife, and country of his birth,
And left her with a linen shirt,
With hope to see a son and heir—
When he came back—perhaps a pair—
A *via media* mystical,
Which seldom fails to turn out well,
Whereby there springs a progeny,
Like Venus from the foam o' th' sea,
A dark spontaneous generation,
And unilateral equation,
An Eleusinian mystery,
Which many may not wish to try,
Process hermaphroditical,
Sympathic, esoterical—

As Guinea fowl doth go astray—
You think it's gone clean out o' th'way—
You scour the hedges all around,
And ditches, rat-holes, underground,
And mimic its loud double cry—
A week has flown—a month goes by—
In vain—You swear : “ Why, what the Dickens ”—
She comes back with a batch of chickens.
So Har'das left his shirt behind,
And went off with a peaceful mind,
For he had yet no son and heir ;
But hoped, when back, to see one there.
He travelled to a distant town,
And laid his weary burden down.
With mighty heart, and one rupee,
He dipped in Fortune's lottery ;
And by the method orthodox,
He bought with it a brandy box,
A tin lamp, and some old gazettes,
Some sweetmeats, and some cigarettes,
Some incense sticks of good device,
To keep away the buzzing flies ;
And over this, and all, he bought a
Couple, or three, of soda water.
Then with his little stock in trade
He sat beneath a neem tree's shade,
At busiest cross-road he could see,
By Court house, and by Katchery,
Where people come to litigate,
Are stirring early, stirring late,
From distant village, town and basti
Are always hungry, always thirsty.
And then by skilful eye on price,
He made his profit—pice on pice.
He doubled then his stock in trade,
To soda added lemonade ;
And then he rigged a fire-place,
And made tea for the populace.
Then with four bamboos, and a tat,
He made a shed, and under sat.

In monsoon, when the rain came down,
He sat there cosy, dry, and warm.
His business grew from more to more ;
On Haridas the people swore ;
And all came to this nimba tree,
For sweetmeats, or a dish of tea,
For cigarette, or else a bidi—
Har'das was there, and always ready—
And every day, from ten to six,
As busy as any two drumsticks :
For all who came to Katchery
Came to this shady nimba tree—
The client, smarting from Vakeel,
The tout, with bumpkins at his heel,
The litigant, who came to see
His case, by way of luxury,
That obscene fowl, petition writer,
Came here on spec' in hope to sight a
Poor pigeon of an applicant,
And write out what he does not want,
And shear, and fleece, and tap, and flick him,
For more, and more, still dick, and dick him,
By process called pollicitation—
And then without a rag he'll leave'm,
Chaprasi too, that dicky bird,
Always at hand to make a third,
Chief wanderer through corridors,
All things he sees, all things he hears,
Always 'not there,' always on poll,
And always answering nature's call,
And witnesses by shoals and flocks,
All thirsting from the witness box,
Tongues dry as parchment, or as leather,
So many are the lies they said there ;
For when a witness tells a lie,
His tongue at once gets hard, and dry
So that if judge kept eye upon
A witness's quick running tongue,
He'd find a surer indication,
Than lawyer's cross-examination :

All came to buy—some came to see—
To Har'das 'neath the nimba tree.
As oft through tattered window screen,
I've gazed upon the motley scene,
Men, women, children, joyful, free,
All sitting 'neath the nimba tree—
Oft wished I too had thither flown
From red tape, and alpacca gown,
From splitting, and dividing hairs,
One wheat stock from a sheaf of tares,
The cheap renown to hear them call
'Your honor,' 'huzoor,' 'sir,' and all—
O if 'to wish' and 'be' were one,
And I were he of Macedon,
And tubs were just the same as trees,
And Haridas, Diogenes—
O then I'd wish—yes—wish to be
Har'das beneath the nimba tree.
Thus Haridas, by sure degrees,
Did find his income still increase,
Till length of so much was possessed,
His income came to be assessed,
Still steadily did grow, and wax,
The more he paid of income tax.
“This cross-road, and this nimba tree,”
He said, “are now too small for me.”
He bought a big house in the town
And set up shop, and there sat down,
But now it seemed he had attained
His zenith, and he there remained—
The more he plied his whip, and spur,
The less did fortune's filly stir,
The more he kicked, the more he strove,
The sullen jade refused to move ;
And when he tried his hand at sutta,
His failure was complete, and utter.
Like Sisyphus he stuck stock still,
Midway on fortune's rugged hill.
At last he hit upon a plan :
He laid his case 'fore Hanuman.

And every day he'd sit in temple,
 Or round about it he would ramble,
 And make petition on petition,
 With every day a fresh addition—
 A long, and an unending list,
 Of all he'd like, and all he'd missed—
 And swore that others who had not
 One half his zeal, or half his worth,
 Were blest with hard cash by the lac,
 And grabbed their rupees by the sack,
 And dug a hole, and on it sat,
 And more they buried, more grew fat—
 And this was why they never came,
 Or called on mighty Han'man's name ;
 And if great Hanuman but granted
 The things he longed for, and he wanted,
 He'd make a vow, and keep it too,
 As every devotee should do—
 " O Hanuman," he cried, " O Hanuman—
 Give what I want—I know you can."
 Thus every morning, and nightfall
 Did Haridas beseech, and call.
 At last one evening Haridas,
 From corner where he sitting was,
 Did seem to see, as plain as eyes
 Could see, great Han'man's eyelids rise ;
 And then the lips began to quiver
 And sent through Haridas a shiver.
 Then Haridas lay flat upon
 His stomach—all his senses gone—
 When hark ! there rang out, crisp, and clear,
 These words—he heard, or seemed to hear :—
 " I've heard your prayers importunate,
 Your bawlings early, bawlings late—
 Think you that I have nought to do,
 Save cater for the likes of you ? —
 But since, of all my devotees,
 You are the greatest bore, and tease,
 I'm not to know when to leave off,
 And never seem to have enough—

With thy petitions without number—
 Do vex, and scare me from my slumber--
 So, to get rid of you, I make
 An offer—think upon it—take
 Your time—and, after three whole days,
 Come back again, before the rays
 Of earliest morning strike my tip
 Of temple—but first take a dip
 In holy tank, then make request—
 One only—let that be your best ;
 For let it be whate'er it may,
 You'll have it - Hanuman doth say.”
 Then Haridas was overjoyed ,
 His heart and liver leaped inside
 He then for three days, and three nights
 Revolved the matter in all lights
 Then seven times barbered, neatly dressed
 He came, and saw, and made request.
 “Speak, Haridas—what dost thou want ?”
 Asked Hanuman. Said Har'das—“Grant
 That I with eyes may look upon
 My three-year-old-great-great-grandson.
 Frisking, and capering joyfully
 Upon the topmost balcony
 Of the seventh story of my house,
 And standing by my side my spouse.
 Grant this, and I want nothing more.”
 Said Hanuman—“ You'll have it—Go ’
 Thus Haridas he did a stroke ;
 His one request was good as shlok,
 From which the learned Pandit get-
 Cartloads of meanings, and effects,
 Delivered by obstetric skill—
 From three sounds doth three volumes fill.
 For Har'das got by one request
 Health, offspring, wealth, and all the rest,
 And what to his heart was most dear,
 He got at last a son and heir—
 But here good Har'das, all his life,
 Knew not so much as Har'das' wife.

With her the secret did remain,
 His loss one way was th' other gain—
 Still undiscovered to this day
 What part each one of them did play—
 How much should go to Han'man's worth,
 How much to Haridas's shirt.

B. G. STEINHOFF.

Wardha.

IN THE CHINA SEA.

The wild, passionate heart of slender love,
 Straining to hold the universe to its breast,—
 Crying—"Come, my darlings!" to all souls and stars,-
 Not like the dull Madonna, swathed above,
 Heavy with bandaged brow and rigid vest,
 Passive and helpless, rooted in amaze,
 The young Child's nurture her obsession still—
 But crystal-bright, free as the mountain rill,
 Darting fresh loveliness athwart gross bars,
 Kissing the spirit in the strangest ways :
 Fragrant and sweet ; and as the lightning blaze
 Delicate—irresistible : before her crest
 Jehovah's thunders and the bolts of Jove
 Fall harmless : such the deity of our quest.

THOMAS BATY.

Japan.

BROWNING AND MEREDITH.

BROWNING, the poet, and Meredith, the novelist, both had the Oriental soul. Few people, I think, appreciate this, and they themselves may not have known it. But it is there. There is something of the "gorgeous East" about them: its brilliant colouring and stupendous outlines, its subtleties of feeling and depth of vision. The most modern of modern writers in thought, they were mediæval in feeling, and Mediævalism had much in common with the East. It was the religious era of Europe. It was the time of saints and mystics, and of the soul of things in art. Art was then part of the life of the people and the handmaid of religion. Like Oriental art, it believed that "beauty is inherent in spirit, not in matter," and it was directly influenced by Oriental art through the Byzantine culture. Of all the nations of modern Europe, Italy has been the guardian of mediæval tradition. "Beautiful Italy" is still picturesque, romantic and idealistic, in spite of Western civilization. And both Browning and Meredith loved Italy with a passionate love. One of Meredith's greatest novels, *Vittoria*, is the story of the Italian struggle for independence, in which the heroine gives the signal for the uprising against the hated Austrians by singing, "Italia, Italia, Italia shall be free!" Browning, who made his home in Italy, wrote the well-known lines,

"Open my heart and you will see
Graved inside of it, "Italy."

And on the tomb of his poet-wife in Florence are inscribed the words, "She sang the song of Italy."

Mediæval art expressed the soul. Spirit broke through the bondage of technique. Unlike Greek art, it left something for the imagination to complete. This is what Browning calls "the glory of the imperfect," both in art and life. "A man's reach must exceed his grasp, or what's a heaven for?" Meredith speaks of "the soul wind-beaten but always ascending." To both, the glory of life is in the *becoming*. "Evil is null, is naught, is silence implying sound." It is only a lower stage in the progress towards the eternal goal of Wisdom and Love. As Hindus, I think Meredith would have been a Buddhist, and Browning a Brahmin, but their conception of the goal was the same.

"Truth is within ourselves ; it takes no rise
From outward things, whate'er you may believe :
There is an inmost centre in us all,
Where truth abides in fulness ;—and "to know"
Rather consists in opening out a way
Whence the imprisoned splendour may escape
Than in effecting entry for a light
Supposed to be without."

But Wisdom is for Love ;

"For the loving worm within its clod
Were diviner than a loveless god
Amid his worlds."

In the subordination of all things to the struggle of the spirit in man, these two writers often seemed iconoclastic to the West. And the scathing criticism of their ideals by their enemies, as well as the hopeless misunderstanding of their friends, which was the lot of

both, may have been due to the Oriental in them clashing with the Occidental. The aphorism, "Defend us from our friends; we can defend ourselves from our enemies," might well have originated with them. "No," says Browning in one of his letters, "what I laughed at in my 'gentle audience' is a sad trick the real admirers have of admiring in the wrong place—enough to make an apostle swear. *That* does make me savage." And one can well imagine Meredith shaking hands on this, with a fellow-feeling apostolic in its fervor. An enemy may be amusing, even inspiring; but a friend, a stupid friend, is—a test of character. What irony in the fact that Browning and Meredith of all men, the sworn foes of sentimentalism, should be the victims of the sentimentalists! It is easily explained: the fatal attraction of the strong for the weak, therein is the tragi-comedy of life. But to the sane admirers of an author, it is, nevertheless, a trial of the virtues. The clouds of perfumed vapour in which incense-burning devotees have obscured their gods, make one gasp for the air of common sense. No wonder the novice, to whom the gods themselves are unknown, is choked and driven back.

"Do you like Browning?" asked a Browning lover of a friend.

"Yes, I really do," was the reply, "but I always hate to say so, so many fools like him." And when one hears Browning or Meredith described as "just too lovely" and "awfully magnificent," one does feel like sinking into one's shoes in silence.

We turn with relief to the opposite camp and are refreshed by discovering such a delicious bit of savagery as the paper by William Watson, called *Fiction, Plethoric and Anæmic*. This is a feast for the comic muse. Most critics of Browning and Meredith fall into one of two

classes: those who swear by them, and those who swear at them. Mr. Watson belongs to the latter class, and his apoplectic wrath culminates on the *Egoist*. We quote:

“ ‘But *The Egoist*,’ one hears some disciples of Mr. Meredith asking: ‘what of that unique masterpiece, *The Egoist*?’ For that is the novel which seems to call forth more unlimited enthusiasm among the members of a certain esoteric cult than any other of our author’s works. That is pre-eminently the sacred book by which the faithful swear.” Here he quotes Stevenson at length, avowing that Stevenson’s enthusiastic admiration for *The Egoist* makes him distrust himself. “Yet,” he adds, “a critic can only record his own impressions, always taking care to test and revise them by such light as his own private study of the principles of literary art may lead him to; and, speaking in sober literalness, with due attention to the force and value of words, my impression of *The Egoist* is that it is the most entirely wearisome book purporting to be a novel that I ever toiled through in my life Intellectual coxcombry seems a blunt phrase, but is any courteous phrase available that will adequately describe the airs of superiority, the affectations of originality, the sham profundities, the counterfeit subtleties, the pseudo-oracularisms of this book? Without constructive ability, without power to conceive and fashion forth realizable human creatures, without aptitude for natural evolution of incident, without the instinct for knowing what will keep his company awake—Mr. Meredith can do anything better than he can tell a story.”

We feel that Mr. Watson’s breath and vocabulary are well-nigh exhausted, and that to adequately express his feelings it would be necessary to resort to dashes. His article is a good illustration of the so-called criticism.

which consists mainly in a reiterated and roundabout way of saying, "I don't like it, I don't like it, I don't like it." We have not found an equally savage article on Browning; perhaps because Browning deals more with the tragic than the comic, and consequently does not hit the nerves of his unsympathetic readers as hard. *The Egoist* has been called "a drama of nerves," and it is possible that the intense antipathy to that book shown by many, may be partly due to a consciousness by the nerves of a fact the mind refuses to accept, namely, that Willoughby, as Stevenson says, "is all of us."

What a wonderful thing this criticism is! How sublimely above all necessity for giving reasons! But it has one advantage: it is valuable training in self-reliance. One must think for oneself or go mad. Among the enemies of our authors, two positive conclusions appear. On the one hand, both are too intellectual. They are brilliant, brainy, clever; but lacking in heart, warmth, passion, imagination; their productions too philosophical to be good poetry or fiction. On the other hand, both are too emotional. They are intense, passionate, melodramatic; lacking restraint, discipline, reflection, solidity; too romantic to be safe guides in this wicked world. Compare the following: "Browning's love-poems are completely lacking in warmth and passion." Browning's poems "not only portray passion, which is interesting, but they betray it, which is odious." "The heart-throbs of his (Meredith's) men and women—how lightly considered!" "If it is not *Sturm und Drang*," with Meredith, "it is spasm and gasp."

Now, when one person swears that a bird is blue, and another takes oath it is brown, it is a fair hypothesis, is it not, that the bird may have both colours? And perhaps the truth at the root of these mutually annihilat-

ing criticisms is, that in both Browning and Meredith, there is at the same time more philosophy and more romance than most people know what to do with. Some people do not like philosophy, and some do not like romance, and many do not like them mixed. They want all sky or all earth, cloud-sentiment or dirt-realism. Their eyes can see but one colour at a time ; and if they catch sight of good brown earth, they say the author has no ideals ; if they glimpse a space of blue sky, he lacks reality. But one thing is certain : what they do not see in an author is not there. To such, one is inclined to retort with Ben Karshook's wisdom :

“ ‘ Friend, there is no reply !
 Certain a soul have I—
 We may have none,’ he said.”

And in general we must agree with George Eliot that “it is one of the afflictions of authorship to know that the brains which should be used in understanding a book are wasted in discussing the hastiest misconceptions about it.” “First catch your hare,” says the old cook-book ; and the critic might profit by the suggestion : “First read your book.” One can only marvel at the imagination of some “critics” when one happens to have read the books under discussion. This is so pre-eminently true in regard to Browning and Meredith, that the only advice to be given to a novice is : “Let the critics alone. Taste for yourself. Unflavoured by incense or gall, you may find the fruit quite different from your expectations.” Only, of course, do not begin with *Sordello* or the first chapter of *Diana*.

It might be said that the ancient Greek ideal was Beauty ; the mediæval Christian, Goodness ; the modern scientific, Truth ; though in all times, the geniuses have

been those who recognized the unity of these three. Browning and Meredith are sufficiently the product of their times to start from truth. In this sense they are Realists. At the same time they are Idealists, because they believe that truth is beautiful—really believe it—it is not simply a theory with them, but a profound conviction. "Truth though the heavens fall," might be placed at the beginning of their works; "Truth and the heavens will not fall," at the end. Art is to them the expression of life in its reality; truth penetrated deeply enough to find its beauty. To see Nature as she is and to make us see, is the poet's gift; not to paint muddy shallows or a bowl of gold-fish, and imagine it the ocean. Their primal thought is that you cannot transcend Nature. Imagination is simply interpretation. "The art of the pen is to rouse the inward vision," says Meredith. "True poets have the native sense of the divineness of what the world deems gross material substance." To him and to Browning we may apply what he says of two other poets: "They idealized upon life. The foundation of their types is real and in the quick, but they painted with spiritual strength which is the solid in art." They idealized on the real because they believed that *the beautiful is the deeply true*.

"Truth first. It will lead to Beauty." This belief is the basic principle of both Browning and Meredith; and in the following pages we shall try to show how it appears over and over again in different forms, in their philosophy and in their art. In their philosophy, which we will consider first, it might be briefly stated in the formula: Nature is Good. Nature in her purest, deepest sense is the source of all that is beautiful. And now we ask, "What do they find in Nature?"

The answer is, "Activity and Joy: Fullness of Life."

They are directly opposed to the passively ascetic idea. They throb with the joy of action. They seem to have drunk at the fountain of youth. "Browning makes you feel it is impossible he should ever grow old," says a visitor at the Browning Italian home. "He has the voice and the laugh of youth," says a visitor at Meredith's home in Surrey. There is the same freshness in their books. With the complexity of the nineteenth century which pre-eminently they express, there is a kind of primitive force and simplicity of view. We feel they would have enjoyed living in the *Odyssey*. They are big enough to be good pagans and good Christians too. They are pagan enough to believe in the joy of living, even to make it a test of right living. "A strong since joyful man," is their hero. They would agree with Aristotle that the ideas of life and happiness are "so intimately combined as not to admit of separation," that "life is energy," and happiness the perfection of our energies. Of *all* the energies they would emphatically add sense as well as soul, for they are indivisible. Mr. Watson, in his amazing article, classes Meredith among the "anæmic" writers. To anyone who has really read Meredith, this is inexpressibly droll. For Meredith's characters, like Browning's, are *thoroughbreds*. If there is one thing they have, it is pure blood; the blood that leaps in the veins on a morning in the mountains, when one "draws that breath of the satisfied rapture charging the whole breast with thankfulness," the blood that trembles with feeling, and thrills at heroic deeds and words. Both writers believe in the vital connection of clear blood and clear vision. Health is to them almost a virtue. There is nothing of the *fin de siècle* element about them. They would not be good subjects for Max Nordau.

“ Oh ! the wild joys of living ! the leaping from rock
 up to rock,
 The strong rending of boughs from the fir-tree, the
 cool silver shock
 Of the plunge in the pool's living water ! ”

Compare these lines with the description in *Diana* of a morning in the Alps, when “ looking was living ; walking was flying,” and we feel that Meredith might have written the lines :

“ How good is man's life the mere living ! how fit
 to employ
 All the heart and the soul and the senses for ever in
 joy ! ”

and Browning might have written the phrase : “ The strange pure ecstasy of simple being.” I suppose all favourite writers suggest certain atmospheres to their readers. To me Meredith and Browning give the vision of a horseback ride in the early morning, with “ the year at the Spring,” the dew on the grass, and the lark in the heavens. “ Prose can paint evening,” says *Diana*. “ Poets are needed to sing the dawn.”

“ But,” says someone, “ Browning was a hopeless optimist because he was disgracefully healthy, and never had any trouble.” True, people in perfect health are seldom pessimistic. But the fact that one's view of life changes with one's health is rather an argument for the optimist than for the pessimist. If we admit health to be the normal thing, the more perfect the health the more sane would we expect the view of life to be, other things being equal. Men of the wonderful vitality of Browning and Meredith might be expected *a priori* to be the best guides to the possibilities of happiness. And optimism does not consist so much in expecting happiness for oneself as in believing in its possibility. The only real pessimist is he who does not believe that happiness

exists. As for trouble, those who say Browning had none, forget the one great sorrow of his life; and if we admit that a simple great sorrow has not the tragic perplexity involved in it which shakes one's faith in the laws of the universe, this objection to Browning's philosophy cannot be urged against Meredith's. Varying as were the fortunes of these two men, they were both optimists in the truest sense: men who with a sane, frank view of life as it is, yet kept their vision of the ideal.

There is a good deal of the knight-errant about both these men; a scientific knight-errant, if you like—a knight-errant contemporary with Darwin, with an interest in evolution, and a belief in Nature instead of the Church—yet with all the romance of the best ideals of chivalry; with all the intensity of life of the chivalric age.

This intensity of life seems to be irritating to some people. According to Professor Santayana, in his *Interpretations of Poetry and Religion*, the joy of action in Browning marks him as a "barbarian." We quote a few sentences:

"Life to Browning is an adventure, not a discipline."
"The zest of life becomes a cosmic emotion. We lump the whole together and cry 'Hurrah for the universe!'"
"Browning's heroes would be right if the significance of life were to be measured by the intensity of the feelings it contained, and if intelligence were not the highest form of vitality." "With an unconscious mixture of heathen instinct with Christian doctrine, Browning thinks of the other world as heaven, but of the life to be led there as the life of nature. No conception could be farther from his thought than the essential conception of any rational philosophy, namely, that feeling is to be treated as raw material for thought, and that the destiny of emotion is to pass into objects which

shall contain all its value while losing all its formlessness."

The whole chapter, called *The Poetry of Barbarism*, from which I have quoted, is most interesting. Most of the statements about Browning are true : most of the conclusions drawn from them are false. He has hit upon Browning's fundamental virtues, and he calls them vices. His own philosophy makes it impossible for him to interpret the poet correctly. He is apparently a nineteenth century intellectual, so cultured that he considers emotions vulgar, or at best a kind of necessary evil, out of which good may come by the discipline of transcending them ; through which discipline we may enter into the higher life of the intellect. Browning believes in emotion ; that it has value in itself. If this is to be a " barbarian," he certainly is one, and so is Meredith, and so are all psychologists, who will tell you that the very idea of value is dependent on feeling. Take away all feeling from a subject and you have left a colourless fact ; the very idea of good or evil is gone.

Active joy in living to some people seems to savour too much of the earthly, the fleshly, the human. Browning and Meredith believe in the unity of earth and heaven ; of flesh and spirit ; of Human and Divine. A point they particularly combat, because to them it is the ground of so much false sentiment and false ethics, is the idea, fostered by much un-Christian theology, that the senses are degrading. They believe that the senses, like everything else, are degrading or uplifting according to their use ; that any other view leads to hypocrisy and grossness. They believe that only to the grossness of nature are the senses anything but pure and good ; and that to the pure in heart they are wings rather than weights to the spirit. What they most strenuously fight is the unnatural separa-

tion of things in themselves united. What they most strongly emphasize is the necessity of the harmonious working of *all* the energies of man's nature, and the wonderful value of the *present*. These two beliefs are inseparable corollaries of the belief that Nature is good. We cannot separate thought and feeling and action, the various energies of man's nature, and have *life* left, any more than we can separate bark and leaves and sap of a tree. But if all energies of Nature are good, then the present is as good a time as any in which to use them. In truth it is the only time ; for when we reach the future, it has become the present. Therefore, if we do not live *now*, we shall never live at all—for eternity *is* now. They believe in the future and in discipline ; but they believe that the best and only preparation for the future is the best and fullest use of the present. They believe in the life of the spirit ; but they believe that feeling and thought are both absolutely necessary to its fullest development here and now. They believe that goodness is not something outside of and above Nature, but *the working out of the truth of Nature to the beauty and joy of life*.

This is the basis of their optimism ; that all things are good if rightly used, and so each moment may bring joy. Therefore " No regrets. They unman the heart we want for the morrow." No fears. Hope means sanity of mind. This optimism, however, is to be sharply distinguished from the optimism of the sentimentalists, who think the world is all beautiful because they close their eyes to everything they do not like. Browning and Meredith looked at what was before them, not over it nor under it ; and they saw the dark side of life. Sounding the depths, they reached the heights.

" Only by looking low ere looking high,
Comes penetration of the mystery "

says Browning ; and Meredith likens those who see only what they wish to see, to people who "escape colds by wrapping in comforters instead of trusting to the spin of the blood." Both authors are the deadly foes of sentimentalism in all its ever-changing forms. The lovers in *The Statue and the Bust* are sentimentalists. So is Nevil Beauchamp. Beauchamp is a good illustration of the one thing lacking, without which the tongues of men and of angels avail nothing with Meredith, namely, strength. He has many lovable qualities, but in the critical point which makes the difference between an average man and a hero, he fails. The dramatic scene between Renee and Nevil in London is a masterpiece of subtle characterization, in the way it shows cowardly egotism masquerading as morality and self-sacrifice. Beauchamp does what the moral world around him approves, and he is man enough to be ashamed of himself for doing it. He knows that he has failed in his ordeal.

That he has been called Meredith's "ideal hero" is a comment on the penetration of the critics, and is as inane as the assumption that Adrian Harley, in *Richard Feverel*, is "Meredith himself." Adrian is clever, and amusing at times. When his cousin reminds him that "the boys' fate is being decided now," and he drawls out, "So is everybody's, my dear Austin," we smile. But Adrian has lived too much in the "muddy shallows" of life to keep his wit clear ; and Meredith is quite as scornful of those who think they know life because they know its mud, as he is of the sentimentalists. The "comic spirit" hovers equally over the Baronet, who has brought up his son on a "system" which is to make him perfect by keeping him from all knowledge of evil, and over Adrian, who opposes the system with the wild oats theory. And though the latter is useful in exposing the weakness of the Baronet's

position, the Baronet has the last word in the calm reply that he thinks "the third generation of wild oats would be a pretty thin crop."

Balance of head and heart is what both authors demand. Their ethical theory might be summed up in the statement that the bad man is a fool. Yet the positively bad man is not so much their quarry as the negatively good. In their eyes the latter does more harm. The man who will not see things as they are, whether blinded by egotism or convention, that man they relentlessly hunt down; that man is the sentimentalist.

(To be concluded.)

MARY WINCHESTER ABOTT.

London.

NARI BIBI.

A STORY OF LIFE ON THE INDIAN FRONTIER.

IN the little mud-coloured village, in the midst of the wild Baloch mountains, the drums were sounding ; the tall, muscular Pathans were squatting round, prominent among them was Buland Khan, the headman of the village, father of Nari, the bride. Nari was the finest girl in the village, slender as a palm and flexible as the willow. The father knew it, and after long bargaining had promised her for the price of Rs. 200 and 2 buffalo cows to Daula Khan, in the village beyond the next mountain range. Nari's brothers, five of them, all strapping fellows, had also a say in the matter. Daula Khan, though of their kin, was not a near relative, and it had cost long deliberation and many discussions, whether it would be contrary to the family honour to give her to anyone but a blood relation. But the price was good and the connection considered desirable in other respects ; so the betrothal had taken place under the shady mulberry and apricot trees near Buland Khan's house, before the beginning of Ramzan, and now, the Id over, and the moon at its full, the wedding was being celebrated. The first keen chill of September was in the air, and the men, darkly silhouetted against the moonlit mountain side opposite, were squatting round the fire, wrapt in their rough *lungis*, made of camel-hair. Inside the hut the mother was busy over Nari, the only daughter. She had been covered with bread-dough for 6 days, to make the velvety skin still softer and creamier ; now they were bathing and oiling her : Alas, Nari ! on whom will all thy charms be wasted ! Those fine, shapely limbs, the perfect, fine-cut features, those languishing eyes and pouting mouth, that challenging smile, who will appreciate them ? They were poor folk, and the broad, showy anklets

with their tinkling bells were but hollow, the gleaming stones round the shapely, stately neck but imitation. But not less lovely looked Nari for this ! While sitting, with plaited hair, head bent down, she secretly admired herself in the big thumbing, which contained a tiny, round, silver-framed looking-glass. " Now, child, art thou ready ? " shrilled the mother, vainly trying to penetrate the chorus of female voices. No doubt, she felt the approaching separation from the only daughter, poor soul ; but the excitement and exertion of the wedding turmoil claimed all her attention. The chanting voice of the Mullah droned all night, the scanty garments and vessels were brought forth, criticised and approved of in the Zenana, and now at daybreak the camels were ready ; and wrapped in her *burkah*, Nari was led out to be lifted on the camel by Daula Khan. She shrank and trembled under his touch ; but he seized her roughly, and as he swung himself on the loudly-protesting camel in front of her, he called out to her to keep tight hold of him. That was Nari's first departure from her home, and so she rode with her new master across the little stream, along the narrow winding mountain path to a little mud-coloured village, just like her own, to an unshapely dark hovel, like the one she came from, and there she was her master's toy and drudge.

Amiran was Daula Khan's first wife ; she was his cousin and had been married to him for 5 years ; she had borne him two daughters who died, and Daula Khan was weary of her. He wanted a new wife and sons ; so Nari had a rather good time at first. But she was a good-hearted girl, and Amiran's sufferings touched her. " Let me help you, sister, with the work," she used to say even in the first weeks, when she was sitting in her new garments wearing a new set of her scanty store every day to please her master, and was not supposed to do any work. So a real friendship soon united the two ; as they sat and talked and slept and worked in that hut day after day, month after month, the monotony and similarity of their lot drew them closer and closer. And when Nari confided to the co-wife her dawning hope, she found kindness and a joyful sympathy, instead of the bitter jealousy that the younger and more fortunate wives have often to suffer from. Daula Khan was only seldom at home ; the village eyes and tongues were sufficient guardians of the chastity of his wives ; besides, they came from a proud old stock, and dis-

dained the thought of dishonour and faithlessness, of which they saw so much among the neighbours. Screams, quarrels, blows and bloodshed belonged to the everyday life of the village. Nari's hour came. Rude and ignorant, but kind hands attended her, and though she was near death's door, she recovered. She did not even see the still-born girl child ; but bitter were her tears, and the soft beauty of her face was marred through an ever-increasing sullen frown, when she heard nothing but mockery and contumely from the disappointed husband. Ah ! now they became sisters indeed, those two wives ; sisters in misfortune, in anger and rebellion. It was their union that made them strong enough to conceive and mature the sinister plan of ridding themselves of the cruel monster, who dishonoured their bodies and crushed their souls, who disregarded the fierce loyalty of their wild hearts, and made them conspirators and murderesses. Amiran's brother, Nawaz Khan, came and went often. He had witnessed his sister's shame and disgrace for long and now he also saw the young and fair one fall a victim to the same fate. Frequently he had fallen out with the brother-in-law, and now their hearts were inflamed and filled with bitterness ; he aided the two girls in their plan. One night in particular, there was an evil scene, and the passions rose to white heat. Their minds were made up ; Daula Khan must die. The drug and the dagger were procured by Nawaz Khan, and after Amiran and Nari had administered the drug, they opened the door and let Nawaz Khan in. Nari knelt on her husband's chest, she throttled him with those slim, strong hands, while Amiran held his powerful limbs, those cruel, brawny fists, that had crushed her so often ; and swiftly and silently went Nawaz Khan's dagger home. But the dying man gave a last howl of agony, and in rushed the brother from next door ; within five minutes there was shrieking noise and confusion ; all the village people were Daula Khan's relations, but the three murderers were aliens.

Nawaz Khan was soon hanged. There was no trial worth speaking of ; he made no excuse, but confessed freely to the murder. When they were taken, he cast a last look of anguish on his sister and on the beautiful girl he had hoped to make his own ; then he remained dumb and sullen. Murmur and complaint were unworthy of him, who knew how to meet with equanimity his fate. The quarrel, the fierce love for Nari he had felt, the

outraged pride in his heart, the murder and the punishment, they were all links in the same chain of kismet. He felt neither remorse nor regret now. The proud daughters of the hills were taken down by train to the plains accompanied by policemen. Inexplicable ! They had only done what every self-respecting woman owed herself and her honour and that of her family ; and yet, here they were imprisoned, degraded, exposed to the gaze of low-born men ; apprehension and dumb agony filled their hearts ; they were cowed, benumbed. They did not speak, they did not eat. Now they were herded with mean, bold and shameless women. What did they know of their righteous deed ! However, Allah knew, Allah would arrange for their reward and delivery. In little more than two months Amiran died. She had been delicate and frail before, and the dumb, mental suffering killed her. Another blow for Nari ; but she held on. The patient, obedient girl attracted attention ; her beauty, her refinement, were taken notice of by the Civil Surgeon, and her lot was made more bearable. Fourteen years to languish in jail ; That was her sentence ! And a furtive message reached her from her father's people, that she was henceforward dead to them ; she had disgraced the family honour, had made their name a byeword in the hills and among the tribes all around, and accursed must she be for ever, whether alive or dead.

Nine years went by, and Nari was still in jail. There were only eight women prisoners, and so the order came that they should be taken to the district jail where there were more. The confinement, the heat and the trouble had told upon Nari ; there was a sullen, dark look on her face, but she was still exceedingly fair, and her fine, tall, graceful figure made her conspicuous. As she passed along the platform, she felt compelled to raise her head, and found the gaze of a man fixed full on her ; and this happened more than once on the journey, and then she heard distinctly :—" Who art thou, fair one, and what are thy troubles ? " and again, " I am Sultan Khan, policeman on guard, and am thy slave." Here was a friend, it seemed. Nari's heart glowed, and the next time, her eyes sent a message of trust and confidence. After all, the language of love is the same in all hearts and climes, and Nari and Sultan Khan understood their code as well as other superior beings, who talk of affinities and selection. An old woman was soon bribed into the service of Cupid, and the messages continued

after, she arrived in the new jail. Sultan Khan had made inquiries about her ; he had found out all her history. His heart was bound to hers. He would wait for her, if it were necessary, for four years. And every day an opportunity was found for glances that were a wonderful tonic for Nari till, one day, Sultan Khan disappeared, and she heard that he had been transferred.

Then a wonderful thing happened one day. The jailor came in to tell her that she was free, that on account of her good conduct and work, she had been let off the remaining three years. Another message came from Sultan Khan :—" Beloved, behold, trousers of scarlet and a kurta of green, and the finest of veils is ready for the wedding garment ; there are anklets for your feet and rings for your fingers, and aye, a golden nose ring, as is the habit in this country ." Breathlessly Nari was waiting for her release ; but Oh, Allah ! What happened ! She was put into a train, she was taken away, she did not know where to ; but she guessed, away from Sultan Khan. And then she was ushered into the presence of a Sahib, who told her with benevolence and kindness, that as she was a stranger in a strange land, and utterly cut off from her people, the *Sarkar* would try to provide for her. She was friendless and lonely ; to return to her people would mean certain death, so she would be sent to Niraspur to the mission, and there she could inform the *Sarkar* through the ladies what she meant or wished to do to keep herself honourably. Poor Nari was paralysed. She was too proud and too shy to tell the Sahib of her secret little romance with Sultan Khan, and where was he ? What was to be her lot ? Was she to be made a Kafir—an unbeliever and a pig ? She sat in a third-class compartment, her feet on the seat, her knees drawn up to her chin, and her *chadar* drawn low. Her eyes gleamed dark ; her face, formerly so soft and round, looked haggard and pinched. On each side sat a stalwart policeman, who were in charge of her and responsible for her safe arrival at the mission at Niraspur. Twice tried Nari to escape from the train ; for she had vowed to herself not to live, if she could not live with Sultan Khan. But the Sahib had given strict orders as to the safety of the hill-woman, and the ~~the~~ constables were not lacking in zeal, though they itched to know who the woman was and would have liked to make friends ; for she was fair and tall. But when they tried conversation, she looked at them with her sombre eyes in a way that made them quail. No

Sleep came into the eyes of the two during the night, but they talked in whispers, and refreshed themselves with tobacco and betel and long draughts of water at the various stations. At 6 o'clock in the morning the lady missionary in Niraspur found Nari sitting outside her door still between the two policemen. They delivered the woman and the letter, and then quickly disappeared, glad to be rid of so inconvenient a job. When the lady tried to talk to Nari, she looked at her so threateningly and yet so imploringly that she guessed there was a secret. So she assured the woman at once that no force or persuasion of any kind would be used. "You have a secret, Nari," she said, "and your heart is heavy unto death; tell me what it is, and I will do my best to help you." Nari glanced up for the first time with a gleam of hope in her eyes, but suspicion prevailed. These Memsahibs were not women like she; they laughed and played, and did not know what it is to die for love. So she was silent. "But come, first, Nari," said the lady, "and break your fast; you can go down to the ayah's house and breakfast there, or she can come up and give it you here." But Nari remained stubborn. "I have a vow," she replied, "and cannot eat or drink," and this in a tone that the missionary felt persuasion was no good. "Inshallaatallah, I shall help you to fulfil your vow if you will tell me; am I not a woman like you? Have you a lover?" Nari looked up, startled; how did the lady know? Then she made up her mind to tell, and little by little, gaining confidence by the lady's sympathetic and understanding manner, she told all. The latter only hesitated, because she doubted the Havildar's honourable intentions. As a rule, they covet a woman only to forsake her, when they get tired of her. "Listen," she said, "you are no child. I shall go at once to the barra police sahib, and ask him about the matter. If Sultan Khan is known here, we shall bring him, and before you and us, he shall swear on the Koran that he will wed you in proper *nikka*" (wedlock). Nari smiled a happy smile that transfigured her face. "I need no oath from Sultan Khan," she said, "for his heart is true, we frontier people know. But be it so, the lady's kindness cools my heart." She promised to remain quietly where she was until the lady should return. The D.S.P. was very surprised to have a lady visitor so early; but he entered heartily into the matter. In the lists, Sultan Khan's name was found as residing in the station

at present, and in little more than an hour he came, shame-facedly and beaming, with the Sahib to the mission house, where Nari was still sitting in the same place with every nerve tingling with excitement. When he entered, she got up at once, stood by his side and held his hand in a dignified and natural way. An orderly brought the Koran, and Sultan Khan swore in the presence of his Sahib and the lady to wed Nari Bibi properly with all the rites of his religion. What a fine, handsome couple they were ! Nari pulled her *burka* over her head, but even this ungainly garment could not hide her proud gait and the erect pose of her fine head, as she walked by her lover's side over the *maidan*. According to his promise, Sultan Khan and Nari Bibi were married by the Mullah that night, but the wedding festivities, with dancing and drums, did not take place until ten days' later ; for Sultan Khan had to send out invitations to his people in the frontier district. Poor Nari could not invite her parents, brothers and sisters or any other relations. The Baluchis are proud people, and a member of the family that had been in prison was dead to them ; besides, she had to fear the blood-vengeance of her first husband's relations.

Some weeks after, the lady missionary heard the fine, rhythmic tinkling of silver anklets in the verandah, and before her she saw the proud handsome face of Nari Bibi ; beside her, the stalwart husband, both smiling with happiness. Nari touched the lady's feet and embraced her in an ecstasy of joy. Is it possible that joy can so change a human being in a few weeks ? This tall, fair, radiant creature, was she the same haggard, sombre, sullen woman that had sat despondently before her ? " Well, Sultan Khan," said the lady jokingly, " you are a brave man ; are you not afraid of the Bibi's temper ? " " Lady, she is my slave, and I love her ; I lay my head in her lap, because it is the safest place in the world for me," cried the fond husband.

H. E. RHIEM.

Germany.

THE MONTH.

THE long anticipated offensive of the Allies has at last commenced, and the results so far are promising. Russia and France, Britain and Italy are all putting forth their best efforts and keep the enemy engaged on all fronts, so that troops may not be moved from one front to another. The Russian advance last month was somewhat slower than in the preceding fortnight or so, and the prisoners captured were also fewer. The enemy is resisting as stubbornly as possible ; nevertheless not only has he not moved forward in the Baltic provinces, as was once expected, but the Russians have nearly reached the Carpathians. In Poland the Germans used a gas for which the Kaiser thanked Providence. In the new offensive the Russians are said to be using a gas which produces more deadly effects. We do not hear of their "massed guns": they are operating on a long line and the time has not yet come to see whether they can emulate the feats of the German artillery which drove them out of Poland and the confines of Hungary. But it is evident that they are recovering and will not allow the enemy to remove any troops to Verdun or the Italian front.

The battle of Verdun has not yet closed. While the Germans have not given up the offensive on the Meuse,

the French have begun their counter-offensive on the Somme. The Kaiser is said to have arrived and to be himself directing the operations on this front. Meanwhile the British have taken the offensive in right earnest. Within a fortnight they captured the enemy's first and second lines of defence and penetrated the third. It appears that they are so well supplied with guns and aeroplanes and all other necessities that they have begun to out-Herod the enemy in massed artillery, in the use of destructive gases, and in aerial adventures. Evidently the tide has turned, but it is anticipated that anything like victory will be a very arduous and costly affair. England now spends six millions a day on the war, and the demand for munitions is so great that General Haig has entreated the munition-making operatives not to take a single holiday—one off-day may mean a prolongation of the war for two months—but to work incessantly until a “speedy and decisive victory” is won. The Germans were believed to have concentrated their efforts on the Meuse and the Ypres in order to delay this anticipated offensive. It has come at last. The Italians are also slowly advancing and the new ministry is not less devoted to the common cause than Salandra's.

The Germans have apparently abandoned all dreams of reaching Paris, Calais, and Petrograd, and their newspapers have begun to discuss whether their frontiers are safe, and what the prospects may be when the colonies are well nigh lost, the navy is disabled, trade ruined, and the expected indemnity may be transferred to the wrong side of the account. German inventiveness grows with the necessity and a beginning has been made to employ unarmed submarines as merchantmen. To what extent they will succeed in relieving the economic distress in Germany has yet to be seen.

* While the whole British nation was guilty of insufficient preparation for war, some people will not be happy without bringing home to particular individuals the responsibility for mistakes committed during the war, either by subordinating military to political considerations or by miscalculating military requirements. The operations in Gallipoli and at the Dardanelles were unsuccessful and it must be felt as keenly in India as in England that the hopes entertained during the early part of the campaign in Mesopotamia were not realised. It appears from discussions in the British press that some critics endeavour to hold the Finance Member of the Government of India responsible for sitting tight on the lid of his money-box. In India, too, he has displeased some critics by not offering 5 per cent. interest on the new loans. The 3½ per cent. paper has already gone down to 77, notwithstanding the tempting offer of conversion. Miscalculations as to the requirements in enemy territory may have been made and cannot be surprising. Who is benefited by a display in Parliament of wisdom after the events?

THE Dewan of Mysore truly remarked at an economic conference some weeks ago that the present war of munitions will be followed by a commercial war. For that the European nations are already preparing. Indeed it has been said that all wars nowadays are undertaken in the interests of commerce, and manufacturers create artificial alarms and foment distrust among nations. Alarms will gain more ready credence hereafter than in the past: the British nation is repenting bitterly that it believed what it wished and discredited the warnings about Germany's hostile intentions. Last month Lord Haldane in the House of Lords raised the question of organising scientific

After the
War.

education after the German model and was told by another Peer that before talking on other things German he had better explain how he happened to misrepresent Germany's attitude towards England and encouraged the nation to remain in a false sense of security before the war. He has also other things to account for—the introduction of German employees in England in certain departments closely connected with preparation for war. He said he would explain everything after the war. Whoever may be responsible for the errors of the irrevocable past, the Allies seem determined to be vigilant in the future. Besides the consideration of international economic questions by the Paris Conference, Mr. Asquith has appointed a committee to consider the commercial and industrial policy to be followed by the Empire after the war. It will consider the steps necessary to maintain and establish industries essential to the safety of the nation ; to recover the home and the foreign trade lost during the war and to secure new markets ; to develop the resources of the Empire and to prevent sources of supply from falling under foreign control. Economists may hold that the manufacture of materials necessary for war and the building of armaments are unproductive. Unfortunately if these unproductive industries are neglected during peace, they may have to be undertaken in a hurry when too late. As Mr. Lloyd George said at a conference last month, a " huge army " is now employed to turn out hundreds of guns and to supply other military requirements. The committee appointed by Mr. Asquith will consider industries essential to the " safety of the nation." The safety of a nation depends not merely upon its store of munitions, but also upon its food supply and other necessaries which it need not import from abroad. Schoolboys have hitherto been taught that it is a piece of good luck for a nation to be surrounded

by the sea and to possess many good harbours. The present war has also brought into relief the dangers of insularity.



**Irish Home
Rule.**

JUST before the outbreak of the great European war, Ireland was preparing for a civil war. One of the reasons why Mr. Asquith and the Irish Nationalists were asked to defer the solution of the Irish question was that a danger was threatening the whole Empire and every part of it ought to apply all its energies to the task of averting the common danger. The threatened civil war was thus averted. But irreconcilables like Sir Roger Casement found in the outbreak of international hostilities an opportunity to force the hand of the authorities, and they have succeeded in compelling immediate attention to a question which would have been shelved until after the war if they had remained loyal. That disloyalty should have met with any measure of success at all is painful to contemplate ; for it teaches a dangerous lesson to all who may be more or less similarly circumstanced. One may, however, derive some satisfaction from two other considerations which suggest limitations to the success of disloyalty and force, which, if it cannot be called militarism, bears a family likeness to it. In the first place the Commission of Enquiry presided over by Lord Hardinge is said to have reported that Mr. Birrell was given warnings of the secret activities of the Sinn Feiners, but he disregarded them in the hope that they would not be so malevolent as to revolt during the war, though they might be preparing for contingencies after the war. If, therefore, a lesson is learnt from Mr. Birrell's well meant folly, as it has now proved to be, what has taken place in Ireland need not take place elsewhere. History may be prevented from repeating itself. Secondly, in the temporary settle-

ment which Mr. Lloyd George has managed to bring about, the Home Rulers have not gained all that they demanded before the war. Under this settlement, which is to remain in force during the war and a year after it, six Ulster counties are to be excluded from the Home Rule scheme. The other main provisions cannot be regarded as concessions to force, namely, that the Irish Parliament is to be composed of the present Irish members of the House of Commons, that the Appeal Court in Dublin is to be appointed by the Imperial Executive, and that the Army and the Navy are to be under Imperial control. Whether the Irish demands, as conceded by Mr. Asquith's Government before the war, will all be granted after the war, remains to be seen. Yet it is a sad commentary on the determination of a Government to suppress Prussian militarism that it should have been obliged at least in some measure to yield to the militarism, insufficiently controlled, of a disaffected section of His Majesty's subjects. Sir Roger Casement denied the right of an English jury to convict him of treason. If that is to be the future law, treason may flourish side by side with Home Rule. Mr. Lloyd George's proposals have not met with the unanimous approval of the Cabinet and thus a solution of the difficulty has been delayed.

THE Secretary of State, in reply to a deputation from the London Chamber of Commerce, has expressed his inability to withdraw from the **Indian Liberties.** Bill now before Parliament the clause which empowers the Government of India to restrict the right to sue the Government in certain cases. He says, and truly enough, that it is not convenient to annul all the legislation which is affected by the Privy Council's interpretation of Parliamentary statutes. The Burma

Chamber of Commerce is said to have cabled to the London Chamber not to drop the opposition to the proposed clause. The Government of India has already announced that the particular Burma Act, which was condemned by the Privy Council, will be reconsidered. Though Mr. Chamberlain is not prepared to withdraw the clause, he does not seem to have said that he will not modify it. On the other hand he assured the deputation that the objections raised against the proposed change in the law would be considered and he trusted that a solution would be found which would secure the necessary powers to the Government, while the community would be protected from an abuse of such powers. The question raised is highly technical, for not every lawyer or politician knows what rights of suit were allowed under the East India Company, what necessity arises at the present day to restrict those rights, and whether other equally suitable remedies may not be substituted in their place. The essence of the right curtailed is that a dispute between the executive Government and the subject must be settled by a competent judicial tribunal—whether the jurisdiction is vested in the ordinary courts, or in special tribunals, as for example in Improvement Trust cases in Bombay, is not very material. Public meetings in India and the press have also objected to other provisions in the Bill in question. According to some critics, though zamindars may be appointed as members of Executive Councils, persons engaged in trade should continue to be under the disability imposed originally upon English traders in John Company's days. The administrative methods of the present day are so very different from those of the Company's times, that there is no possibility of an Indian Member of Council indulging in the abuses against which the statutory prohibition provided a safeguard. Purity of administration depends largely upon the

individuals appointed. If a person who is engaged in commerce or industry should be excluded from a Governor's executive council, one who has relatives so engaged should be equally ineligible. That is an extension of principle which is suggested by the insinuations which were at one time made against Mr. Montagu when he was Under Secretary of State for India. What about Cabinet Members? Was not Mr. Lloyd George the centre of much controversy about the same time? Another provision in the Bill which has been criticised relates to the admission into the Indian services of subjects of States bordering on India. It seems that in the days of the Company a similar question was discussed in connection with recruitment for the army, because the loyalty of Indian troops was doubted. We are certainly not going to have an army of Chinamen, Tibetans, and Afghans.

WHEN Christians fight and extend their dominion in heathen lands, the Oriental sarcastically throws the Sermon on the Mount into their teeth. Fighting has been so essential a condition of existence, honourable existence, in the past that the noblest or the meekest religion has not been able to avoid war in the East. In the West, too, there is the Quaker or conscientious objector, as we have the Bairagis in India; and the former has recently been told that he cannot compete for the Civil Services, if he will not do military service. He cannot reap the fruits of national prosperity for which others must shed their blood. The Sikhs were originally religious reformers—a meek sect who fought against the moral foes born of the flesh. But they could not remain a suffering tribe. We enslave meek animals and respect the independence of those that fight for it. It was a Christian preacher who said truly enough

that if you be all sugar, people will swallow you up. The Sikhs would not be swallowed up and they became a warlike clan. The story of this evolution is so well known that Sirdar Diljit Singh, when he lectured on the subject under the distinguished chairmanship of Mr. Chamberlain, could not have felt the necessity to tell ancient history over again : everyone who knows the Sikhs, from the Secretary of State downwards, is now full of their latest deeds of heroism. Mr. Chamberlain quoted statistics of the distinctions conferred upon them during the war. Out of the 1,300 decorations conferred on the Indian ranks of the army, 400 have been won by the Sikhs. These include 1 Victoria Cross, 6 Military Crosses, 2 decorations of the Indian Order of Merit, first class, and 119 of the second class. More interesting and picturesque were the two anecdotes which he narrated. In Gallipoli the 14th King George's Own Sikhs made great sacrifices. At the spot where many had laid down their lives, those who visited it later said that "every dead Sikh was found on the top of a Turk and not a man's face was looking the wrong way."

AFTER much patient waiting, H. H. the Maharaja Scindia of Gwalior has been blessed with a male heir. The happy event was celebrated in the State with great rejoicing, and from His Majesty the King-Emperor downwards every friend of the house has sent blessings for long and happy life to the new-born Prince. The most interesting feature of the "baptism" or *namakaran* of the child was the conferment of His Majesty's name on him with the gracious permission of the Royal "sponsor." Among early Christians an applicant for admission into the Church was supported by a person who guaranteed his fitness for admission. In the case of a child the sponsor undertook

the responsibility of giving a proper religious education to the newly introduced member. The ceremony had a beautiful meaning, namely, that the assumption of the name "Christian" was not an idle or whimsical formality, but carried with it the responsibility of living up to certain principles. Nowadays an agnostic's name may be given to another agnostic's son: the father perhaps thereby shows his admiration or friendship for the "god-father" of the child, who may believe in no God. In the same manner the bestowal of a Christian name on a Hindu child has no religious significance: it may be a guarantee that the child will be brought up in accordance with certain ideals not connected with religion—they may be political ideals. H. H. the Maharaja of Gwalior has bestowed upon his son, Prince Jivaji Rao, the name of His Majesty the King-Emperor as an assurance that he will be taught to cherish the same devotion and loyalty to the Royal House of Great Britain as have characterised H. H. the Scindia's relations with the Paramount Power in the past. An exchange of names between Europeans and Indians in this manner outside ruling families may create new links to bind the nations together. The example is suggestive: its full fruition means that Europeans and Indians should meet and maintain friendly relations outside the official circle. The example, though not the first of its kind, has a special value at a time when the rage for "self-government" threatens to widen the gulf between East and West.

BEFORE Sir Rabindranath Tagore's works were translated into English, his fame was confined within the four corners of Bengal. The English language, which is understood by literary men all over the world, has performed a miracle.

Dressed in that garb, the world has discovered in him a genius, a star of the first magnitude in the literary firmament. Among his interpreters is an enthusiastic Madrasite—Mr. M. K. Ramaswami Sastri, who has written a book of more than 500 pages on the “life, personality, and genius” of the most eminent national poet of modern India—published by Messrs. Ganesh & Co., Madras. Mr. Sastri has made a close and appreciative study of all Sir Rabindra’s translated works, and is evidently an able student of English and Sanskrit poetry, for he occasionally quotes from these sources suggestive parallels which establish a kinship between the poets of all lands and all ages. Does the Bengali poet require an interpreter? There would be no profundity in him if he did not. Even Indian readers do not understand him readily, for most educated Indians read only newspapers and are full of politics: they cannot easily enter into the spirit of the man whose talk is about flowers and sunbeams, clouds, and moonlight, fragrance and love, and all that is hidden from the eye of the Philistine in the universe without and the heart within. The Indian is said to be spiritual and dreamy. When an Indian becomes spiritual, he detaches himself from the world: he thinks that poetry delights only the senses, and his talk, though it may be reduced to verse, becomes dry and didactic. Tagore has introduced the English trick of combining poetry with religious philosophy, and has thus become interesting to Indians and Europeans alike. He has done for Hinduism what Wordsworth, Tennyson, and Browning have done for Christianity. When a poet’s eye rolls in fine frenzy from earth to heaven and from heaven to earth, it dwells upon many things of human interest, attractive not merely to the Sadhu, but also to the man of the world. And if Tagore requires an interpreter to Indian readers, the need is far greater

in the case of Englishmen ; and this need is emphasized by Professor Rollo, who in his preface says that " the consciously nurtured spirituality and the peculiar symbolism " are foreign to English poetry. Mr. Sastri has produced a very readable book of interest to Europeans and Indians alike.

It is remarkable that while English Oriental scholars have studied Brahmanism and Buddhism with great zeal and written learned volumes on them, the best exponents of Jainism have been Germans. Mrs. Stevenson's " Heart of Jainism " afforded an indication that the interest aroused in this neglected offshoot of Hinduism was becoming more and more popular. The Jain Literature Society under the presidentship of Dr. F. W. Thomas has undertaken the translation of standard Jaina works and one may trust that hereafter Mahavira's sect will be as well known as Goutama Buddha's. Whether it will be equally admired is perhaps doubtful. What is exaggerated and fantastic naturally attracts one's attention first and creates a prejudice. The Literature Society's series begins with a luminous and instructive volume on the Outlines of Jainism by Mr. Jagmenderlal Jaini of the High Court of Indore. Though Mr. Jaini makes no attempt to conceal his personal adherence to the faith, with equal candour characteristic of a scholar he presents all essential sides of the religion in his lucid and comprehensive treatise, not even omitting to mention that the Digambara monk eschews clothing, does not bathe or cleanse his teeth, and pulls out his hair one by one instead of applying the razor. Besides expounding the tenets of Jainism, these Outlines, published by the Cambridge

University Press, convey a good idea of the extensive range and varied contents of Jaina literature.

FROM Qadian, Gurudaspur, Panjab, is issued a unique translation of the Holy Quran by the **The Quran.** Anjuman Tariqqi Islam. Its unique character consists in this—that the voluminous and admirable publication gives first the Arabic text, followed by a transliteration, and then a translation into English, verse by verse, and this is supplemented by copious footnotes in English. These notes bespeak a vast amount of erudition and will be exceedingly helpful in understanding the text as Musalmans interpret it. The whole work will perhaps fill some thirty volumes, the first of which is now issued at a cost of Rs. 2, in ordinary paper, and may be had from the Secretary, Tariqqi Islam, Qadian.

LORD MORLEY, in his celebrated article on British Democracy and the Indian Government, **“Be Practical and Elevated.”** implores the English civilian and statesman charged with the administration of India to be both practical and elevated. This is a supreme principle of successful statesmanship in every civilised country, and for the government of a subject-race the advice is invaluable. It combines the actual with the ideal, foresees the future in the present, and imports into political transactions the vitality of compromise. Hence its high value.

The problems of the Indian Government are simple in the abstract to grasp, for they are intensely human. India is in the travail of a Renaissance in common with the world. The European war is powerfully aiding the transformation of society and works for a destiny more complex,

but more complete. Human happiness, after the war, will advance a degree in kind, and evolution, which works by shocks and dissensions, will mould man into a more sovereign creature to play the aimless rôle in the purposeless fine art of life. In this broad re-shaping of peoples' destinies, India is conditioned by her recent history and individualised by characteristics of her civilisation. Its upheaval is of watchful importance to the race, for India is vast, varied and populous. It embodies the endless varieties of human flora and fauna. It was not colonised yesterday. It is ancient even as the waters of the sea, though new elements are being added on to it every day. Still it loses not its salt.

Lack of true humility is of the very essence of bad statesmanship. The admirable Lord Curzon is a notorious instance in point. The youthful English civilian is prone to believe in the complacent and wicked philosophy of the white man's burden. So, he starts with a vitiated angle of vision. He imagines that half the empire of the human race waits patiently and gratefully to be resurrected by him. The distempers of a youthful mind, nourished on such ideas and vile reading of Asiatic history, are obvious. Even natural gifts suffer in such an atmosphere. Progress is retarded and the subject-race loses vitality and becomes a paralytic for ever. And the ruling power, corrupted by such qualities, develops fast signs of decadence. It grows rigid and narrow, poor in ideas, poor in statesmanship, poor in adaptability to changing conditions. To avert such a disaster, Lord Morley pleads in words which call to mind Burke's famous dictum "Little minds and great Empires go ill together."

The problem of India's place in the reconstructed Empire will be the test of the highest British statesmanship. Its solution is of supreme interest, for it determines

the pace of human progress. Keep back India politically, and even the most progressive race of our swift-moving planet is but tethered in the scale of the ideal. Again, the solution is not easy, for it involves a tremendous sacrifice of "self-interest" on one side and an intelligent appreciation of difficulties on the other. A sympathetic understanding must run common and the past must be reviewed with grateful interest. So clearly does European civilisation and view-point differ from ours that an agreement to understand and respect differences in order to plumb the mutual identities and merits, is almost a necessary preface to the achievement of that one vast harmonious whole, the "federation of man," towards which the tide of evolution takes us on in abrupt rises and falls.

To carry this recollection and faith into the details of administration and the problems of the Empire is to combine practicability with elevation. You have to be practical, for the art of government is intensely realistic. It does not speculate. It never gambles. It deals with concrete facts and ascertained masses of men. It is not a farce. The situations are real. Again, you have to be elevated, for society is complex and unevenly progressive. Every individual is a pronounced minority with clear differences of temper and outlook on life. So, the wheels of government should move without injuring these salients. And government is so absorbingly of the present, more often of the fossilised past, that the growing institution of society is often a spectacle of arrest at the hands of the practical but prosy administrator, whose nerve is deadened and who himself pathetically ceases to glow—by the very nature of his profession. To him, the future is but a bare extension of the present. The old bricks yield him no new designs. In such a crisis, Lord Morley cries out with infinite wisdom: "Be elevated as well as practical."

To the statesmen who, after the war, will be faced with the problem of India's place in the reconstruction of the Empire, the wise words of the great thinker will be a source of strength for the good work of quickening the pace of evolution. To be elevated in mind is to take in all races and all ages. It is an exercise of the imagination which posits the ruler in the position of the ruled. It is a demonstration of the oneness of man and of the universe. The coarse grain of life is mellowed to shining joy only on the whet-stone of ideals. Bereft of their elevation, life, national as well as individual, loses its stellar radiance.

K. S. V.

CORRESPONDENCE.

A MESSAGE TO INDIA.

To The Editor, EAST & WEST.

SIR,—You will, I am sure, like to deliver a message to India. Will you take it from the heart of a woman—one who, when a little child, could never pass the dear old Indian seller of cakes and sweets, who sat on the pavement in Hampstead Road, England, without a smile and a bunch of flowers? This offering she would thrust into his shapely, subtle hand, with a look of recognition, expressive of wordless friendship, which I am sure went straight to his heart.

Well, that little child is now an aged lady of nearly three score years and ten. Her love, sown on virgin soil, has matured, it was an inheritance from a wise parent. A love deep, true and sincere, that includes within its radiation, deep-seated affection, friendship, and admiration for all the races of the Earth, to whom we are bound by a holy alliance, no matter what may be their caste, creed, or clanship,—nationality, colour, or racial distinction. A love that sees in the vast Empires beyond the Ocean a race of poets and philosophers: men of deep religious convictions and learning, and in this time of stress and strain men who have crossed the water with hearts full of bravery intent on willing

sacrifice. Men who are fighting side by side with our own—dying side by side, drowning in a universal watery grave, bearing the dissatisfaction of surrender side by side; but who believe that to shed their blood and give up all for honour and Ruler, is to enter on the road to the highest Life beyond the Veil!

Well, this message comes straight as a die from one land to the other, travelling by the power of 'the Eternal Spirit of the *chainless* mind' to a great people, to a grand nation of millions of brothers and sisters ruled over by the same beloved King-Emperor.

Of late the presence of Indian troops among us, here, in this quiet village, has lent a new charm to our sombre but glorious surroundings of a vast forest. They made friends with the little school children, and by reason of their fine physique and native distinction they gave picturesqueness to the scenes. Longing to speak were many who passed them on the high road—yet afraid of over-stepping the bounds of Oriental custom, lest even the lifting of the eyes of a woman might be misunderstood as unseemly, so an inclination of the head was the only recognition.

Shall we ever forget their willing help in the hour of England's sorest need? Shall we ever ignore the loyalty of our Indian brothers, or their wish to do our country service and honour? Shall we forget them when the joy of Peace is ours? No! we will not, and shall not! A thousand times No! In our village churchyard there are graves to be remembered over which loving hands may fling fair flowers, and there are hearts that will have realised more truly than ever that God the All-Merciful has made of one blood ourselves and our brothers, and it is true—

That in one strange strain of intonation,
Beat all our hearts beneath that arch, whose fires
Burn on through storm, and daylight unperceived,
Apt emblems of a Love that never tires.

Yours faithfully,

CHARLOTTE M. SALWEY.

Hants, England.

